FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE POLICE SCHOOL OF SHOOTING.

OF the reforms which have found favor and adoption with the authorities of the New York Police Department, none are of more practical utility than the school of revolver practice which has been instituted as the result of the plans submitted to the Department by the FOREST AND STREAM in July of last year.

Through the lack of the needed skill in pistol shooting the police have been subjects of ridicule for many years, holding equal place with the mother-in-law, the spring poet, etc., in the esteem of comic illustrators, caricaturists and joke constructors. The absurdities of shooting at a so-called mad dog on the street and killing an onlooker in a second story window, or of shooting at a criminal and killing or wounding two or three innocent persons, afforded endless material for the caricaturist and the satirist.

Although there are men on the force who are skillful marksmen—who know how to shoot and how not to shoot—their numbers relatively are small. The majority are unskillful, and a few do not know how to shoot at all. Their unskillfulness being constantly in evidence, with sad mishaps frequently occurring, which gives them notoriety, they thereby make the reputation of the whole force for unskillful marksmanship.

The same dangers which beset the public directly from unskillful police shooting indirectly affect the policemen themselves, for they are not properly trained for attack and defense in coping with the trained criminals. They often personally suffer severely from their unskillfulness. Thus the policeman who knows not how to handle his pistol, or who knows not its deadly powers, is not properly qualified to fill the position of police officer. When shooting begins in public places he is often more dangerous to society than is the criminal whom he sought to arrest; indeed, much more so, for every hand is raised to suppress the criminal, while the officer, be he skillful or otherwise, is allowed full liberty and discretion in using his weapons, as he represents the law.

The value of an officer is greatly enhanced if he be a good pistol shot, for the moral effect of his skill will deter even hardened criminals from the commission of crime within the territory which he patrols. The moral effect is even more beneficial than the material use of the weapon, since it is all-pervading and constant for peace and repressive of crime.

In actual battle the skillful shooter knows how and when to shoot. He knows the range and force of his weapon. Less shooting is necessary, for with precision comes quick victory. Precision also avoids the killing or wounding of peaceable citizens, or the alarming of a whole neighborhood by wild bullets. In short, it is quite as necessary that the policeman, armed with weapons to maintain the laws of society, should know how to use them as does the soldier armed for warfare against the enemies of his country. In either instance when in action the untrained man is a harm and hindrance.

The police school of shooting in New York is therefore a much needed institution, and will accomplish inestimable benefits in enlarging the efficiency of the police force It should, moreover, add greatly to their prestige and dignity, by raising them above the ridicule which has so long attached to their marksmanship. Anything that is ridiculous seldom commands respect.

What is useful in this respect to the police force of New York is fully as useful to the force of all other cities. Any city which places pistols in the hands of its policemen should see that they know how to use them. A policeman ignorant in the use of a pistol is not a fit person to carry it, for then he is a menace to society instead of a protector.

Thus every city in the Union should have a permanent school to instruct its police in the art of pistol shooting. From an economical standpoint, the expense of it to the departments would be but trifling, as there are always a number of skillful policemen who could act as instructors to their fellow officers. The expense of gallery and ammunition is but trifling at the most, and insignificant in comparison with the benefits which are derived from it when used to promote usefulness. In case of riots or great dangerous disturbances, the fame of a police force for good marksmanship would add to its efficiency beyond computation, as a reputation for poor marksmanship depreciates it. This is well illustrated when a squad of regular troops is sent out for the suppression of disorder, their undoubtable reputation inspiring awe.

REPEAL THE LAW, RIGHT THE WRONG.

The most important step the New York Legislature can take in respect to game protection is to repeal that section of the law which permits the sale of game all the year through.

The reasons demanding such action are two. First, the sale of game the year around means an increased destruction for market in the open shooting season and a continuous destruction for market during the closed shooting season. Second, the open market in New York encourages in other States the destruction of game which finds market in New York at times when in those other States sale is forbidden.

The working of the law is destructive of the game of New York and of the game of New York's sister States. It is a wrong which should be righted, and righted at once. The remedy should be provided without the delay of a day. The Legislature should repeal Section 249 at once.

EDWARD JACK.

WE learn with sincere sorrow of the death of our contributor Edward Jack, of Fredericton, New Brunswick. Mr. Jack died at his home on Tuesday, Dec. 31, aged 70 years. In early manhood Mr. Jack was led by his tastes for woods life to abandon the practice of the law for civil engineering and forestry. Years of service first as timber cruiser and afterward in charge of the stumpage department of the Crown Lands office gained for him the reputation of being the best posted man in New Brunswick on the natural resources of the Province. More than this, he was esteemed as an honorable, high-minded and kind-hearted man. His life in the forests gave him much lore of the woods and he was an entertaining writer on these subjects; his contributions to the FOREST AND STREAM began with the first numbers and were frequent almost to the day of his death; for our Christmas number he sent an interesting note of the Malisset traditions of the Mohawks. Mr. Jack was a person of much literary culture; he found time to master several foreign languages —Hebrew, Greek, Italian, French and German; and he made extensive translations from these tongues. We have in hand a story which he translated from the French for the FOREST AND STREAM of early hardships in a Canadian winter.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION AND ITS EGGS.

WE print elsewhere Secretary Lakey's announcement of a postponed meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association, and his accompanying appeal for light on some seventeen subjects which range in importance from the long standing problem of what constitutes a true sportsman to a fantastic and impossible scheme of National game wardens. These questions are deserving of attention chiefly because they indicate that the officers of the Association are themselves at a loss to know where they are at, or what there is for them to do, or how they are to do it. Mr. Lakey invites you to lend the Association your influence, your voice, your presence and your money. Voice is the one great essential to the success of a National Association; voice is needed and a lot of it, but we should think that Mr. Lakey might find a sufficient supply in stock among the home talent of Kalamazoo, without appealing to the country at large.

Before the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association can expect any body to lend it money, it must show that it is entitled to the confidence of the people it asks to put up the funds. Money is not loaned without good security. The sportsmen of the country are not going to hand over their money to a self-constituted national association, for the sake of getting in poor return any more such preposterous fakes as the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association's Alaska duck egg story. Nor are thinking and prudent men going to lend the concern their voice or influence or respect until the managers shall have relieved themselves from the contempt which the public now entertains for them as foisters of foolish alarms. The most important thing the officers have before them for their Chicago meeting is to show that they had some reasonable ground for the vast amount of noise they made over this fabulous Alaska albumen industry. Failing to do this, they cannot expect the public—fooled by them once so thoroughly—to attach much importance to their Association or to give much attention to their proceedings.

TAKE CARE OF THE BIRDS.

EVERY sportsman who is so situated as to be able to observe the needs of the birds should bear in mind that a little care for them during the cold spells of winter may be productive of beneficial results to himself and to sportsmen in general, not to mention the direct benefits to the birds in lessening their sufferings or preserving their lives. Food in the stormy cold winter days is often very difficult for the birds to secure. A few handfuls of food scattered in their haunts every few days is of material benefit to them and not much trouble to the sportsman. A rude but efficient shelter can be made of dead branches and leaves in a few moments' time. With a sheltered place to live in and a little extra food given them in addition to what they can secure themselves, the birds will have many more chances of surviving the rigors of winter. A little forethought in such matters is worth a great deal more than much afterthought.

SNAP SHOTS.

The Board of Education of New York city is carrying on a notable work in the series of free lectures to the people, which are delivered each winter in certain of the public schools and such additional places as the Cooper Union Institute and the American Museum of Natural History. These lectures are a potent educational force, and at the same time are made as entertaining as is compatible with their subjects. Many are illustrated with stereopticon views, and they cover a wide and liberal range of subjects, patriotic, scientific, historical, and of travel, art and economics. During the second course, which begins Jan. 9, Mr. J. B. Burnham, of FOREST AND STREAM, will deliver a lecture upon "Camp Life and Hunting in the United States." As indicating the popularity of these lectures, it may be mentioned that the attendance last winter numbered 224,000, while the indications are that a much larger figure will be attained this season. Much of the success of the course is due to the enterprise and good judgment of Dr. Henry M. Leipsiger, superintendent in charge.

We print to-day as the best available information respecting the game qualities of the capercailzie a chapter from ex-Minister Thomas's work on Sweden, detailing his own experience with the game in its native land. Mr. Thomas is convinced that the birds might be introduced with success into America. The failures which so far have attended enterprises in this field have been due to improper management rather than to any inherent obstacles.

Mr. J. Henry Phair died at his home in Fredericton, New Brunswick, on Jan. 3. Mr. Phair was for many years fishery inspector for the Province. He was an accomplished angler and an artist who delighted to picture woodland scenes. It was Mr. Phair who some years ago fought to a successful issue the question of riparian rights in the Province against the claims of the Dominion Government.

Information Wanted—Concerning a lost man. For further particulars see our issues of Dec. 14, Jan. 4 and to-day. Who can tell us something more of him and of his fate?

The Sportsman Tourist.

A WINTER HUNT WITH JOCK DARLING.—II.

A Tame Deer.

THE common Virginia deer is really about the hardest kind of big game to hunt anywhere. It is quicker on the start than moose and caribou, for when it once plainly sees the hunter it generally does not wait long on the order of its going. Moose and caribou on the other hand are slower to accept the testimony of their eyesight, and unless they get a scent of the hunter are not quick to start. Caribou will sometimes run right up to a man who is in plain sight, influenced by the same fatal curiosity that makes the antelope decoy to the hunter's red flag, as was the case with those we saw on our photographing trip last summer.

At other times they will stand without appearing to be greatly concerned while being shot at. I know of a case where twelve shots were fired by two hunters from the same stand at three caribou, and the third caribou only ran away when the hunters had stopped shooting, having secured their legal limit of one apiece.

Some caribou apparently never learn to use their eyes. No doubt they depend largely on their keen scent, even in their every-day occupations of feeding and traveling, and their vision is to a certain degree atrophied. I traveled down on the stage from Patten with an old gentleman who had half a caribou with him in a bag, and in connection with this he told me the incident of its capture, which goes to prove what has been said above.

The day before, this old gentleman was sitting beside the fire in a house a stone's throw from the center of the village of Patten, talking with his son-in-law, Dr. Woodbury, when suddenly the latter, who had just glanced out the window, sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "There's a caribou!" Sure enough, a small caribou had that minute jumped over a fence into the back yard, apparently no more concerned at the presence of fences and houses than if they had been windfalls and rocks. If he hadn't been stopped it is possible that he would have gone right through the town and never been the wiser. As it was, however, Dr. Woodbury, who is a good hunter and sportsman, got his rifle and actually shot the caribou "from his doorstep," as they do in the woolly West.

Having stated the general principle that deer are quicker to accept the evidence of their eyes and quicker to start than other game under the same conditions, which, I believe, is pretty generally admitted by hunters, I will tell of an exception to the rule, that as such is worth noting.

Messrs. Stubbs and Staples, while cruising for moose one day, jumped a doe deer which ran a little way before old man Staples, who was leading, "blatted" and stopped her. As she turned to look back he brought his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. There was no result, however, and he recollected that he had not worked a cartridge into the barrel—it was a repeater—that morning on leaving camp. Accordingly he pulled down on the lever with this object in view, but the rifle had received a thorough wetting the day before and was so badly rusted that it would not work. Stubbs, who is something of a philosopher, meanwhile walked over to a stump and sat down and lit his pipe, and both he and the deer watched with considerable interest the old man wrestling with the rusted gun.

Staples, who is as good a hunter as ever walked the woods, got a little mad finally, and to get satisfaction out of the deer he borrowed Stubbs's gun. His first shot was high, but the deer never moved. She couldn't for the life of her understand what all the trouble and noise was about. He fired again with a like result, the gun being

"SAPLE" AND BUCK.

sighted too finely, and his third shot did nothing more than take the bark off a tree just above the deer's back.

This was too much for human patience, and he handed the rifle back to Stubbs with instructions to "kill the blame thing."

The philosophical hunter took one shot and missed, and it is an actual fact that the deer stood there till the next and fifth shot, which killed her.

She was an extremely fat doe—the fattest I have ever seen—but she was altogether too slow to take a hint.

"Saple" and Deer.

The day Jock and I spent unsuccessfully hunting the moose on the ridge near Wadley Brook dam, Stubbs came up with a fine buck who was standing tail on rubbing his head against a tree when first seen. Aiming at his neck, as offering the best possibilities for a shot, he fired, and the buck went down like a log.

Stubbs walked up to the deer, but just as he reached him the buck raised himself in a sitting position, such as a dog assumes when resting upon his haunches. Upon this Stubbs promptly shot him again, and so no doubt saved the venison, for on examination he found that the bullet had only "creased" the buck, and the shock undoubtedly was only temporary.

When Jock and Stubbs went after this deer and incidentally another hung up near by on one of the ridges west of the lake, they shot a sable—one of the pair shown in the illustration. The other was taken the same day from a bear trap set by Staples for fisher.

CAMP ON SEBOIS GRAND LAKE.

Stubbs sighted the sable on the snow near the deer carcass, and being prompted by Darling, he ran after it as fast as he could go. Jock knew by experience that it was possible to tree the animal in this way.

Stubbs lost sight of the sable almost immediately, but a careful survey of the neighboring trees soon showed the saucy little freebooter perched on one of the lower limbs. Jock brought him to the ground by a shot that only grazed the top of his skull, and did not hurt the skin a particle.

"Saple," as they are called by Eastern trappers, are the prettiest little creatures imaginable. They look very much like a fox in the face, but are longer and lower, and of course of a much darker color. They have large soft feet provided with the sharpest of claws, and they can catch a red squirrel in a tree, or a rabbit on the ground. They follow the latter in a deep snow by jumping in their tracks, profiting by the broken trail, and when the opportunity offers they will shorten the rabbit's detours by well calculated cut offs.

The deer from whose antlers the sable hang has a spread of 27in., woods measurement, and taken in connection with the other deer's head, pictured last week, they make a remarkable pair. Another thing of interest in this picture is the arrangement of the front sight on Jock's rifle. He has covered all of the front sight but the extreme tip with a shield of leather, which is firmly bound to the barrel on either side, thereby accomplishing one of the ends which Mr. Lyman has attained with his peep sight—namely a fine bead, and an absolute certainty that at ordinary ranges he will neither overshoot nor undershoot. Jock's "patent" has proved so good that most of the woodsmen who have seen it who shoot open sights have adopted it.

Moose Hunting on a Crust.

And so the time passed till the last day of my stay. The hunting was very noisy, and though moose sign was plentiful, we had no shots at the game which American sportsmen put at the top of the list, barring only the grizzly bear. My gun had become badly rusted from hunting in the rain, and the mechanism refused to work, so Sunday was spent in walking down to the main camp, where there was a screw driver, and taking apart and cleaning the lock.

Wednesday morning found the crust as bad as ever, while, as if still further to assure the game from our covert designs, there was no wind whatever, and everything was so quiet that a man could be heard walking thirty rods. It seemed a waste of time to attempt a hunt under these conditions, and it was largely due to Darling's indomitable persistence that we went for moose that day. Darling is one of those men who only recognize obstacles to get the better of them, and this is one reason for his great success as a hunter.

There were moose on the ridge running north from the mouth of Wadley Brook, as we knew from previous scouting trips, and as this was probably the best nearby ground, we selected it as the scene of our hunt. It was arranged that Messrs. Stubbs and Staples should follow the east side of the ridge, while Darling and I took the other.

On our way to the ridge we found where three caribou had come on the ice and followed the shore of the bay from some distance, striking up at last on the bog at the mouth of Wadley Brook. The tracks were very fresh, and the temptation was strong to give up the moose hunt and follow the caribou up the brook, where the chances were greatly in favor of finding them, but we had nailed our colors to the masthead, and moose it was to be or nothing.

Jock and I saw two very old moose tracks, but that was all we had to report when we met the other hunters by chance at noon. Of course we had jumped deer, but that didn't count. Messrs. Stubbs and Staples had a somewhat better account to give. They had seen the tracks of six moose made only a few days before, and it seemed reasonable to believe that these were still on the east side of the ridge, as they had not crossed to our side and there had been no hunting in the neighborhood where we supposed them to be to frighten them away.

Stubbs and Staples had built a fire and were eating lunch when we arrived. They voted the moose hunt a failure, and had decided to strike off to the bog on the north branch of Wadley Brook and spend the afternoon in hunting caribou. Jock and I, however, were loath to give up the moose. The news we had heard decided us to circle back toward the spot where the moose tracks had been seen, and accordingly, without waiting for anything to eat, we set off down the ridge at right angles with our former course. Had the other hunters known that almost within rifle shot of the spot where they sat were two bull moose they might have taken a different view of the situation.

Keeping Everlastingly at It Brings Success.

The main ridge at this point was quite steep, and it did not take us long to arrive at its foot. Here the open hardwood growth terminated and the black growth took its place. Just ahead was a little knoll overgrown with balsam firs, and beyond that was the cedar swamp that extended to the open bog of Wadley Brook. To our right, between this evergreen knoll and the main ridge, was a hollow, and in this hollow we both suddenly caught sight of a large bull moose. It was only an instant's glance, for the old fellow had winded us and was off at a gait that was marvelous, considering the nature of the ground he had to pass over.

But though we only saw him for an instant, the picture was of a nature to stir a hunter's blood, and it remains vividly photographed in memory. We both stood on a fallen tree that by reason of its elevation enabled us to look over the tops of the nearest firs, and there we saw the moose, his head thrown back and the wide antlers resting on his shoulders, disappear in the forest growth.

I don't think I saw the moose for more than a second. Jock blatted a "bah-a-ah" that sounded like a bellow in a vain attempt to stop him, but he might as well have blatted at the Empire State Express. We both got our rifles to our shoulders, but there was no chance for a snap shot even, and neither fired. A moment later, seeing that there was no possibility of his again coming in sight further down the ridge, we lowered our rifles.

One's first inclination after such an experience is to consider the event from the "might have been" standpoint, but I am glad to say that whatever our thoughts no words in any such tenor passed our lips. We stood looking over the little knoll for a time, and then Jock, who never is at a loss for the right thing to do, said:

"There may be another bull in here. I'll take this one's back track, and you can work down the ridge for a shot."

As we each separately proceeded to carry out our parts of the programme, we heard above us on the ridge the voices of the other hunters. They had finished their lunch, and were coming down almost on our trail with a view of cutting across to the bog.

I watched Jock till he disappeared from sight among the firs at the far end of the knoll, and then I walked in the opposite direction, parallel to the course of the moose's flight, but keeping somewhat higher ground. In the meanwhile the other hunters passed Jock, and I could hear them talking several rifle shots beyond. What little air was stirring blew toward me, and though they were at least a quarter of a mile from the spot where I stood, I could almost distinguish the words. One of the hunters is somewhat deaf, and the other had to raise his voice to make himself understood. The fact of their talking proved how utterly hopeless they considered woods hunting under the circumstances.

Presently Jock began working my way. I heard him whistle several times, but at this juncture I became aware of a new sound. It was a crunching of the snow as some heavy animal broke through the crust, and every now and then it was punctuated by moments of absolute silence as the animal stopped to listen. Darling continued at intervals to whistle, and I could still hear the other hunters talking far off in the distance.

As the moose, for such it proved to be, came nearer I selected a good position from which to shoot on a log that offered a projecting stub for a footrest, which my left foot instinctively found. My eyes were too busy scanning the fir thicket that bounded the view at a distance of 60 or 70yds. to notice such details.

While the moose was still well concealed by the firs I became aware that he had changed his course slightly and was moving across the front of my position. I could hear him run ahead 20 or 30yds. and then stop and listen. No doubt he was bewildered by the unaccustomed sounds he heard on different sides, and possibly he had a fear that he was being surrounded.

Probably he had been started by Messrs. Stubbs and Staples, now well on their way to the bog, for Jock afterward told me that he had seen no fresh tracks besides those of the first moose.

Be that as it may, I soon saw that the moose was likely to pass by without offering a shot unless something unexpected happened.

It was folly to attempt to change my position, for he would certainly have heard me and been off. So I waited, almost convinced that this was another case of "might have been."

Just then the moose made one of his short runs and I caught an uncertain glimpse of him at a distance of 120yds. I saw a fir he brushed by quiver, and I decided that he had stoppod just beyond. Two spruce trees stood on either side of this spot.

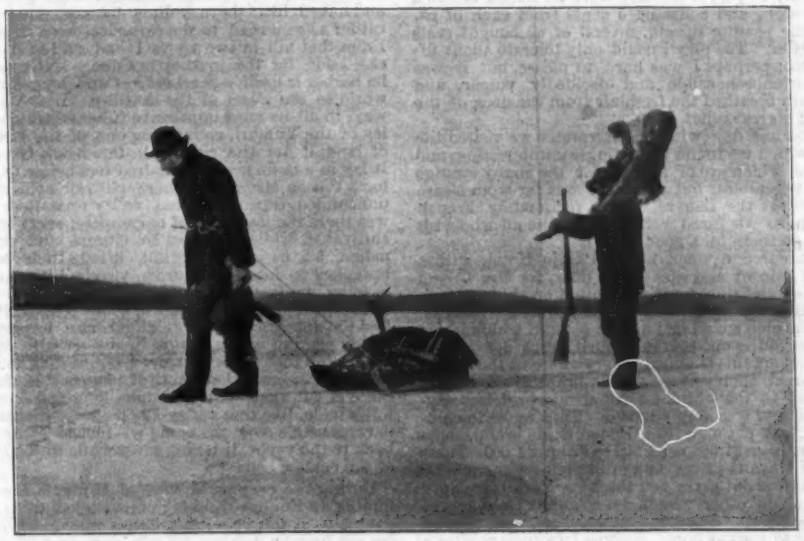
Feeling convinced that it was now or never, I raised my rifle, and sighting between them, fired. There was no result. Again I fired, and again there was nothing to indicate the presence of a moose within a thousand miles—no motion or sound.

I began to feel the strain on my nerves, but when I steadied my rifle for the third shot the white Lyman front sight rested on just that patch of uncertainty I wanted to test—a trifle nearer the ground than I had sighted before.

This time the shot worked wonders. There was a great commotion among the firs, and I could hear the moose plunge forward madly, smashing everything in his path.

I rushed to the spot and then on down the hill in the trail that the moose had left, till I reached a place where the growth was more open and where I could see a reasonable distance. Here I stopped for an instant and heard the moose fall with a crash like a forest tree.

The moose was still struggling when I reached his side,



LUGGING DEER AND HAND SLEDGING.

but the light was fading from his wicked eye, and he was quite dead a moment later when Jock reached the spot.

"Well," said Jock, as he looked him over, "it pays to keep at it—if we hadn't hunted to-day we would never have got that fellow."

And Jock was right, as he generally is.

We had no axe with us to dress the moose, and we called to attract the attention of the other hunters, who were better provided; but they had gone too far to hear us. Only a few minutes later we heard a number of shots, and that night there was caribou in camp, each hunter having secured what the law allowed him. Jock estimated that the moose weighed about 900lbs., and his antlers have a spread, according to woods measurement, of something over 40in.

Films at Zero.

That night after sunset I walked twelve miles, down to the lower camp and back, to get fresh film for the camera. In zero weather film becomes rotten and almost useless. That with which the camera was originally loaded parted several times, and in some places the sensitive coating separated from the celluloid backing for 3 or 4in. at a time. At the main camp I worked nearly an hour in a temperature 2° below zero (not estimated—there is a thermometer there) easing the tension and taking out spoiled film. Everything was done by the sense of touch, for I had no ruby lantern. On another winter trip I shall use glass plates. Their additional weight will be compensated for by their reliability.

The camera too developed an annoying characteristic, due directly to the low temperature. The pneumatic action of the shutter "froze." I can think of no better term to describe the symptom. In the camp the shutter worked satisfactorily, but once out of doors it took the best part of a second for the exposure. Such an exposure was fatal for snow scenes, but by stopping the lens down to a mere pin point aperture, and giving the camera something steady to rest upon, I succeeded at last in getting some pictures.

Coming back, as I passed through the narrows of the Grand Lake, I espied in the moonlit snow that covered the ice a network of caribou tracks, looking for all the world like outlines of half grown horseshoe crabs. The tails were made by the caribou dragging their feet 5 or 8in. before resting their weight upon them. These tracks had been made since my journey down the lake a few hours before, for my trail was in places quite obliterated.

Caribou on the Ice.

In that finest of sportsmen's books, "Sport with the Gun and Rod," is shown a picture of caribou on the ice. The ice is represented to be as glossy as a mirror and the caribou are shown trotting along at a Nancy Hanks gait. They are represented as coming down to the ice solely for the pleasure of gliding over its slippery surface, and the creatures [not being shod with iron, this characteristic always seemed to me to be supernatural.

As an actual fact, this picture exaggerates to the point of absurdity a well-known habit of caribou. Caribou cannot get along with any degree of comfort on hard smooth ice, though they travel long distances on ice that is covered with snow, or which is sufficently roughened to give them a good foothold.

While the ice was smooth we found that they did not venture on it at all, though they were feeding on the bogs nearby in considerable numbers. In fact I found that two caribou, whose trail I followed on one occasion when the ice was in fine condition for skating, traveled up a stream for a considerable distance till they came to open water before crossing, and then back again on the other side to a point that they could have gained directly by passing over not more than 50yds. of ice. They do not object to breaking through the ice, and will frequently go on ice which is not sufficiently strong enough to bear their weight, but while the ice was smooth we could not find that they trusted to it.

Another instance: After a very slight snowfall one day we saw where two caribou had crossed Wadley Brook on the ice and slipped at almost every step. The conditions were such that a man could be certain of a fairly good foothold.

The caribou seem to come on the ice both because it affords an easy means of travel and also for the sake of the mosses and lichens that grow on the trees along the shores of the lakes and streams.

Game Law Violations.

At various times I heard of a number of game law violations which took place last summer. Judging from these reports it would seem that almost as many moose were killed illegally in the wild country between Katahdin and the Canada line as were killed in the same country during the open season. Many of these moose, of course, were killed immediately before the opening of the season, and were then brought out as if legal game.

FOREST AND STREAM gave the commissioners a good tip last summer with regard to the moose killed on Sebois Stream—a photograph of which was printed at the time—but no convictions have resulted.

Maine's crying need for game protection at present is of wardens back in the woods. Away from the railroads there is no systematic enforcement of the law.

Winter in the Woods.

Some sportsmen prefer one season, some another. The early winter has a charm that must be felt to be appreciated. The air is tonic and the cold (instead of heat, as philosophers assert) is life. Two weeks at this time of year will do more to fit a man to combat the evils of civilization the next twelve months than a like period at any other time of year. The exercise and cold rid him of his surplus tissue and purify his stock of red blood, and it also toughens him against colds and such ailments.

Then, too, when the snow has come man is more on a level with the wild animals, and has no cause to regret the loss of acuteness in him of that sense that makes the hound dog valuable.

For another matter he is not so dependent on his guide, for if he chooses he can follow the game trails alone, and even if unsuccessful in his hunt there is no end of interest in this.

The charm of solitude is never more potent than in winter, when wastes of snow stretch on all sides, unmarked by human footprint, and there is a peculiar beauty by day and night that one does not find at other seasons.

The cold even in early December is severe at times. Warm footwear is a necessity that should not be overlooked. A good felt hat with a brim will be found indispensable for rainy weather. A toboggan cap is a good thing for protecting the ears on cold days, and also to use as a nightcap. Some nights a man might easily freeze his ears in camp, for the wood fire goes out soon after you have turned in, and simultaneously the thermometer drops below the freezing point.

By taking the proper precautions, however, the coldest-blooded man may be perfectly comfortable on a winter hunt such as the one I have attempted to describe, and if he has anything of the love of the woods in his make-up, he will be supremely happy as well.

P. S.—In the title under the cut in last week's issue for "A Set of Moose Antlers" read "A Set of Maine Antlers."

J. B. BURNHAM.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE.

CRUISE OF THE YACHT DUNGENESS.

In Two Parts.—Part II.

No words of mine can picture the beauty of the Havana harbor, with its six forts and its buildings all pink and blue and yellow, in their varied hues resembling nothing so much as a rainbow. The trees and grass-covered hills were beautiful and green, the sky like that of Naples. The water was fairly alive with strange little boats of queer type, half row and half sail, stern covered with awning over ribs like a prairie schooner and bow like a canal boat, large enough to carry twenty people and strong enough to have withstood the wear and tear of the ages since Noah. Foremost among them standing on the bow (it was a race who should reach us first among a dozen or fifteen) came a man wildly gesticulating and bowing, hat in hand, saying in English: "I am the best interpreter in the city and will save you a good deal if you take me." And he would and did. After considerable confab with our Capt. Yates he, with the rest, was dismissed. We then sent the pilot ashore, after being assigned a most advantageous spot near La Machina or Government wharf, so named from the immense crane or machine on shore used in loading and unloading cannon. When at Key West it was Mrs. C.'s pleasure to entertain on board the officers of the Infanta Isabel, and it seems that they in return, knowing our route, had wired the officials in charge at Havana not to accept even pilotage from the Dungeness, and also to allot us a favorable spot near shore, all of which orders were faithfully carried out, and on Mrs. C.'s behalf I hereby again thank them.

Impatient to land, hardly was lunch over when ashore Morris and I were rowed. At the iron gate, which gives entrance to the Government wharf, we found some fifteen or twenty little carriages, semi-victorias, with very low step, a comfortable seat for two, and a high box seat for the driver. The poor little horses were no larger than Western bronchos. If you expect the drivers to ask you to ride in their rigs no greater mistake will you ever make. Indeed they are about the laziest lot I ever saw. When you do select your conveyance and get in, the driver in a tired, slow way gathers the reins in his hands, and turning looks the question, Where to? That was the dickens of it—we could not say it in Spanish; every word I had ever learned in that Castilian tongue seemed to leave me. "American Consul," we first gently, then loudly yelled, until a slight wave of consciousness passed across our driver's bronzed face and we were off. Lickety! lickety! split! we tore along over the smooth, flat stones about 1ft. square, beneath awnings which stretched over the streets from roof to roof, by shops the very kaleidoscope of colors, around corners on two wheels, catching now and then a glimpse of an inner courtyard through the iron grating which covered windows almost flush with the street, until in Havana Calle (or street) we came to an abrupt stop in front of the offices of Mr. Williams, the American Consul. (I do not care to say anything about Mr. Williams, for I see he has resigned or been recalled. Had he not been I should myself have written to our State Department asking what American Consuls are for.) Our reception was exceed-

SUCCESS AT LAST.

ingly cold, our questions hardly noticed, and abruptly turning to three Chinamen Mr. Williams seemed much more engrossed in pleasing them than us two American citizens. After standing around a few minutes, hoping for further chance of a parley, we left, still further impressed—as all Americans are who travel—with our wretched Consular service.

A block further on I had our driver stop again to leave some negatives to be printed, and then on we went to the colored banker, or money changer, Mr. Hardy. Intending to continue thence on foot we handed our driver a pesado or 20 cents, the right and legal fare—so we had read in the guide book. Our quiet man immediately awoke and in an instant seemed all on fire. What I took to be cursing came in long lines from his mouth like a volcano, and in that smooth tongue how easily the words did flow. Not knowing the reason we quickly fled into Hardy's shop, the driver and a crowd after us. Fortunately English was spoken there, and it appeared that instead of 20 we owed 60 cents for our ride, explained by our three stops at 20 cents a stop. If you tell the driver to stop while you light a cigar or cigarette, one stop 20 cents; but if you don't stop you can cross the city from border to border for the pesado. When one is familiar with the custom, I question if there is better or cheaper cab service in the world.

For our greenbacks Hardy gave us a lot of money called pesos, pesados and a lot of other "dos," at the rate of $1.10½ in Spanish silver for American silver, greenbacks or gold. Be it understood, however, the Spanish dollar contained as much silver as our own. For our money of whatsoever kind, marked United States of America, he gave in Spanish gold $1.07½ for every American dollar. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, ye silver fanatics. These United States, thanks be to those to whom honor is due, are not yet in that slough of "financial despond" where we find Spain and Italy to-day. Feeling rich as Crœsus with the mass of silver in our pockets, we walked up Obisto street, the Broadway of Havana from a shopping standpoint, but in reality, as all the streets are, so narrow that a carriage can go only one way; resembling Philadelphia in this respect. Having just dodged a whirling cabby and being nearly run down by a string of eight mules hauling a big two-wheel cart, we emerged on a little plaza, with a fountain playing in the center, surrounded by green grass, palms and flowers. What appeared to be toy soldiers stood there smoking cigarettes. They looked so cute I felt as though, should chance or war ever throw me in contact with such men, I would want to pick them up and put them in my pocket. To find our way we addressed them in their language, the words of which in guide-book Spanish we knew so well and spoke so badly. Vain effort, not a sign of "sabe" came to them, and all they could say was "Yo no entiendo" (I do not understand). Finally we said, "Hotel Inglaterra." Then, with a pleased and happy countenance, they pointed out our way.

Up the strange little streets we walked, noting to our great regret few signs of beauty among the women, who, though wearing no hats but the Spanish mantilla, powdered their faces so plentifully as to give them a sickly white appearance. The men were of the type seen and known everywhere as the Spanish race. At last, on the top of the slight slant on which the city is built, we entered Central Park, or the Parque de Isabel II., to find it thronged with people. The cause was quickly noted, for, led by a gorgeous black and gold hearse, a funeral of some prominent politician or general was passing by. From on top of a big wagon, with a fellow kodaker, we gained a grand view of all that passed, and saw in the full evening dress of the men who rode in the carriages an explanation of many such we had seen driving rapidly about town in broad daylight.

Weary with our exciting walk and ride, and with tongue twisted all out of shape trying to talk French, English and Spanish, we seated ourselves at a table in the café of the Inglaterra, feeling assured that at last we could again enjoy the pleasure of hearing our own native tongue.

> What's in a name? That which we call a rose
> By any other name would smell as sweet.

And so with that hotel. Its name was a blind. No one spoke English, and so, not knowing "cervezha" meant beer, we called for Milwaukee, and you should have seen that boy jump. The idea of our not knowing. I think with another generation the word "Milwaukee" will be Spanish for beer, at least in Cuba. Having to guess the cost we thought it safe to hand him a dollar and then receive the change. This amounted to 20 cents, but my eyes chanced to wander to the cash register on the bar where he rang it up, and saw the honest (?) boy push up 15 cents and the rest went in his pocket. Great Yankee invention as a check on barkeepers, the cash register, but it takes a Cuban to run it.

Thinking a drive in the cool of the afternoon would be pleasant we hired a rig "per hora" for $1.25 and soon found ourselves in the outskirts of the city on the drive Paseo de Tacon, a street corresponding to the Champs Elysees or Bois, close by the Botanical Gardens, full of royal palms, strange trees and flowers without number, along a well-kept smooth road with hedges of thick cactus, until at last we came to the cemetery. There many illustrious dead no doubt lie buried, with some real marble tombs or headstones erected to their memory, and many shams. The latter are of what seemed to be plaster painted white or yellow, built inside an iron fence on which hung iron painted wreaths or colored flowers in a glass case. Back we drove, near where the blue sea dashed on the shore, through the rich suburban homes of the better class. No more vivid coloring have I ever seen than the painting of those houses. Blues, pinks, yellows and whites, no two exactly alike in tint, and although only one story high differing somehow in architectural effect. Some yards were rose gardens, others all green palms and ferns, while over the whole side and porch of one house twined a vine of solid flowers the color of the richest magenta; a royal vine, no hue of northern flower have I ever seen to equal it. The rich red soil seemed to produce everything planted with a force as though native to the spot. I fancied it was all as Rome once was, only there the houses were marble; here brick or stone and plaster; but Rome could not have had prettier courtyard gardens with fountains, as all such were in Havana. It seemed a sweet dream that winter afternoon, winter still by the calendar at home, but June by the air and climate.

Once back in town, we punched cabby in the back and said, "To the yachta, boata, aqua" and everything pertaining to water we could think of to get him to go to the dock; but he drove around the square in such an aimless way, wearing such a sickly smile, that at last in desperation we said "Inglaterra" again, and back there we drove in the almost vain hope of seeing an English-speaking human being. At last I found an interpreter who told our driver where to go, saying to us, "When lost again, just say 'Machina,' and he will know where to take you." Blessed yacht! never more welcome came the good old Anglo-Saxon to my ears than when Morris called, "Oars, let fall, and give way," to the sailors in the gig.

After dinner we all sat on deck awhile in the moonlight, watching the twinkling lights floating about in the harbor or the larger anchor lights hanging from the steamships near us. All the men on board sat puffing away at cigars from 8in. long to panetelas which seemed 1ft. in length. And such cigars! For 8 and 10 cents we smoked ones which cost 25 at home, and the sailors had a brand at $3.50 per 100 for which they claimed great things. Puff, puff, puff—each one seemed a miniature human furnace, praising to the sky their own smart purchase as being the best and cheapest in Havana. He who wrote, "It was my last cigar," luckily put the fellow on a quarterdeck "off the blue Canarie Isles," and not the Greater Antilles, for poor indeed is he who sits on a deck in Havana and smokes his last cigar.

Havana by gas and moonlight was not to be missed, so on shore we went again about the little streets up to Plaza Isabel. "What an improvement on New York parks!" we all exclaimed on noticing the benches and iron seats there arranged. They do things differently in Cuba in many ways, for scarcely were we seated before a man came along and collected 5 cents from each of us. Tiring of the passing throng, several of us bought seats for the theater. The play I could only tolerate about fifteen minutes; perhaps I was hard to please, but it was tedious, incomprehensible and decidedly vulgar, and when I again breathed the fresh air from the deck of the yacht I felt a great relief.

The following day with an interpreter we visited the churches, which we found exceedingly uninteresting, and the markets, which are of interest for the many strange fruits and vegetables, but the place was far from clean. We lunched at the Louvre, where fortunately French was spoken, so we fared well, and I advise all who visit Havana to go there for a good dinner.

Having secured a room at the Pasaje Hotel, with a pretty little balcony and tiles on the floor, for Mrs. C. and Miss S., they desiring to spend a night on shore, Morris and I taking the guide with us jumped on a street car. Seeing all the men smoking I also lit a cigar, which lasted me the three miles out to the suburb, Jesus del Monte. To cigar smokers this is known everywhere as the site of Julien Alvarez's Henry Clay factory, probably the largest cigar factory in the world. I had always promised myself this visit and was amply repaid. They make in company with Bock & Co., of the Golden Eagle brand, some 800 varieties, from $1,000 per 1,000 to $20 per 1,000. These are guld list Havana prices, and multiplying the same by two and a half about gives you the New York price duty paid. If for no other reason let us annex Cuba to get good cigars cheap. They say all smokers, even though strong protectionists at home, become free traders after a visit to Cuba. Besides cigars the factory turns out millions of cigarettes, but these are little known I think in the United States, at least since my return I have noticed very few on sale. The Algodon papel (cotton paper) is too thick for American taste. Perhaps as famous and as interesting a factory is that close by the Pasaje, but the ride out in the country to Jesus del Monte is well worth the trip, seeing as you do inns by the roadside, with open bar or counter, to the very edge of which horsemen ride and drink without dismounting. The climate being always warm the store is wide open to the world. The iron grating over the windows, alike in town on house of rich or poor, gives also ample protection against robbers, besides allowing the air to ventilate freely through all the rooms.

But, speaking of robbery, I spent my last morning on shore taking photographs about the streets of fruit venders, milkmen with cans of milk strapped to the mule's sides, cathedrals, castles, forts, stores and I cannot tell what all. Running short of plates, I bought some for $1.75 per dozen (95 cents in New York), and was then charged $1 to use the dark room to put them in the holders. Nothing except tobacco is cheap in Havana, as we found while shopping that afternoon. They have some beautiful fans, and to tell the truth, that is about all I could see to bring away as acceptable souvenirs. Had the island not been under martial law we should have attempted a run back into the country, but we were cautioned against doing so. All the signs of a revolution we saw, however, were the numerous mounted soldiers about town, together with what we read in occasional copies of the New York *Herald*.

We could not see all there was to see in that interesting city, so leaving for a future visit the many other attractions of Havana, on the morning of March 8 we steamed down and out the harbor past the forts, which we saluted with guns, and speedily headed E. ¼ N., some five miles off shore, for Matanzas, the second city of importance in Cuba. The water was smooth as glass and blue as a turquoise. We skirted along the beautiful coast past Santa Cruz and the cut at Jaruca River. Great rifts in the shore led down from the high palm tree capped mountain ridges inland to the glorious sea, making a picture to enchant even the dreariest soul. It was about noon when we turned in at the long harbor of Matanzas, and amidst the sportive play of an immense school of sharks cast anchor.

What beauty the landscape and towns of Latin countries present at a distance, away from the dirt, discerning in a glance the *toute ensemble*, as our Gallic friends say. So I gazed on Matanzas and bewailed the lack of enterprise which has allowed its fine sheltered harbor gradually to fill in and compel shipping to anchor nearly a mile from the city. The great wharf built entirely of mahogany, alongside which in ante-bellum days Mr. Ulmo told us great ships were tied, is now used only by lighters. These are towed by a tug to the ships loading with sugar out in the bay, and if the wind be right, back they come with a square set sail. All the town lay in the bend of the horseshoe harbor. From the water's edge it climbed the hill behind, leaving, however, a broad green strip from the skirts of the town to the hilltop surmounted there with a cathedral, from which at eventide a curfew "tolled the knell of parting day." I was at first impressed with the beauty of their having selected red tiling for the roofs, but found that of such color was the only soil from which they could be made.

Sending the captain ashore for our papers, we shortly followed, to find arrangements had been made for a drive in volantes to the Cuives de la Mar (Caves de la Mar). While waiting for the rigs we were introduced to and entertained by the Capitain de la Porte, Capt. Riga, late commander of the Infanta Isabel. A most charming Spanish gentleman we found him, and were rather surprised to learn that our salute gun created quite a stir in town, many people thinking it was a gunboat come to quell the rising rebellion. Very queer vehicles were those volantes. Built with a very large, soft, comfortable seat over two big wheels, extra long shafts, between which one horse was hitched; another outside, with traces once again as long as the shafts, was ridden by the driver. How they did fly around, up hill and down without slacking pace, taking ditches and gutters at full speed. Their long coupling makes a jolt hardly perceptible. We followed the shore some two miles to the east of town, passing *en route* long strings of horses tied together going to be washed in the sea. Then we turned inland some two miles further to the caves. To those who have visited Luray Caverns in Virginia a comparison is hardly worth while, for besides the heat, 100° Fahrenheit, which drove the ladies out again, the long wax candles have so smoked the stalactites and stalagmites as greatly to mar their beauty. A walk of a half to three-quarters of a mile completes the circle and you have seen it all.

Hardly had an hour passed before we gained the town once more, and going through, with gaping natives and naked little boys yelling "Americano," we ran up rather a steep road to the cathedral seen from the bay. From that hill in two views I had sufficient reward, all else aside, for the journey to Cuba. Matanzas city with its harbor is itself a pearl set in Cuba, long known to the world as the Pearl of the Antilles. Looking the other way, in all its most impressive fullness stretched the valley of the Yumuri, comprising one of the richest bodies of land, if not the richest, in this whole Garden Island. It lay in a basin several hundred feet below us, and never have I been struck anywhere with an evidence of such unbounded fertility as that valley presented. Nowhere was there the least sign of barrenness; every inch seemed cultivated, while scattered in clumps and singly, royal palms, 50, 60 and 70ft. tall, lifted their long green branches to heaven. Hardly visible, little houses were peeping out from under the foliage here and there, and but for its length and breadth, some ten by five miles, it had the appearance of a great garden. I appreciate how feebly my dull words picture in any sense to you the restful feeling that scene portrayed, but so long as I shall live nothing can erase the beautiful picture. If there be any place else in that island, 760 miles long and from 20 to 135 miles wide, like that valley I hope to see it some day. As darkness stole over the scene we turned away and went back to the yacht, listening meanwhile to the faint sound of the curfew bells.

During the evening I walked through the city, and finding an English-speaking citizen asked him to accompany us. A fair being in progress we were persuaded to try our luck by buying for 10 cents each little rolls of paper wrapped up like lamp lighters. With daily, weekly and monthly lottery drawings born in their blood, nothing as a money-making scheme can succeed in Cuba carried on in any other way than by chance. The Royal Havana Lottery, by the way, yields many millions yearly to the State. Occasionally, by unrolling the little papers, a number would be stamped on the inside to correspond with some object about the room. We won prizes from a toy boat to a set of cologne bottles, a few yards of lace and a washstand, until, followed by an ever-increasing crowd, Morris and I sought the outer plaza and a neighboring café. Our pilot, continually up to tricks, mentioned some words in Spanish which he said he once knew belonged to an extensive and close Cuban society. I don't know if what he said was true or not, but the waiter could not do enough for us and was so pressing in his attentions—attracting notice to us by so acting—that I thought the better part of valor was in flight, and so took myself off, only to get lost in the many and devious streets to the wharf. Seeing at last my predicament, and perhaps suspecting me as a filibuster—for the town was strictly guarded against such—a mounted soldier rode up and asked what I sought. I by that time had learned a little Spanish, and inquired the way to the yacht, which he quickly put me in the way of finding, so exchanging *buenas noches* and a cigarette we parted.

On Saturday morning we entertained Capt. Riga on board with several other gentlemen and ladies. Late in the afternoon an invitation to a ball the following night was brought out to us, and pleading only the custom of the country we went. About 9 in the evening, rigged in the full regalia of summer ball gowns and evening dress, four of us went ashore to be met on landing by the Capitain and señoras, and in four carriages we were rapidly driven along the narrow streets to the club. At the door we were met by ushers and escorted into the ball room, where, as strangers, we were quickly the cynosure of all eyes. Mac and I were at our wits' ends to know what to say to a lot of masked señoritas who spoke to us, and had it not been for an occasional one who spoke French I should have been utterly wound up. Right here let me beg you to learn at least a little Spanish before visiting Cuba—your pleasure will be increased a hundredfold. Those unmasked—and it goes without saying, 'twas human nature, they were the prettiest—had a language of their bright black eyes and long lashes the greatest dullard could understand. Their native dance, "The Danza," approached nearest to a waltz of any; but for slowness and strangeness it was like unto nothing so far in my life's experience. This dance, the oftenest played by the orchestra, derives its popularity from the many stops while dancing it, giving thus to young people the only opportunity to be alone together and talk. Not solely from gallantry do I say it, but in truth I saw many pretty faces, and their black eyes are all romance has pictured them. Mrs. C.'s position, seated as she was with the señoras (to whom the knowledge of English was as foreign as the North Pole has been to Arctic explorers), was tedious; so, having invited the belle of the ball and several others out next day, we bade all good night.

Agreeable to the engagement, Mac and I went to No. 7 Rio Calle about 10:30 next day; but upon our arrival were

rather surprised shortly to find so many gathered there, as we had only invited three girls, and we rather wondered whether such an invitation included their whole connections. Two were ready, the third we saw driving down the street accompanied by a portly uncle. Fearing for the ship's safety above water did all present purpose going out, it was with great relief that one by one they began, like those in the Bible story, to offer pressing business or other affairs as excuses, until at last, as those Spanish clouds rolled away, there only remained to our affrighted vision two Spanish full moons in two mamas and three Cuban stars, the ones our telescopic eyes of the night before had picked out from the gathered nebulæ of the ballroom space. These sufficed to occupy the only two carriages we had been able to secure, leaving us to walk. At a sign to Mac (and never did I realize the possibility of a sign language until that Cuban voyage) we were off. However, the distance was short and the gig large, so in safety we conveyed our jolly party out to lunch. The Capitain, the handsomest man by far we saw in Cuba, came out later. Once on board, what with punch to cool the heated brow—for it was very hot—and music from our music box to gladden the spirit, helped by a phrase book, "Spanish at a Glance," ours was a merry party. The Capitain, in broken English, offered a toast to the ladies, the United States, America, England, and then, fearing he had forgotten some one, said, "To the whole world." We were very loath to see his gig, with its eight men rowing, come out for them; but all good times must have an ending, and with the salute we fired as they rowed away we weighed anchor and were off for Nassau.

Laying our course N. E. ¼ E. for Elbow Cay Light, eighty-two miles distant across Nicholas Channel, the mountains of Cuba showed plainly at first and then like the shore faded away in a blue tint which made sea and sky one, and we were out on the broad expanse of mighty water. A full round moon soon showed a silvery head above the horizon like some mighty monster out of the deep, and shining almost in our course seemed a path along the sea. For many hours I gazed at the sublime majesty of it all and felt with him who said: "To those only who go down to the sea in ships are God's works fully understood." In a glassy sea we passed Elbow Cay Light on Salt Cay Bank and then steered across Santaren Channel to the Great Bahama Bank, which we reached in about latitude 24° 38′, equal to Key West, and longitude 79° 14′ w. All the next morning, course N. E. by N., over a rippled sea with the bottom of the ocean, 12 to 15ft. deep, we steamed along in view of white coral sands. Never was a prettier run made across the Bahama Banks to the Great Stirrup Cay Light at the entrance to the N. W. Providence Channel, and when at 12:15 that night we dropped anchor in Nassau's transparent harbor (a run of 320 miles from Matanzas) we felt indeed a pleasant voyage was over for a day and our longer journey itself drawing to a close.

Clean as a new pin was the town displayed to our eyes with morning's sun, and, warping in to the stone dock, short time elapsed before a crowd had gathered. Selecting a bright, clean, two-seated carriage, with a negro driver dressed all in white duck, we drove up town to the Royal Victoria Hotel. Of white coral formation, the whole island roads and streets present a dazzling brilliancy very trying to one's eyes, but the change from dirty Cuban cities was most agreeable. The sun was very hot, and but for the cool breeze from the water would have equaled Cuba. The strange trees arrayed in vivid green cast welcome shade. The foliage and trees themselves were of more different varieties from what I had seen anywhere, but of especial beauty were the large leaves on the almonds, green on top and red beneath. A silk-cotton tree with roots like horses' stalls was shown as a native curiosity. The smooth road caused no jolting as we sped along the shore some three miles out of town, passing many charming little villas on the slight hill which parallels the bay. Cocoanut trees surrounded many houses, but sisal growing has set all Nassau wild, and what appeared to be gardens of century plants abounded everywhere. The three forts protecting the settlement are deserted, leaving to Great Britain's many cruisers the care of this ward of hers. English supremacy here at least seems to speak good ruling, though I understand that many would like the Bahama Islands to belong to the United States and to be called a county of Florida or Georgia. When we annex Hawaii and Cuba perhaps we will then talk of the Bahamas; meanwhile there is still some land left out West for our growing population.

Turning home we drove by an inner road through negro settlements with huts identical to those in Africa, whence perhaps some of the old folks had come themselves. I do know they speak a language of their own, for in the market I could not understand or be understood by several I spoke with.

At the hotel where we rested awhile everything appeared clean and well kept, showing good management on the part of those in charge. A familiar face far from home was found in that of the hotel clerk last seen in charge of the Manhasett House at Shelter Island.

Though my wandering spirit was willing to roam about the pretty settlement, my whole being longed for a bath in the delightful surf I knew was beating across the bay on the coral shore. The distance to Hog Island, a narrow strip of island separating the bay from the ocean, cannot be over 400yds. The island itself is perhaps 200yds. wide, with what proved to be a smooth white sand on the ocean side. Quickly divesting myself of my clothing, I accepted the dashing invitation of the waves and waded into the most glorious clear and warm salt water I ever bathed in. There to my great relief I disported with comfort akin to bliss. Cooled at last and arrayed in clean duck clothes and linen, I wandered awhile in the large orange and cocoanut grove on that island by the sea. Glorious fruit it was too, great large oranges big as your two fists, and all the fresh cocoanut milk you can drink (for those who like it—I don't). One especially beautiful cocoanut tree had over 500 nuts growing in bunches, some ripe and ready to fall, others small as hickory nuts.

The proprieter's business in town was as a sponge merchant, and in trimming the raw sponges a great deal of waste accumulated in pieces from an inch to 5in. long. These he put to a use which struck me as very excellent. The ground all through the grove was literally covered with the fragments packed about the tree roots, in places a foot deep. These absorbed the dew and against the sun's rays held moisture for a good part of the day. This could only be practiced by such a merchant, for at $1.50 to $2.50 per pound sponges would be rather an expensive means of irrigation to others. I ordered a thousand oranges brought over to the boat, at the steep price of one cent each. And these, in huge sisal baskets, with bunches of bananas, pineapples, green turtles and crates of Cuban quail, rapidly began to give the space aft on the yacht the appearance of a Bahama fruiter. Attracted by the electric lights in the cabin and the search light on the bridge, like moths (only black) little native boys gathered about in small boats during the evening, giving us a serenade, rather discordant, it is true.

Having in remembrance old Samson Stamp, of Key West, the discoverer of the Sea Gardens at Nassau, we took a pilot and sailboat the following morning and sailed some four miles up the channel. There we disembarked in a row boat with a glass bottom, made by inserting therein plates of thick glass, through which the bottom of the sea spread out before us like dry land. A strange feeling crept over me, and in imagination I fancied myself with Jules Verne on the voyage of "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." We could see all the little fishes, minnows 1in. long, and larger kinds 1ft., 2ft. and 3ft. in length, some white and black and blue; besides many angelfish, all yellow like a canary, with bright blue fins and tail, swam by beneath us. Like the ripe wheat fields in summer sway to the breeze, so there in the submarine currents waved great bunches of fan leaf coral, purple, yellow and white. The water was clear as air, and pointing to some especially beautiful specimens of rock and fans, our little darky dove over, and, like the fish, we could see him swimming down until at last, clutching the growth with two hands and feet firmly braced against the coral, he gave a tug and away he came to the top, fan in hand. Indeed, God hath wrought marvelous things in this world of His, but nothing of greater bewitching fancy than the Sea Gardens of Nassau.

When night came and before the moon was up a drive of two miles back on New Providence Island brought us to a most interesting work of nature. A lake some 1,000ft. long by 300ft. wide lay quiet and black as any other sheet of water at night might do. But once in a row boat and shoved off from shore what a mighty change was wrought. Two small out-swimmers, the hue of the surrounding darkness, accompanied our boat of fire, for such it seemed. Like two human torches our darkies swam by our side as in a cloud of phosphorescent fire; at the slightest disturbance the whole surrounding water lit up like molten silver. Each boy's toes and fingers were as though the sun shone on them and fish darted through the quiet water like sky rockets, leaving a glittering trail behind. The light was so vivid I could see the time by my watch, and when a wave was sent upward with the oar the falling drops were like blue-tinted pearls. The movement of our boat made enough light to plainly show the bottom, for the water is from the ocean and as clear as all that which nature makes to flow about those lovely Bahamas. Enticed by the water's warmth and the hot night my friend and I went in swimming, but only for a few minutes. From this swim comes a story hard to believe, but as true as Gospel. That night, as was my custom before turning in, I went to the bath room, which I could easily darken, to change some photo plates in my holders. When about to pull the slides I noticed the phosphoresence, which I had brought from the lake, shining from my bare feet, and giving so much white light I had to cover them with a towel before I dared expose the plates to what a moment before had been intense darkness.

We took a short drive next morning to an interesting sisal hemp plantation, seeing there the leaves cut, shredded and baled for shipment. This plantation was about two miles long; but *the place* is on Andros Island, some 20,000 acres, so I am told, and owned by Joseph Chamberlain, the well-known English statesman. Pineapple plantations thrive, it seems, better on the other islands; but how the poor fellows, at 2 cents a dozen (the price in summer), make anything surprises me.

Nassau's best days, however, are gone. During the war, when cotton was 8 cents a pound in Charleston and $1 to $1.50 per pound in gold at Nassau, then it was that one successful run of the blockade paid for a ship and cargo, and two or three lucky runs made captain and owner rich men. So sure were the runners that Mr. Ulmo, who was all through it, told us they advertised the night in which they would leave Charleston or Savannah. The streets of Nassau then were alive with Southerners and Englishmen, captains of British and Federal men-of-war, and money ran like water. Everybody made money. The settlement paid its debt in one year, and one little shipyard (now the orange grove I wrote about) made for its owner $350,000 in four years. These were days you read about which will never come again.

On the 15th of March, in the afternoon, we sailed away toward home across a sea smooth and reflecting as a mirror. It was warm as a summer's night; no one turned in until very late, and when we did we had all port-holes open, for there was no fear of incoming waves. Next day was as bright and clear, but toward night the wind began to blow out of the north, and by midnight no one was asleep, but sat about the cabin or their rooms holding on. To what, you ask, did they try to hold on to? Well, supper and anything which appeared nailed down. I went on the bridge awhile, but the yacht dipped down and threw waves all over, drenching constantly the captain and man at the wheel. Thinking to be secure back over the engine room talking to Mr. Ulmo, I was there hardly a minute when one wave landing on the bridge bounced off and soaked me. The decks ran 2 to 3in. deep with water. Our banana and orange grove aft was a sight. The poor green turtles even were seasick. Had it not been for the iron storm shutters the whole front cabin would have been crushed in. How welcome the gleam across the sea our objective St. Augustine's light cast only those who were there can know. Only fifty-two miles more to Fernandina. But against that sea and wind quarter headway was all the captain dared to give, and how the hours dragged by until daylight. With day came a big Clyde ship bound to Jacksonville. She fairly seemed to fly past us and all her passengers and crew seemed on deck, wondering no doubt what we were doing out there, as every now and then we sank almost out of view behind some huge, curling crested wave. Eleven hours we battled against the storm, until at last, safely across the Fernandina bar, we cast anchor off Cumberland Island. There "Sinuous northward, sinuous southward, by a world of marsh that bordered a world of sea," the house at Dungeness loomed up, and we felt the danger passed and a voyage long to be remembered was ended.

Go ye, oh ye yachtsmen, and do likewise. There are no fairer seas to travel over, and if you regret doing so you are not moulded in the same flesh as he who subscribes himself GRAHAM F. BLANDY.

THE LOST MAN.

WHO is this waif of the woodland, the "Lost Man?" Where does he hail from and where is he heading for? How does he manage to exist for weeks, perhaps months, at a time, in the depths of the wilderness, without food, fire or weapon of any kind? Is he sane or insane?

As a member of the party into whose astonished presence this modern Rip Van Winkle ushered himself without much ceremony at Pond's camp, near the Dungarvon River, on the night of July 13 last, I have been much interested in my friend Irland's description of that strange event, as well as in the account given by other correspondents of his appearance in September at Upper Millnoket Lake, in Maine. The subject has been so ably handled by these gentlemen that I shall only offer a few general comments. Perhaps the advertising which the old fellow is receiving in FOREST AND STREAM may result in his condition and whereabouts being brought to the notice of relatives or friends, if he has any, who would take care of him.

It is not a source of wonder to the undersigned that our gay and festive friends on the Upper Millnoket found him a hard nut to crack. It made me smile audibly to read about that cross-examination and to picture them bringing their mental artillery into action. It was just our own seance at Pond's Camp all over again. For the space of three hours during that never-to-be-forgotten night in July, when Chaos and the Night dealt the old chap out to us, we raked him fore and aft with every conceivable question. As the light of the camp-fire flickered away, the boys one by one gave it up, and at last I too was obliged to meander to my bunk very little wiser than before. The conclusions I drew from the interview were somewhat as follows:

The man's name is Torrens—at least he clearly stated so. He is of American birth. He said he was "raised over on the Kenawten." I spell the name, if there is such a name, as he pronounced it, never having seen it in print. His references to the war between the North and South, which was still a live issue with him, indicated that he had served in that war, or had been at the time within the area of active military operations. His statement that he had killed a quail which wasn't as big as a pheasant the day before he met our party tended, I think, to show that he had hailed from one of the Middle or Southern States. The absence of the nasal twang peculiar to the New England Yankee is some evidence in the same direction.

His mind was very much occupied with religious matters. A small Catholic Bible was the only article of any kind he had in his possession except the rusty axe he found in the brook. His conversation, however, showed that while in a general way he adhered to Catholic doctrine, he ran a side show of religious views peculiarly his own. I think our Millnoket friends sized him up very cleverly when they decided that he was suffering from an overdose of the invisible world which rendered him unable fully to digest the visible. That verdict has a tendency to persuade me that the jury was sober.

The oddest thing about the venerable phantom was his utter indifference to the hardships he had gone through, as well as to his future welfare. He had no complaints to make and no surprise to express. All that we did for him aroused no word of gratitude. He asked for nothing, not even food, though he stowed away a tremendous jag when it was given him. His central idea as to worldly matters seemed to be that he was journeying from Moosehead Lake to Grand Falls. He had not the slightest notion of the distance he had come or still had to go, and I imagine if he ever reached the falls he straightway received a call from his invisible monitors to proceed to Moosehead Lake.

A well-known lumberman of this city who saw his picture in FOREST AND STREAM states that the old fellow was seen near the head of the Tobique River early in August by a fishing party, on which occasion he was yarding away a hatful of blueberries, and paid no heed to the canoe as it passed by.

How he got into the woods where we found him (for he had not come in by the logging road from Pleasant Ridge, and there were no other roads), and how he had managed to sustain life in that region, was an absolute mystery to everyone. I think the mysterious stranger was a full private in the great army of tramps, but unlike the most of his fellows, instead of taking to the railroads and turnpikes, he took to the trails and the streams.

One important lesson it seems to me may be derived from his experience—namely, that a very limited amount of gray matter in the brain will suffice to maintain a man a long time in the woods and finally bring him out all right if he will only keep cool and keep moving.

I should say the old gentleman was insane, but entirely harmless. Some of his remarks upon abstract questions were quite rational, but when you offered him a concrete fact he looked at you in a queer, diagonal way and dodged it. He seemed to have no exact memory of anything that had happened more than forty-eight hours before.

A pet hobby of his was that he could construct a flying machine that would take him from Moosehead Lake to Grand Falls in a day. He would build a square platform, he said, and place large wooden augers at each of the four corners, and then seating himself in the center and employing a foot-power contrivance he would bore his way up into the air! I remarked that this would be a good deal like a man lifting himself over a fence by the slack of his raiment. He said that could be done too, if the man only had enough faith!

He made one observation which I now recall with some amusement in view of the present political position. He said, "The United States would like to lick England if they could." I asked him why? "Oh," said he, "they don't know George the third is dead." And then he added, looking intently at me: "Perhaps he isn't!"

As he left us in the morning and glided off through the fo est in his bare feet, with his boots and rusty axe slung over his shoulder, he remarked: "A feller would jist be in luck now if he could only strike a bear."

Well, he was the queerest of the queer. When I think of him and his wanderings through the trackless wilds, I feel like chucking up the name of PROWLER.

Natural History.

CAPERCAILZIE AND BLACK GAME.

PORTLAND, Me., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by the ever interesting columns of FOREST AND STREAM that there is much interest in the introduction of the capercailzie and black game into this country.

For instance, Mr. Ames, of Boston, in your issue of to-day earnestly calls for information about these birds.

You will recollect, of course, that the project of introducing these valuable game birds was first proposed by myself in a dispatch to the Department of State early in 1890, which was printed in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 8, 1890, together with an editorial from your pen warmly commending the enterprise.

A fuller account of these birds, together with a description of a day's sport in shooting them on the heathery hills of old Sweden, was afterward published in my large illustrated work, "Sweden and the Swedes," issued by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, in 1892.

I would suggest to you that you publish Chapter XXX. of my book, which relates to "Capercailzie and Black Game," for the benefit of the sportsmen of America who are interested in this question.

Of course it will be necessary for you to also obtain permission from my publishers, but I have no doubt that the enterprising firm of Rand, McNally & Co. will readily grant you this. W. W. THOMAS, JR.

From "Sweden and the Swedes." By courtesy of Messrs. Rand & McNally, Chicago, the publishers.

ONE day in August I was shooting on the grand heather-covered rock hills of the west coast of Sweden, when Nero appeared on top of a crest and came running to me in a most frisky manner. He jumped up to my face, capered about, flung himself into the air, and behaved most hilariously.

I had become intimately acquainted with Nero by this time, and could easily tell from his manner of reporting whether he had found partridges, black game or woodcock. But this was an entirely new kind of a report; the dog seemed to say, "Oh, what a great big, jolly thing I've found for you; something brand-new. You can't guess what it is; but come along, I'll show you. Such fun we'll have."

So I followed on. After some ten minutes' walk over heathery ridges Nero entered a swale where a few scrub pines grew, advanced at a cautious walk, and came to an undecided point. As soon as I reached his side he advanced again, step by step, then pointed, then again advanced. I saw, of course, that the game, whatever it might be, was running, and would probably rise wild. I therefore hurried to higher ground some 20yds. to the right of Nero, and walked along parallel with him, and about half a gunshot ahead.

Soon Nero came to a dead point, and at the same instant there arose from under the last scrub pine an enormous dingy-black bird. From my elevated position, at one side of the pine tree, it was an easy shot. At the report the great bird fell in a confused heap into the heather, while a cloud of black feathers filled the air and drifted slowly away before the summer breeze.

Nero came in and sat down at my side, his jaws opened into a broad grin of "I told you so." I crammed a fresh cartridge into my gun, patted Nero. "Well done, old boy! So! so! Now, *apporte!*" At the word he dashed on, picked up the bird by one wing, lugged in the heavy burden through thick heather as high as himself, and sat down on his haunches before me. "*Lâche!*" and Nero gave into my hand my first capercailzie, a huge old cock of good 10lbs. weight, as big as a turkey. He was surely too heavy to carry around on a day's shooting, so, after duly admiring him I hung him up on one of the pine trees, and Nero and I went on our way rejoicing.

It was a perfect summer's day; a clear sky arched overhead, and a gentle west wind just stirred the air. Perfect silence reigned, broken only by the faint rumble of a distant train speeding along the valley far beneath, and soon vanishing, leaving only a dissolving trail of smoke behind and silence even more intense than before. From the green valley rose the tall, white tower of Lena Kyrka, resplendent in the sunlight. As far as you could see stretched smooth, cultivated fields. Here and there a red cottage peered out from its grove of bright-green birches, and showed where the highway wound along the vale.

Far above, on rocky heights that rose almost to the dignity of mountains, Nero and I, in good comradeship, followed the chase.

Pushing through a thick growth of spruce trees I heard the sound of wings behind me and knew that some bird must have hidden till I passed, then flown back in the direction whence I came. I whistle in Nero, who makes a faint stand at the spot where the bird had concealed itself, point out to him the direction in which it must have flown, and back we hunt along the ridge.

We walked on more than a mile, and I was beginning to doubt the evidence of my ears—or, rather, the conclusions I had drawn therefrom—when Nero stood at the edge of a swampy hollow. He waited for me to come up, and then we proceeded cautiously among the hillocks of the swamp, Nero pausing and coming to an uncertain point every few paces.

At last a great ruddy-brown bird bustles into air with a noise that, in the utter stillness of the August noon, sounded like the roar of thunder, and caused my heart to leap to my mouth. I shot wide of the mark, but steadied myself, pressed my heart and nerves back into place, and brought down the bird, killed clean at long range, with my left barrel.

It was a hen capercailzie. Of different color and much smaller than the cock, still a grand bird of 6lbs. weight.

This was great good luck—two capercailzie in one morning, both over a dog in the open; for the capercailzie is preëminently a bird of the forest, and here he has the same trick that our American ruffed grouse plays so adroitly. He skulks along in advance of the dog until he reaches a thick clump of trees, when away he whirs from the further side, where it is impossible for the sportsman to catch the slightest glimpse of him. But with a cautious, steady, intelligent dog, one may get the better of both the ruffed grouse and the capercailzie.

Like our grouse, too, the capercailzie can be "treed" by a yelping cur, and is often shot while thus sitting in a tree by the country folk. This is hardly sportsmanlike, but it is chivalry itself compared with another method.

In the glorious May mornings of the Northland the lordly capercailzie summons the dames of his harem around him. Perched on some lofty pine of the forest, at the first blush of dawn he sounds his love call. His song is short, but often repeated, and as the impassioned bird pours forth his last sighing notes, he is transported with such ecstacy that he neither sees nor hears. This is the pot-hunter's opportunity. Creeping on a few steps at the close of the capercailzie's song, and hiding the instant it ceases, he steals within easy shot, and, crouching behind some convenient tree, waits till the noble bird is again lost in the rapture of song, and then deliberately "pots" him.

The Swedish law establishing a close time for capercailzie from the middle of February to the middle of August has now made this sneak-shooting illegal, although it is still resorted to by poachers in remote districts.

I was surprised to learn that this unchivalric method of shooting the capercailzie is practiced in Austria by the landed gentry, who own great wooded estates and call themselves sportsmen. One might as well shoot a ruffed grouse while drumming in the spring and call it sport. But perhaps it is the novelty of being up and out in the freshness of early dawn that astonishes and captivates these gentlemen.

The capercailzie is also pursued in Sweden amid the snows of winter by hunters who swiftly slide through the aisles of the forest on skidor.

The male birds gather together in large packs in the winter—perhaps a hundred in a pack—and the large black fowl make conspicuous objects sitting on the trees

CAPERCAILZIE—COCK AND HEN.
From Specimens Imported by Mr. D. F. Stillman.

white with snow. They are very wary, however, and difficult of approach, and must be shot with rifle and bullet, frequently at long range. This shooting can be called sport. It requires a high degree of skill, both with rifle and skidor.

But to return to our own shooting. After picking up my second capercailzie, I saw a peasant clambering briskly up the hillside toward me. To my surprise he addressed me. Yes, he had been in America seven years. He had heard I was out on the Lena Hills, and had left his work and come up to talk English with me. It was so pleasant to talk English, and he liked America so much too. Why did he not go back? Why, he always meant to, and he only came home for a little visit; but then he met a girl here and married her, and that was the end of his traveling. And had I shot a *tjäder?* Well, that was luck. Americans were all such good shots. What, another one! Come, now, he would take this one, and go find the other in the tree, and carry them both down to his house on the road, and I could call for them when I drove by in the evening; and the obliging fellow was as good as his word.

Far away over the hills, down in the bottom of a rocky gorge, where the tall ferns grew up and waved above the heather, Nero came to a firm point. I hurried down from the ridge; up whirred a black cock, and down he tumbled. "*Apporte*, Nero!" But the dog would not budge an inch. He gave me a sly, deprecatory look, turned his head slowly half round, and pointed across the valley. I took one step beside him, when up sprung a brace of black game from under his very nose, and I shot them; right and left, before they could rise over the cliff wall. At the report a fourth bird rises and flies chattering away from my empty barrels.

On for half an hour, when, coming to a crest of the hills, I looked down upon a beautiful lake glistening far below me. At the same time I hear "Poo! poo! poo!" This is the Swedish halloo, and the pooing was from my friends who had come out to meet me. I soon saw them far down the mountain side, and hurried on to join them; but when very near, Nero came to a point between us. "Move to the left there, and look sharp," I cried; "here are birds." Up got three black cock. But three sportsmen standing facing each other were too many; we made a mess of it, and although all fired only one bird dropped, proving again the old rule I always insist upon, "The more sportsmen, the less game."

Here were Mr. Fred. W. Stoddard and Mr. Oscar Lindberg. Mr. Stoddard enjoys the peculiar distinction of being a Swedish-American Scotchman, for he has good claim to all three nationalities, and Mr. Lindberg is a Swedish-American, and so old a friend that we had hunted together in the backwoods of Maine twenty years ago.

We had driven out together in the morning, separated, hunted along different routes, and met now, according to agreement, for lunch at the cottage of Ekenäs. My friends had each bagged a brace of black game, while a grand cock capercailzie, the brother of mine, dangled down Oscar's back.

But first I must have a plunge in the lake. The water was deep close in to the shore, so I dived in. I had not taken half a dozen strokes when I felt pulsations of water on my back as though swift fish were swimming close by.

I swam on more rapidly to get out of their way when I was struck two sharp blows from behind. Great Scott! are there sea monsters in this mountain lake? I turn hurriedly round; there was Nero close after me. Faithful dog, he had evidently swam out to save me from drowning. I yell at him, splash water in his face, and heap upon him the most opprobrious epithets before I can compel him to leave me and swim back to the shore, where he sat, a dripping monument of misery and despair, till I emerged from the water.

My comrades had borrowed a table from the cottage and spread the lunch upon it in the great open doorway on the shady side of the barn. Heavens! how good that lunch tasted! The mountain air, the long tramp on the heathery hills, the plunge in the lake, all contributed to give our fare the best sauce this world has known from Adam's time to ours. And then the blissful siesta afterward, as we lay back on the hay and talked over the fortunes of the morning.

It was late in the afternoon when we were once more on the march. Now we would hunt up the two black game we missed. My friends went in search of the bird that flew to the right, while I toiled up hill after the one that disappeared over the mountain. Half way up the hillside I stopped to rest and, turning round, witnessed a pretty sight. Far below me, in a little inclosed field, Walli was making game; Oscar was close behind, encouraging his young pointer to advance. A gunshot ahead, at the corner of the fence, stood Stoddard, gun all ready, eager, watchful. A moment more and I see the bird rise from under Walli's nose and fly straight for Stoddard's head. He allows the cock to pass, then a puff of smoke, the bird drops, and Walli starts to retrieve before the laggard report breaks upon my ear.

Gaining the top of the hill, Nero found the bird we were in search of, and I had just time for a snap shot as it disappeared over the crest. I send Nero on at a venture into the valley beyond; but a moment afterward his head pops up over the steep cliff edge with the black bird in his red jaws.

We found no more game that day, but we were well content as it was. Three capercailzie and ten black game, over 50lbs. weight, we packed into the dog cart, and, with our pointers nestling in the warm hay behind us, drove swiftly over the ten miles home.

Oscar and I stopped at his comfortable farm house, Lindas. Here we quickly exchanged our shooting jackets for dress coats and white ties and drove on to Bryngelsnäs, the charming and hospitable estate of Mr. Stoddard, and most pleasantly wound up the day at a grand dinner party given in our honor by our genial comrade-in-arms.

On this day, as on many another, both afield and at home, the thought has occurred to me, "Why not introduce the capercailzie and black game into the United States?" Of all the birds of the Old World I do not know of any whose acclimatization among us could be so easily accomplished or would prove so beneficial.

The capercailzie—*Tetrao urogallus*—is the largest and noblest of the grouse family, the family to which our pinnated grouse (prairie chicken) and ruffed grouse (partridge or pheasant) belong.

The full grown cock capercailzie weighs from 10 to 12lbs., and some specimens considerably exceed this weight. These birds, in fact, approach very nearly the size of the wild turkey of America.

The home of the capercailzie extends over a wide range of latitude and temperature in two continents. From the wooded mountainous regions of northern Spain and

Greece, northward throughout Europe, this bird is found in most of the lofty forest districts suitable for his abode and where he has not been exterminated by man. This grouse fairly abounds in the great pine and spruce forests of the Scandinavian Peninsula, Finland and Russia, and the vast forest stretches of northern Asia.

The capercailzie is an extremely hardy bird. In Sweden and Norway he is found in large numbers up to and beyond the Arctic circle, as far as the 70th parallel of North latitude. He can endure the severest cold and deepest snows of the longest winters. He often avoids the bitterest weather by burrowing into the snow, thus obtaining warmth and shelter.

This bird subsists on the coarsest and most common food. He feeds upon the buds and leaves of trees, the needles or leaves of the pine and spruce, young pine cones, clover and grass, berries of all sorts, seed and grain, and insects of every kind. In the depth of winter a capercailzie has been known to live for more than a week in the same pine tree, subsisting entirely upon pine leaves and young pine cones.

The capercailzie is preëminently a bird of the pine woods, or pine mixed with birch, spruce, maple and other growths. He loves wooded hillsides better than wooded plains, and he must have fresh water near by, either a brook, or pond, or a piece of swampy ground.

He is a local, not a migratory bird, though sometimes lack of food or other causes may drive him to extensive wanderings.

In his habits he much resembles our American ruffed grouse—though he is nearly ten times as large—and I believe will thrive anywhere in the United States where our ruffed grouse (called partridge in New England, and pheasant in the Middle States) is found.

The black game—*Tetrao tetrix*—inhabits nearly the same regions as the capercailzie. He is equally hardy and can withstand the cold and snows of the most rigorous Northern winters.

His weight is about 3lbs., nearly the same as our prairie chicken. The male bird is a lustrous metallic black in color. Hence the name. He has, however, a white stripe in his wings, and is easily distinguished by his beautiful, jet-black, outward curving tail feathers. The female is somewhat smaller, and her plumage is a speckled gray. She is called in England "the gray hen."

The black game is also a grouse, and is often found in company with the capercailzie, or at least in close proximity. The black game is also a bird of the woods, but the birch is distinctively his tree, though he is met with in mixed growths of almost every variety.

He does not frequent the deep woods so much as the capercailzie. He loves better the borders of the forest, and woods, and groves, with frequent openings. He is also fond of cranberry swamps, and in swampy lands is often found miles away from any forest. He is a more social bird than the capercailzie, and comes out more into the fields and clearings, and nearer the abodes of man.

His food is much the same as the capercailzie, though not quite so coarse. It consists chiefly of the buds and leaves of trees, berries and insects. In summer the black game is very fond of blueberries, raspberries and cranberries. In winter he feeds principally upon the buds of the birch, hazel, alder, willow and beech; and, when pressed for food, will eat the young green cones of the pine. This bird seems to be equally fond of animal food, and readily eats snails, worms, the larvæ of ants, flies, beetles, etc.

The capercailzie and black game are the two most important wild birds in Sweden and Norway, and make a valuable addition to the food of the Scandinavian people. These birds are excellent upon the table, their flesh resembling that of our prairie chickens. Throughout the fall and most of the winter you may see the capercailzie and black game hanging up in large bunches or lying heaped in great piles along the market places of Stockholm, scattered about as profusely as wild ducks in the markets of Chicago or Minneapolis in the month of October.

Will the capercailzie and black game thrive in the United States? On this question I think there can be no reasonable doubt. The fact is that a great portion of the United States—at least one-third, perhaps one-half—is fitted to be the home of these valuable birds.

For there is a suitable climate, a suitable broken country of hill and dale, well watered and covered with a suitable forest growth, and this forest growth, together with its underbrush and bushes, will not only provide shelter for these birds, but will furnish them with all the food they require, until they become as plenty as European sparrows now are in our streets and public parks.

It is my firm conviction that both the capercailzie and black game will thrive throughout all the wooded districts of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, and westward through the greater portion of the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. They will also find a congenial home along the wooded slopes of the Rocky Mountains for their entire length, as well as in all the wooded ravines and declivities of the mountain ranges of California, Oregon and Washington.

And not only here. The fact that these birds are found among the hills and mountains of Europe, as far south as Greece, Italy and Spain, renders it almost certain that they will find a congenial climate and nature throughout the entire ranges of the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridge and the Cumberland Mountains, together with their spurs, sidehills and outlying forest districts, and may thus easily be acclimated over large sections of the States of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

How can these birds be introduced among us? The easiest and cheapiest way would be by obtaining their eggs, sending them to America, and having them hatched out there. I am sorry that I cannot recommend this course. Eggs have repeatedly been sent to Germany and Great Britain, but every such attempt has turned out a complete failure. The only other method is to procure and ship adult birds. This has also been tried, and the results are such as to give us great encouragement.

The capercailzie was originally found in Scotland. His great size and fine flesh caused him to be keenly hunted, and some generations ago he was utterly exterminated. About fifty years since, some fifty capercailzie, adult birds, were shipped from Sweden across the North Sea to Scotland. They arrived safely, were liberated in a suitable ocality, and lived and increased. Their descendants are living and increasing to this day, and the capercailzie is again added to the food-birds of Scotland.

I find there have been several shipments of both capercailzie and black game, of late years, from Sweden to various parts of Germany, Austria and Hungary—to localities where these birds had been shot out, or where they had never existed.

In all the instances where proper care has been exercised most of the birds have arrived in good condition, have taken kindly to their new homes, and are breeding well there.

A few years ago a considerable shipment of black game was made from Sweden to southern Austria, near the Italian boundary, and notwithstanding the birds were ten days upon the road and that there were many changes of trains, they all arrived sound and well, not a bird dying on the passage. There are now steamers from Gothenburg, Sweden, with transhipment at Hull, England, also direct boats from Copenhagen, just across the sound in Denmark, to New York and Boston. The passage, in the summer time, occupies some twelve or thirteen days. Surely the fatigue and hardship of this passage would be less than ten days in freight cars.

Neither will the salt air have any bad effect upon the birds. Both species love to inhabit the wooded islands along the coast, and fly readily from one to the other across great reaches of water.*

I find the birds recently shipped to Germany have cost $12 each for capercailzie and $7 for black game. These prices seemed to me high. I learn, however, that many of the birds are injured in snaring and many more die after a few days' confinement.

Birds suitable for export, and for which the above prices are asked, are all strong and full grown, without injury or blemish. They are kept for a considerable time in captivity, and are, in fact, nearly half domesticated before they are considered suitable to ship on a long voyage. So these prices may, perhaps, be only a fair compensation for labor, and time, and the inevitable large mortality among the birds during the earlier part of their captivity.

I believe at least one hundred birds of each species should be shipped to give the experiment a fair trial. This will make the cost:

100 capercailzie, at $12	$1,200
100 black game, at $7	700
Total	$1,900

The birds must be placed in roomy coops of the best construction, and not crowded. They must have a light and airy position on shipboard, and some one should be sent to take charge of them, or some sailor or steward on board must be specially instructed, so as to properly feed and care for them. The expense of building the coops, of freight and of care-taking will be considerable, to which must be added freight and expenses from the American port of landing to destination; so that, allowing for all contingencies, a sum of $3,000 will probably be required for the undertaking.

Will not you, gentle reader, be the patriotic American to merit the thanks of your countrymen and of posterity by contributing the amount necessary to add these noble birds to the fauna of America?

*Since this chapter was written, I am informed that black game have been introduced into Newfoundland, and are doing well there.

Michigan Black Foxes.

EWEN, Mich., Dec. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After enjoying every page of the last FOREST AND STREAM I decided to send you an item which I think will interest a great many of your readers:

During the early summer it was reported by different homesteaders, living about three miles east of here, that they had seen a full grown black fox with three young. Very few credited the story, although such a fox was shot by a Mr. Bennet, at Trout Creek, last winter, which is sixteen miles east of here. Nevertheless, a friend of mine named James Caulgin, who had a homestead near where the foxes were reported to have been seen, made up his mind that as soon as snow came he would know whether there were any black foxes there or not.

During the deer season he stopped with a party in his shanty on the homestead. While supposed by the other boys to be putting in his time hunting deer, he was nearly every day following the track of two foxes which he thought were a trifle larger than any tracks he had seen in the vicinity. He did not expect to see the foxes, but thought he would find where they had dropped a hair, which would tell their color. He tramped in vain till nearly the last day of the season he found a black hair in a fox track. Not saying a word to anyone he returned home on the last day of the season, but after a few days at home he returned alone to the homestead, intent on capturing one or both of the black foxes. The fourth day after leaving town he came in bringing two black fox skins. They were both fine, large skins—a male and a female. He got them in a hollow log and killed them both with a stick. Their fur is very fine and thick, and when stroked toward the head laid as nice as when stroked toward the tail. Each hair had a gray tip and each tail had a white tip. They were admired by hundreds, most of whom had never before seen a black fox. One was slightly grayer than the other, and had a white spot on its breast. He sold the two to a fur buyer in Duluth last Saturday for $328.

Deer were more plentiful than ever here this season, but owing to the woods being so noisy fewer were killed than any season before; only one of the many hunters getting the five allowed by law.

Wolves are thicker here than ever before this winter. They are working great havoc among the deer.

M. D. TRAIN.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

PUBLIC lectures will be delivered in the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, Jan. 14 and 28, at 8 o'clock. Members of the Scientific Alliance and their friends are invited. No tickets required.

Jan. 14.—Public lecture. Franz Boas, "The Indians of Vancouver Island." Illustrated by lantern slides.

Jan. 28.—Public lecture. W. B. Scott, "The Origin and Migrations of North American Mammals." Illustrated by lantern slides. WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Deer and Lilypads.

TROY, N. Y., Jan. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I quite agree with Mr. Rice, who in the last issue comments upon having seen where lilypads had been eaten by the deer. Day after day, during the months in which the deer come to water to feed, I have noticed the empty lily stalks standing straight up out of the water, with the pads taken off as clean as though severed by a sharp knife.

A few years ago, while sojourning at Lewey Lake, a relative of mine, then a young girl of 14, prevailed upon one of the guides to take her out on the lake so that she might see a deer at close quarters. Just about dusk they were paddling slowly up the inlet, when the guide suddenly discovered a deer standing close to the shore, gazing straight at them and holding in his mouth a large lilypad, which hung down from his jaws in such a manner as to give him, in the uncertain light, a somewhat peculiar appearance. The young lady, upon having the deer pointed out to her by the guide, gazed at him a moment and then exclaimed in disgust, "A deer indeed! That's no deer at all. It's a goat; I can see its *whiskers*."

H. F. BONESTEEL, M.D.

A December Quail's Nest.

GREENBRIER, Ala.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While shooting quail Tuesday, Dec. 24, I found a newly laid quail's egg in the grass. I had two large coveys scattered upon a sedge hill, and for a few minutes the shooting was furious. While gathering up the dead I discovered the egg. It was perfectly white, not a spot or stain upon it.

WM. M. HUNDLEY.

Game Bag and Gun.

CALIBERS FOR BIG GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From FOREST AND STREAM I am learning the present haunts of the fast disappearing game of our country and how to encompass their capture—for I am a tenderfoot to big game hunting and very desirous to sojourn where they are to be found and kill some of them—not wantonly, but only for the healthful experience and the necessities of camp life. However, hunters are like doctors, because wherever there are two they disagree as to the best caliber of rifle to be used for large game. One reasons that a .45-90 makes a large hole and bleeds the game, and the increased shock and hemorrhage from the larger openings more rapidly destroy life, and escape is correspondingly decreased. Another equally practical and experienced hunter tells you he does not want to carry an iron mine around with him when still-hunting, and has more respect for his shoulder, and that a .38-55 will stop all the game that he wants, and that if the first shot does not do it he keeps pumping away as long as the game is moving and in sight.

Now the small caliber rifles, the .30-30 or even smaller, together with the smokeless powders, are coming upon the scene with their greater velocity and penetration, and it seems as if they are going to be the fad. As to the nature of the missile this would seem to have great bearing on the resulting wound. A soft lead, large caliber and low velocity would appear to cause the most destructive wound, whereas a metal-patched bullet of small caliber and high velocity would go straighter through the obstruction, make smaller wounds, less hemorrhage, less shock, and consequently the animal would live for a longer time, and so escape oftener.

I am given to understand that the large majority of big game are killed nearer than 100yds. off, and if this be true and the above theories are correct the larger caliber and soft bullet would be the surer and the most humane destroyer. I have read of a mouse being killed with a .22cal., but this cannot be considered an ideal arm for such a purpose. Now why cannot this entire subject be considered from a scientific standpoint, as in military surgery? This subject can certainly be reduced to actual facts, so that prospective purchasers of an arm and ammunition for big game hunting can have a safe and reliable guide in their selection. I may briefly state that personally I have read everything I could get hold of on this subject for years past and have failed to come to a positive conclusion, and I may echo the queries of many others by this admission. In short, I want to buy a rifle and suitable ammunition; which caliber shall I get for large game hunting as the best and most serviceable weapon of destruction?

A. H.

FREAKS OF RIFLE BALLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Certainly rifle balls sometimes do strange things. I remember once killing an antelope in Dakota with a single ball, which broke all four of its legs. Tough story, I know, but true, though I am sorry to say several of the men who witnessed the shot have gone over the "long hill" since it happened, and cannot be called to give testimony.

Of that party Charley Reynolds, the scout, and Bloody Knife, the Ree, were killed with Custer in 1876, and Cold Hand, the Ogallala, I think was killed in the Sioux war a year or two later. Bear's Ears, another Ree, for all I know, may still be alive.

Three or four of us, scouts and hunters, came up over a hill and upon a buck antelope feeding in the Bad Lands, about 60yds. off. Antelope were plenty in that country in those days, and very tame, and this one, when he saw us, only raised his head, looked for a second or two, and then trotted off 20 or 30yds. and stopped again. I had tumbled off my horse and as soon as he stopped fired at his shoulder. He staggered a few steps and then fell, and I went up to him. He was not dead, and I had to cut his throat.

The course taken by the ball which struck him was very remarkable. It had passed through the joint between the shoulder blade and humerus of the left foreleg, crossed over and struck the right humerus on its posterior side, and then turned at right angles and gone back, cutting two or three ribs, and struck the right femur, which it broke low down, and then turned again at right angles, came out of the right leg, high up, under the animal's belly, and struck the gambrel joint of the left leg, which it unjointed and cut off, all except a little thread of skin. I could hardly believe my eyes when I traced the course of the ball, but there could be no doubt about it because I was the only person who fired, and there was but one hole of entrance.

OLD MAN.

MY ENCOUNTER WITH A MOOSE.

THE first part of Oct., 1894, my brother Arthur and I sat on the deck of one of the Fall River boats on our way from New York to Maine, and as I smoked my pipe after a good dinner we talked over our former trips, and wondered if we would have the luck this time to get a moose. We had been in the woods together for fourteen or fifteen years, and had shot lots of deer, and had glorious sport, but our ambition to get a moose had never been fulfilled. One year in northern New Hampshire, on 2d Conn. Lake, we chased two bull moose in our canoe for over a mile, and were within a few rods of them all the time, but as it was in July, we only followed them for the sport of it; but when we finally drove them ashore and they turned on us, with the hair on their mane standing straight up, we saw enough of moose to know you don't want to tackle them unless you can keep your nerve and know how to shoot.

The night of our second day out found us at a farm house on the edge of the woods, where we intended to stay over night and from there take canoes to our camp, about twenty miles away. That evening we met several sportsmen who were on their way home, and as we talked over a big wood fire we found that their success after moose had been poor, and we wondered if we were going to have another year without reaching our goal. Making a very early start the next morning, we took to the canoes, with two strapping big river men to pole us, the river being so rapid that paddles were useless. Going up that beautiful stream and breathing the exquisite air I commenced to feel that life was worth living. It was a magnificent fall day, and as I sat there in the canoe watching the trout scoot away, and all the life of the woods around me, it passed all too quickly, and our camping place for the night was reached before I was ready for it.

The first day or two in the woods I am always lazy, and let my guide—if I happen to have one—do all the work, knowing that my time for camp duties would soon come; so after a good supper I took my old brierwood pipe that had been in the woods with me for nineteen years and went out and took a seat where I could hear the musical ripple of the stream as it flowed by at my feet. What quiet old times I have had with that same old pipe. A man who does not smoke cannot realize the companionship there is in an old pipe that has been off with you in the woods for years. With every wreath of smoke it seems to bring back to your memory some bright spot when you were together before.

I remember once when I was out alone in the Maine woods in the winter time, and had been following the track of a big buck nearly all day, and had got turned around. It was not far from dark, and at first I got rattled, so I cleaned away the snow from an old stump, and taking out my old friend, filled him up and started to reason out with him the best way out of my dilemma, and it was not long before his quiet soothing talk brought me to my senses, and I succeeded in reaching camp not long after dark.

The next day about noon we reached our main camp on a beautiful lake, and here we found our guide, John Eastman, who is so well known throughout Maine. We tried calling for moose at this camp for three days without getting an answer, and on the third day the genial proprietor of the camp, William Atkins, came back with a sportsman from a lake about fifteen miles away, where they had succeeded in getting a very fine bull moose, so we decided to start for that lake the following morning. Each of us carried a heavy pack the next day, and I for one was glad to reach camp, for I had not been in the woods long enough to get toughened. It was a beautiful night to call, so John and I started out and called until very late, but without an answer. I was so tired that I slept between each call, and it is a wonder I did not upset the canoe.

We went out calling every night for a week without success, and our hopes commenced to go down to a very low ebb, and likewise our provisions, so we called a council of war and decided that John would better go back to the main camp for a fresh supply, and Arthur thought he would go with him and try calling for a night on Lake Millinocket, so the next day they left me to solitude with my old pocket friend. As I sat on the steps of the camp talking with my old friend, he said: "Now, old man, don't get lazy, but go out and try to get a deer, to have when the others come back to-morrow;" so, arguing with him for awhile, he, as usual, got the best of it, and, taking my Winchester, I started for the foot of the lake where there is a deep bay with a small stream running into it at one side. The bay is about one-eighth of a mile wide and the same in length, and nowhere over 1ft. or 18in. deep, with a hard, sandy bottom and a line of rushes all around the shore. It seemed to me to be an ideal place for deer to come in about dusk.

As I leisurely paddled down the lake I passed one or two flocks of ducks, but there was no need for their flight if they only could have known that all I wanted of them was to go up to the head of the lake and stay away from the place where I was going to. After looking the ground well over I paddled up the stream which ran into the bay, and ramming the paddle into the mud so as to hold the canoe, I settled myself for a long wait. There are many muskrats along the stream, and it was interesting to watch the sharp little fellows. Mr. and Mrs. Rat, with some little Rats, would come swimming around a corner, and, catching sight of me, under they would all go, and pretty soon I would see Mr. Rat watching me from some cover; and, not seeing me move, out he would come and they would all go to work again, seeming not to notice me, but the slightest move on my part and away they would all go.

Along toward dusk I began to get sleepy, for my week of calling at night had begun to tell on me and I was about ready to give it up, when—what was that in the bay? A rat; no, the sound was too familiar to me. There it goes again; and now my nerves were all on a strain, as I could hear splash after splash, and knew from the sound that a deer had entered the water and was wading around. From the noise he made I thought he must be a big one. From the direction of the sound I judged he must be going out from the shore and decided to wait so as to allow plenty of time for him to get settled. I waited what seemed to me an age, but was probably only a few minutes; and then laying my Winchester across my knees, I took the paddle and very cautiously worked the canoe out of the stream. Down in the bay I could hear it (whatever it was) having a great old time, but could not see, as it was getting to be dusk and the rushes were quite high; so slowly working my way down along the shore in the rushes I got nearer. I was straining my eyes looking in among the rushes when, great Scott! I almost jumped out of the boat, for there I saw a great black form that looked like a house, and I knew that I had a moose to tackle instead of a deer. I would have given a good deal just then for a few minutes' conversation with John Eastman as to the best plan to pursue, but John was miles away and my moose was right there.

The air was absolutely still and there was no danger of his winding me. I could see that he was headed right out for the center of the bay, but I could not see him plainly, and could not tell if it was bull or cow, but thought if he got far enough out I would be able to push along and get in between him and the shore, and that would show him up against the water and I would be able to see if he had horns. As much as I wanted a moose I would not shoot a cow.

It is a wonder he did not hear my heart beat, for it sounded to me like a drum. The way that old fellow splashed out into the middle of that bay one would have thought he was going there by my orders. Now he is against the background of water and I could see an immense set of horns. As he worked his way out I worked through the rushes and got between him and the shore, and when those horns showed up my heart for an instant seemed to stop, but I said to myself, Now, old man, you have been trying for this chance many years, don't make a fool of yourself. Being in about the right position I turned the canoe and worked toward the edge of the rushes, and, as I cleared them and reached open water, he was only about 80yds. from me. Almost the second I had a good view of him outside of the rushes I let my paddle slide quietly into the water and took up my gun. I tried first to sight through my Lyman rear sight, but it was too dark, so I turned it down and opened my bar sight. At that moment the old fellow saw me and threw up his head with a grunt, and the next minute I fired. From the pitch forward he gave I knew my bullet had hit him. Instantly recovering himself he came for me on the jump, with the water flying so I could hardly see him. Shoot as quickly as I could, I only got in three or four shots before he had covered the short distance between us. He came straight for the canoe and I thought my time had come. I was about to jump out and put for deep water when, within about 20ft. of me, he swerved and went by, and then I gave him one that brought him down to stay. The splashing then was something terrific in that shallow water, and not being over 10ft. from me, I grabbed my second paddle and shoved the canoe off, for I did not know but he would be up and at me again. Gradually his struggles ceased, and with one mighty snort his old nose went under water and soon all was quiet.

I sat, all of a tremble, hardly realizing what had taken place and the danger I had been in, and it was not until I had paddled up and taken hold of the great horn that stood way out of the water that I came to myself and realized the magnificent prize I had secured, all by my own efforts, off on that lonely lake. Then you just should have heard me! Why, I yelled and sang and whistled, and almost danced in the boat. It was hard to leave that noble fellow there in the water that night, but I might as well have tried to move a mountain as to stir him. So taking up the paddle I started home. I was so occupied in going over all of it in my mind that in the dark I missed the landing, and went up the lake over a mile past it.

The next day Arthur and John got back; they found me sitting on the steps where they had left me, and wanted to know if I had been sitting there ever since they left me. "No," I said, "I got tired last evening and went out and got a moose." They laughed at first, thinking I was joking; but when they found out it was true there were great times in camp. The rest of that day we three worked hard on that moose, and were tired out when night came. The horns measured 54in. across, and he stood 7ft. from the shoulder down; so you see he was no baby. His grand old head is on my dining-room wall now, and I always read my FOREST AND STREAM where I can look up at him and think over my hunt again. The next week Arthur got a bull moose almost a mate to mine, and under circumstances almost as exciting; but I will try and get him to write about that himself. Well, old friend, I see no smoke coming from you, so I will put you carefully away. I never forget that but for your talk with me that day way up in Maine I should not now have that grand head before me. HENRY E. JANES.

NEW YORK.

A PROFITABLE MOOSE.

BOSTON, Jan. 3.—The Maine moose, deer and caribou season is over, but not so the interest in that game. One would be thoroughly convinced of this to have witnessed the crowd following a dead bull moose in a wagon, being transported from the railway station to Faneuil Hall market the other day. The crowd increased and by the time it reached the market it was almost a mob. The moose was a noble one that had been purchased by Messrs. Swan & Newton from a Maine guide, Mr. Fred A. Heath, of Heath & Hawthorn, of Philbrook Camp, Schoodic. The animal is stated to have weighed over 800lbs., though experts declare that it could not have weighed over 700lbs. On the weight of the moose Mr. Heath, who called upon me, is silent. It cost him $9 to get the beast from East Sabois to Boston, or rather he paid the American Express Co. $3 from East Sabois to Bangor and $6 from Bangor to Boston. He brought this moose out before the last day of the season, as his own, killed by himself, as he had a right to do, under the Maine game law. For the whole animal he received $37.50, with which he is much pleased. While here he was taken in charge by a number of gentlemen whom he has entertained at his camps. These gentlemen speak highly of Philbrook Camp. Mr. W. P. Hanson was there this fall and got two buck deer. His brother J. A. Hanson also got a buck. Wayne North and Charlie North have both been there this season and have got their share of big game. Mr. A. Frazer shot his deer there. Mr. John Conkling came back from the same camps with two does. Mr. George Lanphier, the well-known newsdealer who carries the FOREST AND STREAM, got his share of moose early in the fall. The above are a few of the hunters that have visited Camp Philbrook this fall, and were pleased to meet Mr. Heath in Boston.

Concerning the moose, that was evidently an old one, Mr. Heath has a curious idea. He believes that the beast has long inhabited the section of his camps. He says that two or three years ago a hunter caught a moose swimming over the lake and paddled up to the animal in his canoe. It was close time and he did not dare to kill the moose. A happy thought struck him; he would fix the moose so that he could be pretty sure of him as soon as the open season begun. A bell on him would be the thing, since cattle that stray in the woods are easily located by a bell. Accordingly he tied a bell to the neck of the moose and let him go. Mr. Heath believes that the name of the man was Gerrish. The bell was often heard in the woods in that part of the country. But somehow the hunter did not get his moose as easily as he had anticipated; did not get him at all, in fact. Evidently he lost the bell, as a part of the strap was found in the woods. From some sort of marks, Mr. Heath concludes that he has killed the moose that wore the bell. I did not ask him how the hunter happened to have the bell in the canoe when the moose was caught. Moose have frequently been caught swimming in the water, but this is the first instance of that animal being mentioned as wearing a cowbell. Has not this bell, or bell story, something to do with the tuft of hair found under the throat of the moose, termed by hunters "the bell," because it somewhat resembles a bell in shape? Will the man who put the bell on the moose speak up through the FOREST AND STREAM? SPECIAL.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

From Governor Morton's Message.

THE policy which has been recently inaugurated of purchasing lands within the Adirondack Forest Preserve is one that is giving satisfaction to the people, and should receive the consideration that its importance deserves. Unless these lands are acquired within a reasonable time, they can only be obtained at higher cost many years hence. The preservation of this vast wilderness in its present condition means the conservation of the greatest watershed in this State, and one of the most important in this country. The rivers that have their source in this region depend upon this forest for their supplies. The woods and mountainous character of this picturesque region also render it one of the best sanitariums in the world.

It is generally believed that the game laws of the State need amendments, to the end that better protection of deer in the Adirondack region may be secured. Unusually large numbers of deer have been killed during the past season, and if this easy slaughter is not checked these animals will soon become extinct in this State. Two remedies are proposed by persons who are familiar with this question: First, a shorter season in which deer may be killed, and second, the prohibition of hunting deer with hounds and "floating." It is claimed by competent authorities that the hounding of deer and driving them into the lakes and ponds, where they are easily killed, is an unsportsmanlike butchery of a fine game animal. In view of the importance of this matter, it will be wise to give due attention to the remedies that will be proposed for the preservation of deer in the great Adirondack forests.

The Superintendent of the State Land Survey reports that the survey of the State lands has been prosecuted during the year in a manner insuring the best practical results as well as scientific accuracy. The chief assistants employed have been representatives of the best engineering talent of the State, and men whose work has given them distinction in the general practice of their profession. The boundaries of many of the larger tracts of land within the Forest Preserve have been monumented, and nearly 150,000 acres of these lands have been inclosed during the year, or about one-fifth of the present possessions of the State, and the work is still in progress. The topographical work has been kept apace with the survey of the boundaries, and the trigonometrical survey of the State has been extended with precision, with the aid of the best instruments and engineering talent available. This important work should receive the support of the Legislature as necessary to the preservation of the forests and the boundaries of lands.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with great interest that I have read the many ideas lately expressed concerning the preservation of deer in the Adirondacks.

Last summer I wrote an article for the Syracuse *Standard*, in which I gave carefully itemized figures obtained from sixteen points which, on being footed up, show that in one year (which I think was 1893), in the localities mentioned, 995 deer were killed by hounding, 471 by floating, and only 238 by all other methods combined. Now, if measures are taken to preserve the deer, it would seem from these figures that the first thing necessary is to prohibit hounding entirely.

I would recommend most earnestly to the reader's attention that part of Governor Morton's message in which he speaks of the preservation of game. He states in effect that hounding is characterized by competent judges to be unsportsmanlike butchery. Let me ask, what genuine sportsman will deny it? If it is unsportsmanlike butchery the laws should not permit it, even if there was no necessity for preserving the game. I would also call your attention again to a most interesting article in one of the last issues of FOREST AND STREAM, by Mr. Charles Fenton, of Number Four, in which he says in effect that because of hounding the deer were all cleaned out in that section in the fall, but that the supply was increased later by deer wandering in from the preserve of Dr. Webb, who allows no dogs in his vast park. Mr. Fenton has now obtained control of 30,000 acres, on which he allows no dogging.

Again, floating, though not nearly as destructive as hounding, is not exactly satisfactory to the real sportsman, and I believe should be abolished.

With these two pernicious features eliminated it is most certain that within a few years deer would become so plentiful that almost any greenhorn could obtain game by still-hunting.

It has been suggested that it would be wise to prohibit all deer hunting for a period of years, the supposition being that at the end of that time the laws now in force would again be in vogue. This would be a severe blow to sportsmen who depend upon the Adirondacks for their annual outing.

Again, what would be the result of such prohibition?

The number of visitors to the great forest is enlarging each year, and though the game would be greatly increased at the end of the period of years the slaughter by the vast army of hunters would be correspondingly larger when it did begin, and in a few years we would again find ourselves in the same condition as at present. It is urged by many that it is inexpedient to increase the number of deer very much because it is difficult for those now existing to obtain feed enough through the winter to keep them from starvation. If this is so, the entire prohibition of shooting for a period of years would at first increase the game only to result in a couple of years in starvation for a great proportion. This would be an added point for my argument that shooting should not be prohibited, but that hounding and floating should be abolished. However, it seems a very pertinent question to ask why the vastly greater proportion of game in Canada and Maine is not decreased more by starvation. Is there more feed there proportionately than in the forests of New York?

Of course I can understand very readily why some of the hotel men wish to have hounding and floating continued, as they fear that the number of visitors to the woods will fall off if they cannot offer inducements to the effect that by these lazy and easy methods their guests can obtain their game. However, these very hotel men are near-sighted, inasmuch as they are looking only at next season instead of into the seasons to come after that.

I have noticed that some are in favor of making the open season begin a month or more later. This would be a discrimination against the summer visitor and in favor of the natives, and while hounding was permitted would hardly be a very efficient measure.

The unsportsmanlike use of shotguns for deer hunting, resulting in a large amount of wounded game which succeeds in escaping the hunter, is to be deplored.

I understand that the lumbermen butcher a great deal of game during the winter when it is unable to escape because of the deep snow. Can any one give any figures concerning this? FRANCIS E. OLIVER.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 8.

CANTON, N. Y., Jan. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was with considerable interest that I read, under title of "Adirondack Deer" in your issue of 4th inst., that just 5,083 deer were killed during the open season just passed, and that certain amendments to the game laws would aid preservation. I do not know how many deer were killed, nor do I think anyone else does; nor do I think anyone knows what proportion of those killed were of either sex. But, Mr. Editor, whatever the number, it seems to me that the remedy proposed is worse than useless. It is not new laws, not more stringent laws, not a shorter open season that we need, but a larger force of protectors during the months of May, June, July and August, and the law enforced as it is.

It is common report that most of the summer hotels have "mountain mutton" any time after May 15. It is well understood that most parties who go into the woods on a fishing trip in May or June kill one or more deer "just for camp use." Many parties go in the woods in July because they cannot leave their business later in the season (?), and many others go in a few days before the open season begins so as to get camp established by the time the law is off. A few are honest, but for the most part these latter two classes go when they do simply to get the start of the honest man, who waits for the open season. To postpone the opening of the season until Sept. 10 is simply to play into their hands, and isn't this a pertinent question: How many men who are now law-abiding will join their ranks if they find their legal right to kill cut off for the only part of the season that is enjoyable?

Schools begin about Sept. 1. To have the open season begin so late as Sept. 10 makes in fact a close season all the year for teachers, students and parents who have to be at home during the school year. After Sept. 10 we often get cold, bad weather, and no one but the woodsman cares to be in the woods. I want to take my family with me. They enjoy the camp and the woods as much as I do, and I want to be able to kill a deer for camp use and to do it without breaking any law.

No, do not amend the law; enforce it as it is; and to do so you must have more than one protector to each 1,000 square miles.

I would suggest this: Let the chief protector be authorized to appoint 100 special deputies to serve from May 15 till Aug. 15, say at a salary of $50 per month, the State to have all fines. Suppose the fines to equal the costs of prosecution, then this protection costs the State $15,000. If the deer are not worth that sum better let them go. Let the appointments be made secretly and kept secret. Let the chief and regular protectors see that these specials are on duty all the time. The party who wants a deer in May, the ones who go in July, will not dare get it, as for all they may know their own guide is a "special" protector. With 100 unknown protectors ranging the Adirondacks from May 15 until the open season begins there will be a wonderful diminution in the number of deer killed for the entire season.

I have hunted deer more or less for thirty-seven years. I have a considerable acquaintance among guides and hunters, I won't say sportsmen, in this part of the State. I know many honest citizens who do not think it any crime to violate the game law by killing a deer in July or early in August. No one will complain of these men unless it be a game protector or a neighbor who has a grudge to work out. The former is never around, for the simple reason that he cannot be in every part of his 1,000 square mile district at the same time. Did you ever cross a field where the grasshoppers were plenty? How they rise up in your path, eluding your grasp, if you want them for "bait," but settle down just behind you the same as if you had not been there. Did you ever paddle along a stream in midsummer and note the frantic efforts of each and every frog just ahead of you to make the most noise, and his equal anxiety to keep still when you get opposite him? So the known protector can travel days and weeks, well knowing that hoppers and frogs are plenty and yet never catching more than the occasional one.

When the "neighbor with a grudge" makes complaint the attorney for the defense makes the most of the grudge feature and the prosecution starts out handicapped. The average juryman argues "What harm if this man did kill a deer out of season, he did no real harm, this other man complained of him just to be mean, and I won't help him work out his grudge unless the evidence is so clear that I cannot help myself," and he will vote "not guilty" if there is any possible excuse for so doing. With the unknown protector upon his track the would-be deer slayer will, for the most part, postpone his little game until the open season begins, and my word for it, you can cut the season's kill right in the middle as the result.

Why not try it for one year at least? J. H. R.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The mere killing of 5,083 deer by hunters in the Adirondacks last fall is not in itself an indication that the deer are going to be exterminated next season or in forty years for that matter. The question is, Are there enough breeders to keep up the supply so that next fall there will be as many deer to begin with as there were last fall?

It is to be hoped that there are, but there is a standing doubt that there are not, and that being the case there is but one way to be taken, and that is to chain up the hounds—the safe side.

Four-fifths of those deer were killed ahead of dogs, and I haven't any doubt but a good share of them literally went to the dogs as well, save a few choice portions. Whether the dogs got the meat or not don't matter, the deer were dead and might as well be eaten by appreciative dogs as by men.

Hunting with firearms to kill game is the cruelest sport allowed by humanity, but it is growing more refined every day. The shots sportsmen are proudest of are those that killed clean or instantly. A mortally wounded deer chased by dogs runs often far away and is lost; but an unwounded deer is as pitiful an object when swimming in a lake or river, striving in vain to reach the far shore while behind come men in a boat. The deer is absolutely helpless once it is beyond its depth and the hunters in a boat are after it. It is as easy and as manly to beat a deer to death under such circumstances as it is to shoot it to death with a rifle. In fact the club is a surer and a less painful way of killing game, as anyone who was ever knocked senseless with a club and has cut himself with a blade of grass, or paper or tin, knows. A law which allows deer to be driven to water by dogs is a disgrace, for it allows and necessarily promotes the killing of deer in this brutal fashion.

A law that allows hounding of deer defeats the law itself, for it is a fact that the best dogs for trailing deer are those that have sucked the blood from a deer's throat when the snow was 5ft. deep and the deer helpless in yards. There is a common expression said when a young hound has showed skill in running rabbits. It is, "Wait till he's been a-crustin' of deer!"

True, the letter of the law forbids such a practice, but it is done to satisfy the demands of those men who must have a "sure" or "true" dog—a dog that will put a deer into "big water." Where is there "big water" in the Adirondacks during the hounding period that has not its quota of men day by day waiting for the deer? It is the untrue dog that does not follow a deer across the brooks and lesser creeks. These are common, but when a "true dog" gets after deer 99-100ths of those deer die. The fool dogs lose trails, and so it is possible for a deer to be run by dogs several times and escape for a while.

I once saw a big old buck driven by one of the "true dogs" to the water. He was gasping when he got down there, but when he saw that the forms of men rose about him he did not stop to drink. The water was about a foot deep for several yards—ten or fifteen—out, but that deer crawled along on the bottom, trying to make the water shield him from the bullets raining down on his body. I would like to ask any one if that deer did not realize that death stared him in the face, and if that deer did not suffer as much as most men would when facing such a cruel and ignoble death—dishonorable to the killer and terrible to the killed?

The twelve men with twelve dogs, of which Mr. Allen kindly gave us the details, did have too many dogs—just an even dozen too many. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MISSIONARY GUIDES.

NOT long ago I met a Western man who makes a business of outfitting and guiding big-game hunters from the East. I fancy he must be a good man and a successful hunter. Certainly the parties that he takes with him have good luck. In one season recently he said that he had seen twenty-seven bears, which shows that bears are abundant in the country that he hunts in, and that he understands how to find them. This man struck me as peculiar in many ways, for he has ways of thinking which are much more intelligent than those usually prevailing among hunters in the mountains. When he is out with a hunting party he never carries a gun. He takes the responsibility of finding the game and bringing the hunter within easy shooting distance. There, in his opinion, his responsibility ends. If the man he has with him cannot kill the game that is his fault. The guide does not help him to do the killing. He understands that as long as he is in the business of taking out hunting parties, it is for his advantage that the game should be abundant, and he feels a real regret over every head that is killed. Besides this, by quiet talks about the camp-fire at night he endeavors to make the men with whom he is associated see what a grave mistake it is to indulge in the indiscriminate killing which a few years ago used to be so common among Eastern men who went out West for the first time. He seems to be doing good missionary work in this way.

This man told me that in his opinion game about the borders of the Yellowstone National Park had considerably increased during the last few years. This remark applies especially to elk, which have been less hunted for the market lately than for some years. At present the Montana law forbids the killing of elk and moose for a period of ten years, but of course this law is but little regarded. OLD MAN.

Wild Turkeys.

THERE are very few places in this country to-day where good wild turkey shooting may be had, and the noble bird already has come to be classed as rare game. At Avoca, N. C., however, turkeys are very abundant this season, and Dr. Capehart writes that there are 100 within two miles of his house. My young friends William Capehart and Ned Wood were out Dec. 23 and killed four wild turkeys. The following morning they got another. All were gobblers. These boys are about 15 years of age, but as good sportsmen and entertaining companions as one could desire. Dr. Capehart carefully preserves 10,000 acres of land, which accounts for the abundance of game.

J. B. BURNHAM.

NATIONAL GAME, BIRD AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, Kalamazoo, Mich.—The annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association has been adjourned from Jan. 9 to Feb. 12, 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at Sherman House Club Rooms, Chicago, Ill. By order of Executive Committee.

M. R. BORTREE, President.
F. S. BAIRD, Chairman.
A. L. LAKEY, Secretary.

This action was taken because many business men could not attend the meeting so early in July.

There is much said and seemingly much interest taken the matter of Game and Fish Protection, yet there seems to be a feeling with many, that some one besides themselves should do all there is to be done to accomplish this great work, as shown by the small attendance at most of our State as well as the national meetings.

Who is it that makes up the powerful lobbies in our State legislative halls? Is it the lovers of field and stream sports, or is it composed of those whose only object is *self*, and all they desire is the money they can make out of the general destruction, and very soon the total annihilation of all the game and fish in our country?

How can we best check and in a great degree stop this *hellish work* is the main object of our National Association. Will you lend your influence, your voice, your *presence* at the Annual National meeting, and if necessary your money, to help in this most important work of protection, at the proper time, to all game and fish?

Notice is hereby given that several changes in the constitution will be presented at above meeting.

Don't fail to attend the meeting, Feb. 12, 1896, at Chicago. A. L. LAKEY, Sec'y.

Information Blank

For National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association.

Give your opinion on the following subjects, and also on any others that will in your opinion advance the cause of better protection to our Game and Fish:

1st. What should constitute the National Game and Fish Protective Association membership?

2d. In what way can the National Association best advance the interests of Game and Fish protection?

3d. What does *National* protection mean?

4th. Who are the true sportsmen? What is their object and chief delight?

5th. Who are the pot and market hunters? What is their object and chief delight?

6th. Would a uniform license law assist in Game and Fish protection? If so, how can it be best obtained and enforced?

7th. Why not prohibit all spring shooting?

8th. Should Nation and State preservers be established and maintained by the National and States governments?

9th. Should the sale of game and game fish be prohibited at all times or only in the closed seasons?

10th. Should we not have national Game and Fish wardens appointed and maintained by the national government?

11th. What is the best system for State or district Wardens?

Asking for Light.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can some one of your readers enlighten me as to whether I am to be classed as a "game hog" or not? From the letters under the head of "Sportsmanship" I am at a loss to tell.

First, let me say that in the particular portion of the State in which I was born and passed most of my life, from the point of view of most of the writers under this head we were all only half civilized; for, did we not get into our pirogues on frosty mornings, and paddling down some swampy bayou, get near enough after many disappointments to a flock of ducks, and fire one barrel into them in the water, giving them the other as they rose? Then if the cap had not slipped from its place and the gun snapped, we would get out on the bank and laboriously load with our half-frozen fingers the old muzzle-loader and try again. Often we would return home empty-handed, the first discharge having been made in a moment of excitement, for firing a gun that is as likely to have 5 as 3drs. of powder in it in a pirogue doesn't always mean game. In fact, it oftener means wet powder. Then we went fishing usually in the same bayou, and we would "heave out over our heads" a dozen or so perch.

We killed deer with the jack lamp. We sailed up and down the coast in luggers, and caught fish in seines. But it was our fault. We were totally ignorant of the repeating shotgun, the rod and reel and its accompaniment of flies, etc. Just about this time I became a regular subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM and "got on to new-fangled ideas." Then I purchased a lot of rods, reels, flies, etc.; but my "bringing up" was too much for me and they were all discarded save the rods which were used to "heave up" perch.

Often three or four of us would take one of our skiffs (made of three planks) and, packing up our duffle, go into camp for a few weeks on some of the bayous that emptied into the bays of the coast. There we would hunt and fish in the above-mentioned style. We killed what we wanted in any style that we could, but we killed no more than we used. We shot no game out of season.

Are we to be called barbarians because we were told this was the proper way of doing things, because we learned new ideas of such things so late that we were unable to profit thereby? When I admit that the desire to go out comes to me now, not to go out with the new style outfit, but just as we used to go, am I putting myself among the list of the "game hogs?" Because when I try to cast a line with a reel I am just as likely to catch myself by the back as be successful in my cast, am I no sportsman? CATS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A "Forest and Stream" Dog.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 4.—If the copy for "Chicago and the West" should arrive in New York a little late next week, the fact may be explained by the fact that it was 10 below zero here to-day, and that a lost dog was trying to face a genuine Chicago wind off the lake, than which no bitterer blast ever blew between the poles.

The FOREST AND STREAM stenographer came into the office with a moisture about the eyes—it was very cold walking—and gave the information that a "poor dog was freezing to death on the sidewalk just outside the door of the Security Building, and that it had been there half a day, and that no one would let it into the building to get warm." This happened on "copy day," and it was among the last hours of the day. None the less it was apparent that this dog had read or heard that the FOREST AND STREAM office was located in the Security Building in this city, and evidently had come here for help in his sad condition. I do not know how it is with other folks, but to me one of the saddest of the innumerable sad sights of the city is that of a lost and homeless dog, either frantically looking for the lost master or humbly and patiently lying down to die—as this one soon must have died in such weather as that of Chicago to-day. The inhumanity, the brutality of civilization has few more painful manifestations than this. Anyhow, it was too much for the FOREST AND STREAM force here, who adjourned to the lower floor of the building and sought to provide the sufferer with better circumstances. The engineer of the building was found—a big, good-hearted man, it proved—and on being told of the situation cheerfully volunteered to break all the rules of the building and give the dog a warm corner by the big boilers. Then we went out to the poor fellow, who by this time could hardly stand on his legs, and with only the most feeble objection picked him up and carried him down-stairs into the engine rooms. When we got him thawed out we found him to be a chunky mongrel of a dog, of strong pepper and salt brindle color, evidently about half bull-terrier. He was too cold to say much, but after a while we got a faint wag out of his stumpy tail. Then we got him something to eat, and he began to look at us with a pair of good brown eyes, in which still lingered a deal of the suspicion he had learned of humanity. He wanted his master, and repeatedly tried to get away up the stairs and out into the cold again, so he could freeze to death waiting for the master who was missing, and who, according to dog intelligence, should some time, before or after death had come, pass by that very spot on the corner where the wind swept so keen, but where duty seemed to place one. The engineer explained the folly of this sort of business to him, and introduced him to the stray kitten which for some weeks has been living down in the engine rooms. We didn't know what to do with our dog, but decided to keep him till we could get him a home. I was once of a notion to send him down to Bobo to go a-soldiering with the bear pack, but when I looked at his jaws I knew how foolish he would be about getting too close to a bear, so I gave that up. Then I went to the colored porter of the Security barber shop and laid the case before him. He proved to be a better citizen than I am, a married man, and possessed of a home where he could keep a dog. A dog can't stand it the way I live, so I couldn't offer this one a home. After I had explained for a time what a nice thing it is to have a good dog, and what a very good dog Ben was—for we called him Ben at once and he answered to the name—the porter said he would take the dog home with him and give him a home and take good care of him. To-night Ben, now a thawed out and limber dog, with eyes no longer frozen shut, will go home to a warm bed and a square meal, and I hope will regain his joy in life and attach himself to a new master. Should his old master see this he can ask for him at 356 Morris street, care of George Weaver. Ben is a short dog, not beautiful, but a fighter I will warrant. His coat, as above mentioned, is a gray brindle. His muzzle is gray, but I should not take him to be over 3 years old. He is apparently a cross between a bull-terrier and pointer. He is a very quiet and sensible dog, and I should guess he might have been a wagon dog, belonging to some one who valued him. He had not been on the streets very long, and was still fairly plump. His tail was short and thick. By this time I hope it is wagging.

Caribou Webs.

Mr. FRANK H. RISTEEN, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, writes in regard to the "sagging" of the web snowshoes mentioned in the current trapping story in FOREST AND STREAM:

"Speaking of the web snowshoe, there is only one kind that is worthy of the name—namely, those that are strung with caribou skin. I imagine the pair you had, and which sagged in soft snow, were strung with plain, everyday cowhide. Moose hide is still worse. Caribou hide if well seasoned and tightly strung will not sag in wet snow, and will last for years. A good pair costs $5.

"The *ski* would be of no use in a thickly wooded country like New Brunswick, though it might be pleasant on some of the long river stretches."

The shoes worn by our party were all of caribou stringing, or at least sold as such by the Montreal house making them. We paid $6.25 a pair for them. The cheaper shoes are admitted by dealers to be of horse hide lacing sometimes; but ours were as good as we could buy, and my trapper friends claimed a long acquaintance with the snowshoe market. Canada and the cold North should of course be the home of the snowshoe of utility as well as the snowshoe *de luxe*, but maybe they don't ship their good ones. I would like to see a pair that wouldn't sag in wet snow such as we had, or a pair which will last a Wisconsin trapper much more than a couple of years under hard work. We can't buy that sort here. The webs act all right when the snow is good, and most folk only go shoeing for fun when the snow is good. When you go every day and all the time it is a different proposition.

Mr. Risteen also makes the following inquiry, which I hope we can answer satisfactorily:

"Do you know any man in Chicago who can furnish me with a copy of that beautiful poem in blank verse called the 'Kekoskee Fish Story?' I read it a good while ago and then lost it. I doubt very much whether it has any equal in our literature, and if you could place me in the way of securing a copy I should be greatly obliged."

The "Kekoskee Fish Story" seems to be reluctant to let go of the rattling grooves of time. This was always a singular thing to me, that about the truest thing I ever wrote should have such a reception as a banner fish lie. Now, if I should really write a fish lie—but I shudder to think about that.

Been South.

Messrs. W. H. Miller, of Chicago, E. D. Pyatt and J. McGill, of Jacksonville, Ill., with Dr. Cree and Mr. Shoemaker, of Griggsville, Ill., have returned from a hunt near the Rio Grande River, in Texas. The party killed six deer and ten antelope, or rather the cowboy guides did. The riding was too rough for "States" men, and most of the animals killed were chased down into box cañons in very rough country.

Going South.

Messrs. J. W. Lyke and J. C. Burket, two gentlemen long prominent in Fox Lake protective matters, start next week for eastern Arkansas on a hunt for ducks and deer.

Wants to Go South.

Mr. T. H. Carrier, of Watauga, Tenn., asks for information as below:

"I see you have made several trips to the South, and would appreciate information as to good deer country in the Southwest, say Arkansas, Louisiana or Texas. I thought probably you could give me the names of good localities and guides, etc."

I have never gone after deer in the South, but of course have heard much of them. At San Antonio, Tex., one is near good deer country, if he knows where to go then. West of Memphis, fifty miles into Arkansas or less, more especially southwest of Memphis, there are a good many deer this year.

The above are specimen letters of a sort often received these days. The sportaman traffic South is something already large and it is growing. Nearly all inquirers ask in regard to guides. I cannot give such information, for almost without exception there are no regular guides to be had in the South, and I am mighty glad that this is so. I hope it will be a long, long time before anybody can get a hired guide anywhere in the South, for when that begins the end of the Southern game will soon be in sight. The customs of the South, as I have often remarked before, constitute a very effectual protection for its game. The gentlemen whose names are mentioned above will believe my wish to be of service to them when I say I am sure they will agree with me perfectly about the matter of guides. It is better to travel in the South with invitations of friends, but this is not a necessity. If I were in Mr. Carrier's place I should not be afraid, for instance, to start at once for San Antonio. A little casting about there would almost certainly result in getting out with the right party in a very delightful country. The Southern men are the most kindly people in the world, and I hope that all Northern men who shoot in the South will meet kindness with justice and not kill all they can of the Southern game.

Dead Park Elk.

The big bull elk of the Lincoln Park herd here died this week of congestion of the lungs. This animal was very vicious and had been dehorned for killing one of the cows of the herd. There is no bull elk left in the herd now.

Election.

Lake Poygan Club elected officers at the annual meeting in Chicago this week: President, James Pease; Vice-President, S. M. Meek; Secretary, R. M. Simon; Treasurer, S. A. Goss. Directors, R. R. Clark, E. W. Murphy and James Pease. Membership Committee, F. D. Porter, E. N. Elliott and E. Z. Mason.

The club's grounds are located thirty miles west of Oshkosh and comprise 4,400 acres.

National Association.

It is requested that all members bear in mind the change in date of the annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association, which was postponed from Jan. 9 to Feb. 12, at Chicago, Sherman House club rooms.

Riz.

Mr. H. R. Willis, the best rifle shot in the Mississippi Valley (I say this because he always can beat me), is in the city this week carrying the usual chip on his shoulder. Mr. Willis lives at Alton, but is connected with the Hoyt Metal Co., of St. Louis. This year his card reads "Second Vice-President," from which I see he has riz. Still he appears willing to talk with plain people, especially with people who think they can shoot a rifle.

About Spanish.

A gentleman writing to another paper says he has arrived at San Antonio and found it to be a land of "manyana." He said it the way it sounds, but his dictionary would have spelled it "mañana"—with the Spanish "n." Yet Mr. Charles Hallock, if he will allow me to mention it, lately wrote about Mexican "hackels." He said it the way it sounds, but the right way to spell it is "jacals." All of which recalls the old jest in New Mexico about the Irishman who "wouldn't live in a country where they climbed a tree for water, dug in the ground for wood and spelled 'hickory' with a 'j'."

The Daily Reporter.

My friend, the daily reporter, took a long whiff at his pipe the other morning and did the following for a morning paper here:

"An interesting incident on South Water street was yesterday the receipt by Lepman & Heggie of 500 brace of English pheasants. The fowl stood the long transit well, arriving in the market in fine order. A consignment of three live buffalo and thirty or forty live deer was also received from the West. While on the way here six deer escaped from the car and were shot."

Inquiry developed the facts to be that all the pheasants (which are regularly imported here by many firms) were dead. There were no buffalo nor deer whatever consigned to this firm or any other firm in Chicago, and no deer had escaped, so far as known. There was a carload of live deer, however, which passed through Chicago *en route* East, and in the same lot were three live buffalo. These came from Montana—presumably from the Charlie Allard herd of the Flathead Reservation—but the destination was unknown.

The daily reporter who works up the "good things" in the sporting department of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has discovered that the Panhandle of Texas (the dry Llano Estacada) is a paradise for chickens, quail, turkeys, rabbits, ducks, geese, deer, antelope, squirrels and railbirds! The Colorado jack rabbit drive of 6,000 hares is made into 12,000, and located in the Panhandle, which is described as a lovely timbered country. The reporter gravely announces:

"Such famous sportsmen as Police Commissioner Roosevelt, of New York, and the late Mayor, Carter H. Harrison, of this city, have each said that, in his opinion, the variety of game to be had with rod and gun in the extreme northwest part of the big Lone Star State is nowhere to be surpassed in this country, expansive as it is."

And now comes the daily reporter who does the sporting specials for the Baltimore (Md.) *American*, and describes canvasback shooting as she is done on the Chesapeake:

"All decoys used on the flats around Havre-de-Grace are made of wood, as experiment has proven that it furnished the most serviceable material. Cork is too yielding and is easily torn up by the heavy buckshot, while canvas and aluminum suffer the same fate."

"The market men use their decoys in a purely scientific manner," says the reporter. "Killing ducks with them is a business, and they employ every method possible to bring the ducks within the range of their guns. They work in squads, and this mutual co-operation brings about good results. A double sinkbox will be placed in some good spot on the flats and surrounded by about 400 decoys. Two expert gunners are assigned to the sinkbox, while the rest of the crew man a schooner that is anchored to the windward about a quarter of a mile from the sinkbox. The men remain lying in the sinkbox, and never raise their heads until they get a signal from the schooner. From the nature of the signal they can tell in which direction the ducks are coming and about the altitude they are flying. Thus informed, the gunner has only to rise in the box in the proper position and bang at the ducks as they fly over his head or attempt to settle among the decoys. Nearly all of the gunners are equipped with two guns, and they rarely fail to get four out of the flock. A boat is sent out from the schooner, the dead ducks gathered up and the decoys rearranged, if they have been shot away from their moorings."

We don't shoot ducks by note out here yet, but it is a pleasure to learn what is going on in the great world of sport as mirrored by our daily papers. The conviction is irresistibly borne in upon one that FOREST AND STREAM ought to secure the services of some of these young men, so that the public can learn about the how and where of sport with the rod and gun. If the paper would import talent of that sort, the rest of us wouldn't have to work so hard.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Sea and River Fishing.

Stocking Lake County Waters.

MR. W. B. MERSHON, of East Saginaw, writes to Editor Pace, of the Lake county, Mich., *Star:*

"The Pere Marquette Fishing Club last week successfully transferred from Saginaw Bay to the lakes along the western division of the F. & P. M. over 200lbs. of small-mouthed black bass and 100lbs. of pike perch, more commonly known as wall-eyed pike. These were large fish and would be ready to spawn whenever the proper season comes around, as they ran all the way from half a pound to 3lbs. each. There were very few of them lost in transit and we think this plant will be a great addition to the fishing interests in your neighborhood, as the small-mouthed bass are far gamier than the large-mouth, and as I understand it there are no small-mouthed bass in any of the lakes up there now. Pike perch, if they thrive, will be especially desirable, as they are gamy and often weigh from 5 to 15lbs., and in the markets bring pretty nearly double the price that lake trout do. Now that we can reach Star Lake by rail arrangements have been made to make a large plant of pike perch in that lake, and they will breed this year or next, so that it will not be long before it is thoroughly stocked. If our friend Carpenter or any one else there will guarantee to receive them at the station and put them in proper waters, we can get quite a good many more of these fish, and a line dropped to Geo. M. Brown, Saginaw (E. S.), Mich., will meet with a proper response.

"The brook trout fry from our club waters will be ready for distribution now soon, but we only took about half as many this year as we hoped to take owing to the breaking into the breeding pond by some unknown vandals who had no respect for law and decency or the rights of their fellow-men. I am glad to see that the sentiment of the people of Lake county is to enforce the game and fish laws. It will not take long to demonstrate practically that our game and fish can increase right along, and at the same time in season, and by lawful means furnish not only a good food supply, but plenty of sport for all of us."

One of the Pleasure Spots of Life.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Though a constant reader of the FOREST AND STREAM for a year and a half only I am beginning to feel as if your regular correspondents were real acquaintances and in fact old friends of mine—friends whom I can silently observe and from whom I receive untold enjoyment. Personally and for hundreds of others I want to thank them for their rare entertainment, and as a faint encouragement to continue their graceful writings. The good and inimitable Robinson, the classic Morris, the pathetic El Comancho, the entertaining Hallock, the moralizing and poetical hermit Ransacker, the irrepressible, though gentle, Hough; all writing in the current meaty number (Dec. 28). Hosts of other unmentioned but not forgotten contributors are equally self-denying and entertaining when relating their rich experiences afield. Their opportunities the majority of us can only long for and rarely enjoy, and were it not for their facile pens and the FOREST AND STREAM we would miss much enjoyment. I look forward weekly to the receipt of your paper and regard its reading as a pleasure spot in my life.

A. H.

CHICAGO.

Sacandaga—Sacondagu—Sacrundagua.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 4 "a newspaper item" by F. Z. M., of Erie, Pa. I live at Luzerne, at the mouth of the Sacandaga River, twenty-four miles from Northville. My father told me when a boy that the name Sacandaga was of Indian origin and means rapid running or dancing water. I have fished for trout in its waters and have shot deer on its banks for nearly forty years. I have quite a number of friends at and near Northville, and if I can give F. Z. M. any information shall be pleased to do so.

GEORGE H. ROCKWELL.

A Punta Gorda Jew-fish.

ON Dec. 28 a guest of the Hotel Punta Gorda, at Punta Gorda, Fla., Mr. C. A. Dean, of Boston, who had just returned in his yacht the Myakka from a cruise up the Caloosahatchee River, harpooned a 360lbs. jew-fish just off the hotel pier. Many people came down from the village to view the monster while some colored men were removing the skin.

T. H. ABBOTT.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich. Arthur D. Welton, Sec'y, 25 Larned street, West.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 10.—West Point, Miss.—The Field Trial Champion Association's first trial. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

WHY FIELD TRIALS SHOULD BE SUPPORTED.

WAVERLY, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Judging from the poor support given the field trial clubs this season, it seems as though the usefulness of field trials were not appreciated as it should be by the great body of sportsmen throughout the country.

Field trials always have been and still remain a potent factor in elevating field sports to their present high standard, and it is directly through the competition which the annual field trial meetings invite that a comparative field test is possible between dogs from all parts of the United States and Canada. The importance of this competition has even been recognized in England, and dogs have been sent from there to compete in our trials.

All sportsmen in this country who shoot and own dogs, or ever expect to own them, are directly benefited by the result of field trial competition, as it affords them positive knowledge as to the comparative standing and quality of different strains of blood, and of the individual merit of the representatives of those strains as compared to others which are met in the competition, which could be known through no other source than field trial competition.

Then it is solely through the medium of field trials that the public gets the benefit of the services of the winners at these meetings, for were there no field trials there would be no stud dogs in the present sense, and were there no stud dogs the sportsmen would be wholly at sea as to how to breed to improve their dogs. It is entirely owing to the successful carrying out of field trials that there have been such celebrated dogs as Gladstone, Count Noble, Rip Rap, Roderigo, Gath, Gath's Mark, Jingo, Vandervort's Don, Tick Boy and many other grand dogs which space will not permit mention. As American sportsmen we are all proud of these dogs, and we ought to be proud of the field trial clubs which gave them an opportunity to become great.

How often when in conversation with men who have never attended field trial meetings, and that subject is broached, do we hear them remark, "Oh, field trials are too slow for me; I love to shoot. To ride after a brace of dogs just to see them hunt, point and back would not be any fun for me." If the man who talks that way will attend a field trial he will find that, after all, there is more fun in a live bird than a dead one, and that the desire to kill something does not constitute all there is of sportsmanship.

To the sportsmen who have labored so long and earnestly, and I may well add successfully too, in behalf of field trials, both in establishing them and supporting them as well, the sportsmen of America owe a great debt which can be no more appropriately paid than in supporting field trials of the present day.

Field trials have always exerted a good influence toward the protection of game. Many a sportsman, who before attending a field trial could see no sport in other than a crowded game bag, has learned that the work of the dog furnishes the real zest to the sport. When he returns home he gives up practice of shooting to flushes, and learns to value the dog that can find and point birds enough for him to shoot only over points, and in that manner make as large a bag as he wants.

Appreciating as I do the importance of field trials, and recognizing their influence in educating the trainer, were I having dogs trained I would send them only to trainers who attended field trials; for field trials to a trainer are as important as a course of lectures to a physician, and the trainer who stays at home is in some ways as far behind his profession as the cross-road doctor who never attends medical lectures.

Before the time of field trials how many intelligent trainers were to be found, and what were their methods of training? Liberal use of a pair of cowhide boots and long range use of the shotgun were methods commonly used, and the men themselves were in many cases not as intelligent as the dogs they attempted to train; but field trial training demanded men of intelligence, who could accomplish, by skillful training, results which the old "breaker" could never hope to attain. The first, and perhaps the most important matter in which field trials keep the attending trainer up on, is quality. To correctly judge quality, and know it whether hidden under the mantle of timidity, or running riot in a headstrong dog, is a trainer's business. He should be able to recognize it when he sees it, and understand how to skillfully unravel it from that which is harmful without breaking the texture or marring its value.

A trainer who attempts to select from a number sent him such dogs as possess sufficient quality to enter field trial competition, or to make superior field dogs (for superior field dogs are all that field trial dogs are), should first learn what constitutes quality. The only place he can learn the lesson is at a field trial, where the competition draws the line so sharp and clean that a novice can recognize it in its finished state, if not in the rough. We often hear of the wonderful trainer of shooting dogs who never attended a field trial, written, no doubt, by parties who get a reduction in training fee for a public portrayal of the vividness of their imaginations. When sometimes this wonderful trainer makes his appearance at a field trial with a dog so superior to those he is accustomed to that he imagines he has the "thing won," often to find out, if intelligent enough, that compared with the competing dogs the dog he has brought has not sufficient quality to be considered. If not intelligent enough to comprehend his dog's inferiority, then going back home and writing a mess to the newspapers, attacking the club for not considering a dog that was not fit for a blind nigger to shoot over.

There are illustrations of this kind every season, more or less, at the various trial meetings, and many of the accusing articles attacking field trials are only the impotent wrath of fairly defeated competitors. At one of the field trials last season was started by a trainer a dog which was only entitled to be called a dog because he wore hair and resembled one in outline, for that is as near as he ever got to being a bird dog. There was a communication from some party who knew the trainer, whom he glowingly described in terms suited to the advertising page, and in speaking of this wonderful dog he made such flights of imagination that, had the article been published before the trial instead of after, I doubt whether the other competitors would have had the courage to have remained and run the trial to a finish. It transpired, however, that the writer did not know what he was talking about, and that is just the point I wish to make about many of these articles attacking field trials—the writers simply do not know what they are talking about, and that explains it all.

But I digress. Coming back to the subject of trainers again I would comment on the many advantages he derives from field trial attendance. The matter of selecting dogs with quality I have already touched upon, and will conclude by saying that all field trial handlers can come nearer giving full value in return for the patronage they receive than any other class of trainers; for, having a thorough knowledge of his business, a professional trainer will only select and keep to train such dogs as promise to be worth their training fee when trained, which is giving full value for every dollar they receive; while the class of trainers known as "scalpers" will train every dog sent them regardless of whether it is worth $5 or even 5 cents. There are exceptions, of course, which I freely admit, but I have always regarded field trials when applied to the trainer individually as a kind of public sorting yard, where each trainer's ability is properly tested by record, stamped and countersigned. It is an easy matter for the obscure trainers to get dogs to run at the field trials, providing they have the ability to handle and run them. The competition is a free thing. Then let them come out of the woods and show the public, by the quality of the dogs they handle, what ability they possess as trainers; but, strange to say, most of them seem to shun a public criticism of their handling.

The next thing to quality which field trials make the trainer expert in is the judging of correct field form. At the trials he has an opportunity to see in actual competition the different types of field form, and can judge for himself which type has the greatest superiority.

Field trials represent the combined skill of the brightest trainers in America, and each one learns many things sooner or later that would have never occurred to him originally. This applies particularly to kennel management, for at field trials he hears discussed and explained many ailments that dogs are afflicted with which previously he never understood nor knew how to treat.

Another more important thing yet, which all field trial handlers agree upon, is that one "can't eat his pie and have it too," and that a quail once dead is never any more use to train a dog on. This teaches him to economize his bird supply, and in abundance of birds his dogs acquire the experience which is absolutely necessary to make applicable the training given them. No truer words could be written than that no skill in training will ever supply the necessity of experience.

The stay-at-home trainer rarely goes abroad without a pocketful of shells. He takes great pride in his skill as a field shot and lets no opportunity pass to give an exhibition of it, even if it be at flushes. If he loses a bird it irritates him, and the dog is apt to feel the weight of his displeasure. He uses up his bird supply without doing his dogs any great deal of good, and the owner of the dog is the loser thereby.

As a pastime few sports furnish more real pleasure than field trials. The pleasure begins with the greetings one receives from friends and acquaintances whom he has not seen in a year perhaps, and increases as he makes the rounds to view the dogs in the hands of different handlers—dogs conditioned to make a race for their lives. As he listens to the dog chat when all are together in the hotel, which conversation is interluded with laughable incidents of former trials which may have taken place years ago, he becomes more interested. As the spectators mount their horses on the morning of the commencement of the trials he catches the eagerness manifested on all sides to see the race begin, and as heat after heat is run and the winners begin to stand out by brilliant work and superior field quality the desire to own a dog like some of those he sees is born in his heart, and he is conscious of a new pleasure far above the selfish one of mere shooting.

When sweet-faced ladies lend their gentle presence to sports it speaks well for the class of men who conduct such sports; it refutes most positively that erroneous idea that at field trials there is bad feeling and ungentlemanly proceedings.

Field trials are not to blame because disgruntled competitors attack the clubs for doing what was just and right, and field trial clubs rarely appear in print to deny or affirm. Their acts are public ones, and the intent and purpose of field trials are to place the best dogs, which the clubs do through the services of competent judges.

I have often thought that the sporting press (who should know the right and wrong of such accusations, through their reporters who are present at all trials) should never publish such communications unless backed by absolute proof. The burden of proof lies with the accuser and he should be compelled to produce it before his accusations should be considered, much less published; for many sportsmen unacquainted with the men who represent the membership of field trial clubs often credit such accusations as true because their favorite paper publishes them. They reason, that only such matter as was known to be true would be published.

The gentlemen who are patrons and members of the various field trial clubs are recognized in their various business pursuits as men of honor and responsibility, and many of them hold positions of trust far above the ordinary run of men. For an intelligent man to say such men would do or allow to be done anything that was not right and just, when the only interest they had in trials is the sport they get out of witnessing the races between the dogs, is too silly and contemptible to receive a second thought.

As to running field trials on any better business basis than they are run at present, it is impossible. A man may start a business, and no matter how bright he is as a business man, if patronage fails to come to him his business will not prosper. Patronage is all that field trials need, unless it is fewer field trials and more important ones.

When things become too common they are not so interesting to some; this seems to be the case with field trials. When there were less of them there was greater patronage; but, however true this may be, field trials are the backbone of our field dogs. What have bench shows ever done for field dogs? Nothing. Field trials have done it all. The practical sportsmen who go afield, and appreciate what the term a good field dog means, should patronize field trials even if unable to attend them in person, and in that way do their part toward their support.

W. W. TITUS.

The W. K. C. Premium List.

THE premium list of the Westminster Kennel Club, which can be obtained by addressing the Superintendent, Mr. James Mortimer, Room 26, 32 Pine street, New York, is now ready for distribution. The special prize list as is also the regular prize list is notable for its length and value. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, setters, spaniels, collies, poodles, bull-terriers, bulldogs, Boston terriers, dachshunde, beagles, fox-terriers, Irish terriers, black and tan terriers, Bedlingtons, Scottish, Skye terriers, pugs, toy spaniels, have $15 and $10, first and second in challenge classes, while in open classes the prizes range from $20, $10 and $5, first, second and third respectively, to $15, $10 and $5, and $20, $15, $10 and $5, some classes having a fourth prize. Puppy and novice classes are liberally provided for, those classes having $15, $10 and $5, and $10 and $5. Nearly all the breeds enumerated have each a special kennel prize of $20 for the best exhibit of four. Classes are provided for uncropped dogs of the breed commonly cropped. The special prize list is so long and valuable that, as full mention cannot be given here, special attention is called to its worth. Specialty club cups and other trophies and prizes are out in full force. The club will add 50 per cent. to the amount of prize money won by any dog wholly owned by a non-resident of the United States or Canada. Entries close Feb. 4. The show will be benched and fed by Spratts Patent. Entry fee $5. A judge for spaniels will be announced soon.

Successful Clubs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to call your attention to the fact that field trial interests as a whole are not in the deplorable condition pictured in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 4 under the title "A Review of the Year." That article deals only with the pointer and setter trials, and totally ignores the foxhound and beagle trials which have been remarkably successful during the past season. Foxhound trials have been held by the Brunswick Fur Club and the National Fox Hunters' Association, and beagle trials by the National Beagle Club, the New England Beagle Club and the Northwestern Beagle Club. These five clubs are all prosperous, and their trials will bear comparison in all respects with those held by any club in the country. They have not lacked entries, the attendance has been large, no trials have been called off, no club has disbanded and none are in financial difficulties. The enthusiasm of the members and the general public interest in the trials has never been as great as it is to-day, and the coming year promises to be the most successful in the history of these competitions. No review of the year is complete which fails to mention these clubs and the splendid work they are doing.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN.

The Brunswick Fur Club.

ROXBURY, Mass.—The Brunswick Fur Club's seventh annual winter meet is to be held at Brunswick, Maine, during the week of January 13. The club headquarters will be at the Tontine Hotel. The rates will be $1.50 and $2 per day for a single room.

The annual meeting of the club, for the election of officers and the transaction of other business, will be held on Monday Evening, January 13.

Brunswick is on the Maine Central Railroad. Sportsmen going by the way of Boston will take the cars at the Union Station.

This is to be a rousing hunting meet. Foxes are reported plentiful near the town, and the Brunswick members of the club will do all in their power to make the hunt a notable one in the annals of New England fox-hunting. Sportsmen will receive a hearty welcome, and all who attend are urged to bring their hounds.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE A. K. C. AND CROPPING.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have taken the keenest interest in the ear cutting discussion recently going on in FOREST AND STREAM, and while I have taken no part in it myself I am gratified that the final outcome of this vexing question is settled, for the time being at least.

I am pleased to note that the agitators of this matter could not muster enough votes with which to override the wishes and interest of those most concerned. In my opinion it only goes to show that common sense has prevailed. The advocates of those opposed to cropping had but one leg to stand on, to wit: the cruelty of it. I would like to ask, Mr. Editor, how many of those who have taken such a decided stand against cropping know from their own personal observations and knowledge the extent of the cruelty inflicted. From my own observations in the last six or seven years, during which time I have cropped the ears of many and had many others cropped by others, I have never been able to discover any great cruelty in the operation: that is, when it was judiciously and scientifically done. With the aid of cocaine hypodermically injected there is little or no pain, judging from the actions of the subject.

I have on numerous occasions cut the ears of great Dane puppies, when they were 5 or 6 months old, without any assistance except that of the drug mentioned. After the operation the ears should be treated in manner as advocated by Dr. Phillips in his letter recently published in FOREST AND STREAM. When so treated there will be no pain and little inconvenience to the puppy.

Of all domestic animals when in distress the dog is the first to show it. Let him get hurt or injured and he will immediately take to his kennel and refuse all food, but I have never yet seen a puppy refuse his meal after the operation of having his ears cut. This in itself will prove that the pain is of trifling moment. Hence I say let the ear cutting and tail docking go on.

The only way to abolish it is through the medium of the public. When the public refuses to purchase dogs with cropped ears and docked tails the breeders of these breeds will themselves discontinue the practice; but neither the A. K. C., nor any other body of men, can force anything upon the public that it does not want, hence all legislation of this character through the A. K. C. should be discouraged.

The only way to propagate the individuality of a breed of dogs is to leave it in the hands of the breeders. Once let the breeders give a breed up for want of popularity or favor with the public and it will soon disappear. In proof of this note at our big shows the absence of the once numerous and popular Newfoundland. From the time the first St. Bernard landed in America the Newfoundland has gradually disappeared—not, however, from any fault of his, but because the breeders could no longer keep him to advantage against the more popular St. Bernard. So with the cropped and docked dogs, if the public will not have them they too will soon disappear.

I could go on in this strain and cite a hundred other reasons why cropping should not be meddled with by the A. K. C., but the ground has been pretty well covered by other breeders. I will close this article by thanking the gentlemen who so gallantly fought the resolution at the A. K. C. meeting. HARRY L. GOODMAN.

Youatt on Cropping.

"I have some doubt whether I ought not to omit the mention of this cruel practice. Mr. Blaine very properly says that 'it is one that does not honor the inventor, for nature gives nothing in vain. Beauty and utility appear in all when properly examined, but in unequal degrees. In some beauty is pre-eminent, while in others utility appears to have been the principal consideration. That must, therefore, be a false taste that has taught us to prefer a curtailed organ to a perfect one, without gaining any convenience by the operation.' He adds, and it is my only excuse for saying one word about the matter, that 'custom being now fixed, directions are now proper for its performance.'

"The owner of the dog commences with maiming him while a puppy. He finds fault with the ears that nature has given him, and they are rounded or cut into various shapes, according to his whim or caprice. It is a cruel operation. A great deal of pain is inflicted by it, and it is often a long time before the edge of the wound will heal; a fortnight or three weeks at least will elapse ere the animal is free from pain.

"It has been pleaded, and I would be one of the last to oppose the plea, that the ears of many dogs are rounded on account of the ulcers which attack and rend the conch; because animals with short ears defend themselves most readily from the attacks of others; because, in their combats with each other, they generally endeavor to lay hold of the neck or the ears; and therefore when their ears are shortened they have considerable advantage over their adversary. There is some truth in this plea; but otherwise the operation of cropping is dependent on caprice or fashion.

"If the ears of dogs must be cropped it should not be done too early, otherwise they will grow again, and the second cropping will not produce a good appearance.

"The scissors are the proper instruments for accomplishing the removal of the ear; the tearing of the cartilage out by main force is an act of cruelty that none but a brute in human shape would practice, and if he attempt it, it is ten to one that he does not obtain a good crop. If the conch is torn out there is nothing remaining to retain the skin round the auricular opening; it may be torn with the auditory canal, and as that is otherwise very extensible in the dog it is prolonged above the opening, which may then probably be closed by a cicatrix. The animal will in this case always remain deaf, at least in one ear. In the meantime the mucous membrane which lines the *meatus auditorius* substance, the secretion of the wax, continues; it accumulates and acquires an irritating quality; the irritation which it causes produces an augmentation of the secretion, and soon the whole of the subcutaneous passage becomes filled, and seems to assume the form of a cord, and it finishes by the dog continuing to worry himself, shaking his head and becoming subject to fits.

"Mr. Blaine very naturally observes that 'It is not a little surprising that this custom is so frequently or almost invariably practiced on pug dogs, whose ears, if left alone to nature, are particularly handsome and hang very gracefully. It is hardly to be conceived how the pug's head—which is not naturally beautiful except in the eye of perverted taste—is improved by suffering his ears to be removed.'

"If the cropping is to be practiced, the mother should have been previously removed. It is quite erroneous that her licking the wounded edges would be serviceable. On the contrary, it only increases the pain and deprives the young ones of the best balsam that can be applied—the blood that flows from their wounds."

A Lady on Cropping.

The world is funny or tragic, dependent upon our dinner and our liver.

My dinner is eaten in loneliness, and presto! my liver is sluggish and I smile at the world and feel no mirth.

I smile at the inconsistencies of the world. For instance, our very humane ideas! They depend so entirely upon style. We are humane or otherwise, as style dictates, and it's mostly otherwise!

There are dogs—I thank heaven! See what they are to us. The Esquimau says: "A man's best friend is his dog, better even than his wife," and no woman who once knew a dog's faithfulness and loyalty ever found his equal in a man. One wise man said: "The more I see of men the more I love my dogs," and in the newspapers we read daily accounts of the heroism of dogs—saving some one from drowning, saving some one from fire, catching burglars, finding lost children, always showing heroism that equals, yes, excels, man's. And yet how do we treat these speechless friends?

Style says torture them, clip their ears and bob their tails. We heed no other consideration, and we clip and bob! We impose the most horrible suffering upon them merely so we may own "stylish" dogs! And we prate about our humanity!

Last summer I saw five bull-terriers being made "stylish." They were several months old, and had pedigrees that would fill a column nonpareil. They were darling puppies, and had been sold for $50 apiece. But before being delivered to their owners they were undergoing the martyrdom of being trimmed into style.

The week before theirs ears had been cut to a point and their poor tails chopped off close to their bodies. As they ran to me in obedience to my call, they tumbled over each other, puppy-fashion, and so painful were their raw wounds that they ran about madly, howling in fearful agony.

The man showing them to me picked them up one after the other, and pulled their sore ears with all his power, to give them a sharp point, as he explained. The frenzied cries of those helpless puppies made my heart sick.

"It is inhuman, barbarous," I said, turning away, faint at the sight.

"But it's got to be done fer style, m'm," he explained. "We couldn't get any price fer them wid long ears."

What matters the suffering of these helpless dogs so long as they are "out" into style? For what do we support the Humane Society in luxurious idleness? And why do we pretend to be humane and civilized? I ate my dinner in loneliness, and so I smile.

To add to our laurels the Kennel Club, that loves dogs so well that it gives us a big dog show every year, decides that it shall continue to be the style to clip and bob and torture dogs. It was so easy for them to befriend the animal that is of such profit to them. Had they voted against the practice dogs would have been saved untold suffering and the club would have borne the stamp of civilization.

I hope every man, woman and child that loves a dog will refuse to patronize the dog show until the club shows some humanity for the animals it exhibits.

I love my dogs—my friends, who are always glad to see me, who are never unkind, who can read whether joy or sorrow is in my heart though it be hidden from the eye of man, who welcome my coming and grieve at my going, who will feast with me and who will starve with me, whose loyalty is everlasting. As they love me, so I love them, and I hate the fiends who "cut" them into style.—*Nellie Bly in the World.*

Dalziel on Cropping.

"Cropping, which fashion prescribes for certain unfortunate breeds of terriers, has no justification offered for it except the taste (?) of the admirer of this cruel and useless operation. It is said cropped terriers look sharper and handsomer than those with the ears left on, but the absurdity of this appears when we remember that it is not applied to Dandie Dinmont, Bedlington or fox-terriers. It is cruel not only in the pain the operation causes, but far more so in exposing one of the most delicate organs to the effects of cold, wet, sand and dirt, by removing the part nature intended as a protection. What would be thought of a fashion that demanded that the eyelid or the haw should be removed, with the result that the dog could not clean his eye from the matter blown into it? Cropping by exposing the internal parts of the ear to the weather and the intrusion of particles of sand, etc., produces canker, inflammation and deafness, and cannot be too strongly condemned."

A. K. C. Resolution.

In the December *American Kennel Gazette* is the following notice of resolution by Dr. H. T. Foote: "Please give notice in your next issue of the *Gazette* that I will offer at the February meeting of the Kennel Club the following resolution (not amendment or addition to the bench show rules):

Whereas, The mutilation of dogs is a recognized cruelty and not necessary or justifiable excepting in cases of disease, and

Whereas, The cruelty-to-animal laws throughout the States make such mutilation a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment and fine,

Resolved, That all dogs born after Dec. 31, 1896, must be shown in their natural conditions, and if in any way mutilated will be considered "improperly tampered with" and subject to Article XI. of the rules governing bench shows.

ALBANY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was surprised at a statement made by Mr. Watson at the A. K. C. meeting, Dec. 10 last, re anti-cropping amendment. You quote Mr. Watson as saying in reference to cropped Irish terriers at the present day in England, viz.: "You cannot get a cropped Irish terrier in England now, and none have been obtainable for some years."

I fear Mr. Watson rarely reads his English *Stock-Keeper* or he would frequently see cropped Irish terriers for sale. Let him refer to the *Stock-Keeper* Dec. 20, just to hand. He will there see advertised for sale Marton Masher, a cropped dog, and he is a winner during the last eighteen months of over twenty first and specials, of course not under E. K. C. rules.

Then again, what about champion Breadenhill, another cropped specimen still in the flesh, and one of the most perfect of his breed that has ever been exhibited, winning first and specials, Crystal Palace, Birmingham, Manchester, Brighton, Glasgow, Edinburgh, etc., in fact a winner in highest company whenever exhibited.

Of course anybody knows that a cropped Irish terrier is handicapped at the present time for exhibition purposes. It was the non-cropping question that drove that prince of fanciers, Mr. Herbert Graves, of Liverpool, out of breed, and at the time he owned champion Extreme Carelessness, champion Playboy, champion Glory, etc.

Still occasionally a cropped dog of this breed is exhibited in England, but, as I said before, not under E. K. C. rules. T. S. BELLIN.

Jan. 2.

Idstone on Cropping.

Speaking of bull-terriers in "The Dog" he says: "The *ears should be uncut—as nature made them*—not improved by the illiterate by cutting away the lobes, pointing them in an upright position until they are rigid and erect for life. 'God never made his work for man to mend.'"

Minnesota Society for the Protection of Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To appreciate the advantages of a great game estate is to live in it; to know the necessity for the conservation of the game supply is to be in touch with all field interests.

The resources of Minnesota have made her famous, and the resident sportsmen are keenly alive to the value of their heritage. The beauties of our lakes and forests, the successes with rod and gun, have been told by many pens in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. The tales of camp life and pleasant outings are the tiny craft that float so lightly in the deeper current of game and fish protection.

While there are no gallant exploits of arrest and conviction to chronicle for the voluntary game and fish protective association of the State during the past year, yet it has worked steadily and well. Information from this point, a quiet tip from that, have all found their way to the State Commission for the action of Executive Agent Fullerton and his wardens.

It has been a great year to record for the constituted authorities, and an educational campaign of game and fish protection by the citizens' movement.

Mr. Fullerton in his annual report gives full credit to the voluntary work and recognizes the deterrent influence on illegal taking that such an association has inspired.

The sportsmen of Minnesota have now gone a step further. We are working to protect the game and fish for the people at large, but have now struck nearer home and find it necessary to institute a public movement to protect the gunner's friend, his dog. Good hunting dogs are valuable property to own here and very tempting subjects to a thief.

In the larger cities a number of valuable dogs have been lost to their owners by theft in the last several years, but from the number reported this season it is evident that there is an organized effort by dog thieves to take up and dispose of the most valuable. But few so lost have been recovered. Instancing the fact that of a party of five whose gunning trip was noted in a daily paper, within two weeks each gentleman had lost his dog.

The dog is personal property in Minnesota and taxed as such in addition to local licenses; but owing to the systematic evasion of city ordinances the police make but few efforts to recover stolen dogs.

But the line has now been drawn, and at a general meeting of dog owners held at the Windsor Hotel in St. Paul recently an association that in its field stands alone in America was organized under the title of the Minnesota Society for the Protection of Dogs, and a full complement of officers elected as follows: Uri L. Lamprey, President, St. Paul; Henry G. Smith, Vice-President, First Congressional District, Winona; H. M. Twitchell, Vice-President, Second Congressional District, Worthington; T. M. Paine, Vice-President, Third Congressional District, Glencoe; Harry Wack, Vice-President, Fourth Congressional District, St. Paul; Wm. L. Wolford, Vice-President, Fifth Congressional District, Minneapolis; Wm. C. Sargent, Vice-President, Sixth Congressional District, Duluth; A. G. Anderson, Vice-President, Seventh Congressional District, Crookston; John S. Prince, Jr., Treasurer, St. Paul; Wm. L. Tucker, Secretary, St. Paul; John E. Stryker, Attorney, St. Paul; Stan Donnelly, Attorney, St. Paul. Board of Directors—Frank F. Loomis, Richard Price, V. S.; Wm. Libbey, Geo. Scales, L. D. Barnard, all of St. Paul.

The association starts with more than 150 members in the Twin Cities alone, and reasonably certain of hundreds of members from the State at large. The constitution speaks the object of the association as follows:

"The purpose and business of the society shall be, to protect its members in the possession and ownership of valuable dogs; to secure the return of the same when astray or stolen, and to prosecute and by all legitimate means assist in the punishment of dog thieves."

It is sure to meet with a hearty response from the dog owners of Minnesota; and it may be the means of starting a national association with like objects, and ultimately make it impossible for dog thieves to dispose of their catches in any city or State. WM. L. TUCKER, Sec'y.

Pace in Shooting Dogs.

TYRO SHOPS, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Speed in shooting dogs is commonly overrated. There are several other qualities of much greater consequence that do not seem to attract so much attention. As a matter of fact, some of the rather too slow ones show great intelligence and do their work in grand shape.

A dog that goes at his top speed can't last long, nor can he do first-class work. The fact is, he is nervous and in too great a hurry to take time to work out his ground properly. He may make a sensational point now and again by almost accidentally catching the scent of a covey at a few yards that he might have scented at three times the distance had he been going at the pace that he could keep up for four hours,

The pace that a strong, well-made, high-couraged dog can sustain for four or five hours is, I believe, fast enough to satisfy any experienced sportsman.

The four-hour heats of the late Central Field Trial Club were good tests of pace, as well as other qualities, and demonstrated the fact that fast, nervous weeds do not amount to much as shooting dogs. Some men make a point of never hunting their dogs for more than an hour or so at a time on purpose, to get them into the habit of going at great speed, because they expect (and are often correct in thinking) that great credit will be given them for it; but one would suppose that experience ought to have taught most field trial men by this time that excessive speed is a downright fault.

I have known of dogs that after having hunted for hours at a good hand gallop could, late in the evening, put on a tremendous sprint when they had an object in view, such as cutting off a determined runner, or locating a covey that a rival was also working on.

These are the occasions where great speed ought to be appreciated.

C. E. MCMURDO.

Treatment for Warts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a cure for warts in a dog's mouth. I would like to give it to FOREST AND STREAM readers. About two months ago my puppy's mouth was full of large seed warts; in fact, the inside was literally covered. I commenced to cut them off with sharp scissors and touch the roots with nitrate of silver. I cut off five in this way, and to stop the flow of blood I used a strong solution of alum water. I sponged the mouth out about five times and waited several days for the cut places to get well. To my surprise, I found them nearly gone in a few days. I applied alum water several times more and they disappeared entirely. I am convinced this remedy did it, and as it is a simple one it may benefit some one.

HAMPDEN.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In a letter dated Dec. 29 Mr. W. W. Titus, Waverly, Miss., writes as follows:

"Mr. W. H. Hammond and Mr. T. Sturgis are located at Palo Alto, Miss., and Mr. J. Tredwell Richards, of New York, is staying at the same farm, shooting. Mr. Hammond at first located near West Point, but owing to the land posted by the field trial clubs, the tide of shooters (local) went over his way, and it was a constant bang from morning until night. Where he is at present is too far from town for the disturbing element to reach him. He is well pleased with his location, and finds birds abundant.

"When J. B. Stoddard and Mr. Kidwell arrived I sent them to Tibbee, which was represented as a birdy place, but they failed to find the number of birds there they expected and moved west of West Point to a place called Siloam, where the prospects seemed to be good for birds, and the country is open.

"That efficient secretary-treasurer of the United States and Champion Club, W. B. Stafford, was in West Point recently, completing the details of holding the trials. He secured a guide and completed other arrangements.

"George Gray writes from Appleton, Minn., that he will start for Mississippi on Dec. 28, and that Frank Richards will come down with him.

"I was at Vinton on Sunday to see George Richards, and found him fat and smiling because everything is going his way. Lots of birds, he says, and many of the farmers have posted their land and given him exclusive hunting rights thereon."

The many friends of the late J. Shelley Hudson will be grieved on learning of his death. He died at his home in Covington, Ky., on the evening of Dec. 24, of Bright's disease. No man was better known than he to the sportsmen of America. He owned many noted dogs and at one time took an active interest in field trials.

Major W. H. Key died in South Florence, Ala., on Dec. 7. He was a celebrated sportsman of his section and an active promoter of field trials a few years ago and participator in them. He acted many times as judge in the field trials.

Under date of Jan. 2 Mr. John Brett writes us as follows: "I shipped to Col. H. Platt, Bangor, N. Wales, on Dec. 26, three English setter puppies for the English spring trials, one of them by Real English ex Flower of Sulphur and two by The Earl ex Maid Marion. Col. Platt won first and second in the grouse trials held in Wales last August. Mr. A. G. Hooley writes me he has some grand youngsters by Real English that will be hard to beat."

Mr. R. Humffreys-Roberts is now secretary of the City of the Straits Kennel Club, vice Mr. A. D. Welton, who resigned. Mr. Welton's intention is to leave Detroit soon.

Catalogue No. 8 of the Rockland Beagle Kennel, Nanuet, N. Y., for the season of 1896, is artistically gotten up, and contains portraits of Champion Frank Forest, Buckshot, Lee III. and Champion Roy K., besides giving other information appertaining to that kennel.

Mr. Fred Mansell, 7 Saint Clement st., Barnsbury, London, N., has in hand plates of Mr. Dyer-Bennett's smooth fox-terrier bitch Lyons Sting and Mr. Sam Hill's wire hair Meersbrook Bristles. Artist's proofs, 42s. each; India prints, 15s. each. Mr. Mansell is now prepared to receive subscriptions for the limited number (thirty-five) of the artist proof plates which he will publish.

Box 2578, New York, offers broken pointer. Mr. T. Henckels, Middlebury, Vt., offers St. Bernard. Mr. A. L. Bailey, Plymouth, Mass., offers pointers. Mr. H. Benton, Afton, N. Y., offers broken beagle. Box 392, Cincinnati, offers broken pointer. Mr. John Brett, Gloster, N. Y., offers to board, condition and handle dogs. Mr. H. L. Ford, Springfield, O., offers broken setter. Mr. L. A. Pearle, Hampton, Conn., offers broken setters. Mr. A. M. Hopper, East Orange, N. J., offers pointers. Mr. G. Boehme, New York, offers Chesapeake Bay dog.

A Parisian paper, *Le Petit Journal*, of the 12th inst., indulged its readers with a list of prices paid for valuable dogs that would make English mouths water. Our contemporary relates that in the beginning of this month the steamship Scythia delivered at Boston a St. Bernard dog for Mr. C. H. Moore which cost that gentleman £45,000. What will a Frenchman believe? Colonel Ruppert is said to have given £1,000 for Scottish Prince, and Turk, the mastiff, we are told changed hands for £1,620. Another St. Bernard, Lord Bute, made within a few pounds of £4,000. A New York lady, they continue, owns a Japanese spaniel for which she paid £300. We have kept the most exciting item for the last, and we think this will be news to everybody in England, particularly fox-terrier men. *Le Petit Journal* chronicles that a fortnight ago D'Orsay sailed for America in exchange for a cheque of $5,000 (£1,000). We wonder if his owner, Mr. F. Redmond, knows this? Then our contemporary proceeds to cap the lot by adding that D'Orsay, however, is but a second-rate dog, as his "kennel companion Vesuvienne" is priced by the same owner at £3,000. Somebody must have been "stuffing up" *Le Petit Journal* to a comical extent, and its readers must be a gullible public to swallow such preposterous statements.—*The Stock-Keeper (England)*.

Yachting.

THE past week has brought out nothing new in the Dunraven matter; the committee heard the last witnesses on Dec. 31, and Mr. Asquith sailed for England on Jan. 2. The committee has as yet made no report.

THE Yacht Racing Union, of Long Island Sound, has just completed its first year and begun a second under the same officers who have contributed so ably to its successful establishment. During the past season the large number of clubs composing the Union have worked together in complete harmony, and with a marked improvement in the management of races. It will be necessary for the Union to take some more positive action this year than last in the matter of racing rules, and this work is already under way. The permanency of the Association now seems assured, and it is likely in the future to do much for yacht racing and the yacht clubs between New York and New London.

YACHT DESIGNING.—II.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[*Continued from page 17.*]

THE position of the professional yacht designer is so fully recognized to-day by all classes of yachtsmen, and the systematic planning and drawing of the design without reference to who may build the yacht is so much a matter of course, that very few realize how recent this great change is, or how rapidly but imperceptibly it has finally come about. Less than twenty years have elapsed since the work was entirely in the hands of the builders, some few of whom were clever and competent designers, but the professional designer entirely unconnected with building firms was unknown. Interesting as it would be, no complete history of the origin and development of yacht designing has yet been written, and it may not be out of place here to outline some of the more important points.

Considering the advanced position of systematic designing as applied to war vessels within the past century or more in England, and especially in France, and the progress attained by both naval constructors and by men of science who devoted themselves to study and research in the inviting field of abstract naval architecture, it is rather surprising to find that the early yachtsmen of England, largely men of wealth, position and intelligence, gave very little thought to the designing of their yachts, and offered very small incentive to improvement. Not only was this the case before yachting and match sailing became the popular sports they now are, but until a very recent period the wealthier yacht owners, both of America and England, have as a class done remarkably little to encourage study, improvement and research among builders and designers.

It is now nearly seventy-five years since John Fincham, a master shipwright at the Portsmouth dockyard in England, and a naval architect of deservedly high reputation, called the attention of yachtsmen to the necessity of applying to yacht building the then recognized principles of naval architecture. He went so far as to take off the lines and compute the elements of the leading yachts of the time, and urged upon owners and builders the importance of systematic tests and comparisons of all yachts. On the part of the builders Mr. Fincham met with determined opposition, each resenting what he considered an attempt to steal his trade secret, the model of his yacht; and from the owners he met with no encouragement whatever.

The matter rested for a quarter of a century, until the victory of the schooner America, in 1851, stirred up British yachtsmen to the realization of the defects of their best yachts, when Mr. Fincham again renewed his agitation. For several years preceding the advent of America, John Scott Russell, the eminent English naval architect, had urged the claims of his theories of wave lines and a long, hollow bow, as applied to yachts, but with no particular success. His contention, practically that the existing British yacht of the "cod's head and mackerel's tail" model was trying to sail stern foremost, was changed by the success of America from a mere abstract theory to a most concrete and pertinent fact, and after freely conceding the superiority of America and the defects of their own craft, British yachtsmen were, for the first time, ready to give a hearing to such men as Fincham and Scott Russell. The day of the professional yacht designer was still far distant, but there was awakened among yacht owners a desire for knowledge, and a sudden impulse was given to the work of taking off the lines and calculating the elements of racing yachts.

A few years later, in 1856, the cause of scientific designing found a firm friend and most able and earnest advocate in P. H. Marett, an English yachtsman, who has left a fitting monument in the book "Yachts and Yacht Building," published in that year. Under this modest title is presented for the first time in print a detailed and comprehensive system of designing; and Mr. Marett not only pointed out the importance of the work, but he did much to make it possible to owners and other amateurs by collecting designs of such noted craft as America, Mosquito, Thought, Vesper and Mary Taylor, and computing, tabulating and comparing their dimensions and elements. While writing in a popular manner and within the comprehension of any intelligent man, he covered the subject most thoroughly and systematically, and it would have been well for yachting if the book had received on both sides of the Atlantic that attention which it deserved. Though the building of yachts from a design was by no means unknown at this time, the majority of yachts were turned out by men who rather gloried in the fact that their knowledge was purely "practical," and that they were devoid of any scientific attainments; nor was it until twenty years later that this class gave way to the trained and educated specialist, the yacht designer.

One of the first of the noted designers is John Harvey, now a resident of New York, and known here through such yachts as Bedouin, Miranda and Wenonah. His personal experience dates back of America and her rivals, his father and grandfather being famous in their day as builders of fast craft, yachts and merchant vessels, at the old Wivenhoe yard on the east coast of England. Mr. Harvey's experience, beginning as a boy in the building yard and in after years solely as a designer, is a connecting link between the old and new systems.

Of those who have attained prominence as designers without being in any way connected with building, the first, so far as I can learn, is St. Clare J. Byrne, of Liverpool, designer of the steam yachts Namouna and Alva. As long ago as 1859, while engaged as a draftsman with the great shipbuilding firm of Laird & Co., of Birkenhead, Mr. Byrne designed a schooner—Albatross—which was built of iron and is still afloat. His real work as a yacht designer dates from about 1870, and in the four or five years following he turned out a number of successful sailing yachts of 10 to 12 tons; the latter class in particular being then in great favor with racing men. Later on he devoted himself entirely to steam yachts, in which class of vessel he has been very successful.

In 1870 Dixon Kemp became interested in the work originated by Mr. Marett some fourteen years before, and took off the lines of a large number of sailing yachts, computing the elements and tabulating and classifying the results. In the following year he designed his first yacht, named Boojum, and in 1873 he designed the 30-tonner Oivana. Early in 1874 he published in *The Field* the designs of two 5-tonners, and in the same year he began the compilation of material for the first of his books, the large quarto "Yacht Designing," published in 1876. Two years later came the first edition of "Yacht and Boat Sailing," which has now reached its eighth edition; and in 1885 appeared the first edition of "Yacht Architecture," an extension and elaboration of the original "Yacht Designing." In addition to these standard works, which have done so much to disseminate knowledge of yachts and designing, Mr. Kemp has designed many yachts, of late years mostly steamers.

In 1874 George Lennox Watson, then a young man in the employ of the shipbuilding firm of John Elder & Co., of Glasgow, designed his first yacht, a very curious craft called Peg Woffington, following her a year later by the famous 5-tonner Clothilde, and then by Vril, and then the long string of famous tens, including Verve I., Verve II., Madge, Ulerin and Queen Mab. Mr. Watson is purely a designer, his yachts being built by others; in all he has designed over 220 yachts, from the largest steam yachts down to small racing boats, in addition to some commercial work, lifeboats, etc.

In 1875 there came out in England a noted yacht, the 10-tonner Lily, from whose published design the cutters Muriel and Mona were afterward built, with some modifications, in this country. She was the work of Alexander Richardson, of Liverpool, an amateur, who next year produced the famous 20-tonner Challenge, and in 1877 adopted designing as a profession, in later years gaining fame through Silver Star, Irex and Iverna. About 1875 another young amateur, C. P. Clayton, began his work at Southampton, being particularly successful in the now extinct length classes of the Itchen.

Will Fife, Jr., the designer of Minerva, Clara and Ailsa, is a builder by birth and education, his father and grandfather, both of the same name as himself, having been famous for generations on the Clyde. His work as a designer began almost as a boy, early in the 70s, and though he has always been connected with yacht building, he is in every sense a professional designer, ranking very high.

Mr. J. Beavor Webb, designer of the challengers Genesta and Galatea, and of the fine steam yachts Corsair, Intrepid and Sultana, was originally an architect by profession, taking up designing about 1875 as an amateur, one of his most successful boats, the 20-tonner Freda, being designed in 1880.

From this brief sketch of the course of designing abroad, it will be seen that it began largely in the work of a few ambitious young amateurs about 1875, who have since made their reputations as designers, replacing the old builders. At the present time the men who are best known as the heads of the leading building yards, Arthur E. Payne, C. E. Nicholson, J. M. Soper and others, are at the same time recognized as expert designers as well.

The fact that the yacht designer obtained recognition abroad some years sooner than in this country makes it natural to deal first with the British designers, but it is interesting to note that A. Cary Smith, of New York, can lay claim to a position among the first of the professional designers. In 1870 Mr. Smith was engaged in yacht building after the fashion of the day, employing no drawings or calculations, but depending on the cut model and the eye. In that year the late Robert Center, always among the leaders in matters of sport, especially in yachting, returned from a residence of several years abroad—having crossed from New York to Cowes on the schooner Fleetwing in the famous triangular ocean race of 1866—and brought with him a familiarity with the English cutter and also a copy of Marett's book. With the book as a guide, and following the general design of the cutter Mosquito, Mr. Smith made his first design on paper without a model, making all the calculations and comparing the results with those tabulated by Marett. From this design was built in 1872 the first American cutter in model and rig, and the first yacht built in this country from a design on paper; to cap it all, the hull, as in Mosquito, being of iron instead of wood. After an extended and comprehensive vocabulary of ridicule and abuse had been exhausted on the model and rig of the new craft, yachtsmen and builders had still plenty to say in condemnation of the unknown method of building, without a block model, and of the use of iron in place of wood; and besides those who contended that a yacht produced in such a manner could never sail, there were others who

declared that an iron hull would never float. Under Mr. Center's ownership and personal handling Vindex proved as remarkable in this country as Mosquito had been abroad, and, though nearly ten years were to pass before yachtsmen would be ready to accept the keel model, the cutter rig and the iron hull, it was the practical and irrefutable demonstration which she gave that first silenced and eventually convinced the most obstinate.

It was during this period that American yachtsmen were divided into two parties—one, the larger by far at first, taking the side of the practical builder who took part personally in the actual handiwork of his yard; the other, at first very small, contending for the employment of a trained and educated specialist, untrammeled by the business details of building, and necessarily enjoying far more extended opportunities for carefully planning a yacht than the man of more limited education, whose time was largely taken up with his machines and his workmen. While most of the yachts of this period were built from the model by the old builders, some very successful ones, among them White Cap, Madcap and Intrepid, were designed by Mr. Smith; and then, at the end of 1879, came out the "iron pot," Mischief, also designed by him. She was the best of the centerboard sloops, a carefully worked out design embodying many modern ideas in model, construction, ballasting and rig; and her well-deserved success settled forever the issue between the old methods and the new. The brief but brilliant career of the late Edward Burgess and the achievements on both sides of the Atlantic of N. G. Herreshoff are so nearly matters of to-day that they hardly form a part of the history of the origin of designing.

Apart from the professionals mentioned and others of more recent date, there have been many amateurs who have contributed largely to the advancement of yachting and designing through special studies and excellent practical work; their names being known to our readers through such published designs as those of Petrel, designed by John Hyslop, a yacht far in advance of her day; the 90ft. racing schooner Sea Fox, designed by her owner, A. Cass Canfield; and the experimental compromise cutter Thetis and the 90ft. cruising schooner designed by Henry Bryant. The late Robert Center was a skillful amateur designer and a most exact and painstaking draftsman, delighting in fine and accurate work.

The experience of some years has shown that the builder and designer are in no way antagonistic, but that their interests are in common; and that the division and specialization of the work has been an advantage to all concerned. On the part of the builder, he is in the long run paid as much for building from an outside design as he was when he furnished the model or built "out of his head" without one; he is relieved of much detail work, and, if he faithfully follows the design, of all responsibility for the performance of the yacht. On the part of the owner, it may be said that he pays more for his yacht to the amount of the designer's fee, but this is small in proportion to the total cost of the yacht; and he certainly has a far better knowledge of what he will get and a better guarantee of good performance in ordering designs and specifications of a designer of reputation than in making a contract with a builder on the basis of a roughly-cut model which probably showed neither spars, rudder, keel, centerboard or cabin trunk.

There is, it is true, no positive guarantee that the work of the most talented designer will not prove a failure; nor is there any redress for the owner if this should unfortunately prove the case, but the same is true in the case of the builder, and in a greater degree. In discussing the relations of builder and designer it must be borne in mind that the general adoption of modern methods has greatly altered the whole question; and that, while the builder of a generation ago or less was almost always wedded to certain crude ways of his own, many of the builders of to-day are well versed in the methods of the professional designer.

For the yachtsman with any taste for science, study or practical work in connection with yachts, designing is one of the most delightful of recreations. A study of it even to a limited extent cannot fail to make him more observant and to teach him much that is of value concerning his yacht. It is not to be expected that with limited time and opportunities for study he will surpass or even equal the professional who is making a life work of designing; but with intelligence and diligence he may at least win the respect and commendation of the latter, and may add materially to the sum total of naval knowledge. While his opportunities are in some respects more limited, at the same time he is often enabled to pursue certain lines of study from which the designer is barred by the demands of a business that is both arduous and exacting.

The actual work of designing is most fascinating; there is no combination of inanimate matter which comes so near to life and intelligence as a vessel, and the creation of one that will move hither or thither at the will of her owner, that will be weatherly, able and easy, possessing those qualities which are generally recognised as desirable, that will be beautiful to the eye, and above all faster than some other of her fellows, is an achievement that well repays the pains. The general planning of a yacht is a most interesting problem, given certain assumed conditions to attain certain results; the drawing is clean, light work, with a certain charm of its own as the solid form develops itself by degrees from the many straight and curved lines of the one flat surface of the drawing board just as the image does on a photographic plate; the various calculations are interesting and open a wide field for investigation to those who are fond of mathematical problems; the construction presents a different but no less interesting problem of a mechanical nature, and the artistic possibilities of a design are almost unlimited.

The house architect is called on to produce a structure that is at once strong, convenient in arrangement and beautiful, but in doing this he need not consider floatation, speed or weight of construction; the naval architect is called on to produce greater strength with a very limited amount of material, to arrange to advantage a form that is peculiarly awkward so far as division into rooms is concerned, and at the same time to give the first place to speed and weatherly qualities. The painter or sculptor finds his work finished when he succeeds in gratifying the eye; the yacht designer, on the other hand, even though he has achieved perfection in all other respects, is still open to condemnation if he turns out a craft that is lacking in beauty and grace. There is, perhaps, no occupation which makes such extensive demands at once on the deductive powers and the mechanical and artistic ability.

Modern Design and Construction.

THE following case, as reported by the *Yachtsman*, is a most pertinent commentary on *fin de siècle* design and construction. Without attempting to decide the exact merits of the case, we are of the opinion that the man who deliberately purchases a racing machine of 10ft. beam and 16ft. l.w.l.; with bent frames nailed to keel and devoid of any adequate system of floor construction, has no one to blame but himself when the trap falls to pieces. While poor workmanship and split garboards may have been contributory causes, one does not have to look far for the main causes, the structural weakness of such an extreme form, and the very inadequate scantling and extreme light construction.

The case of Forrestt & Co. vs. Colley was tried before Mr. Justice Grantham in the Queen's Bench Division on Dec. 20. Mr. Channell, Q. C., and Sir Leonox Napier, instructed by Mr. George Terrell, appeared for the plaintiffs, the well-known yacht and ship builders of Wivenhoe; Mr. Joseph Walton, Q. C., and Mr. Poyser, instructed by Sandilands & Co., were for the defendant.

Mr. Channell, Q. C., in opening the case, said that the action was for £91, the balance of the agreed price of the 1-rater Wivern, built by the plaintiffs for the defendant, Mr. P. Colley, of Woodbridge, Suffolk. In March, 1895, some correspondence took place between the plaintiffs and defendant as to altering the Doushka, so as to make her more suitable for river sailing on the Orwell, Deben and East Coast. Eventually the defendant decided to order a new boat of the beamy, unballasted centerboard type to Mr. H. W. Ridsdale's design, the plaintiffs agreeing to allow him something for the Doushka. She was to be similar to one then building for Mr. W. P. Burton, about 15ft. on the waterline, 10ft. beam, and 25ft. over all, with 400sq. ft. of sail. In April the defendant wrote: "I will let you build me whatever you think will race. Do not forget that our rivers want plenty of sail; in the sea a large hull and small sail will do, but in the Orwell, with the water quite smooth and plenty of calms, we want plenty of sail. * * * All I ask is a fast boat. I do not want to be beaten by Mr. Burton." Afterward the defendant agreed to take over the boat building for Mr. Burton instead of having a new one. The Wivern was launched on June 1, and sailed in Harwich regatta on June 8, when she led for a short time, but fell behind owing to the centerplate being bent, so that it could not be got up. The next day she was towed back to Wivenhoe to have this defect remedied, and it was found that one of the garboards was cracked as if by a blow. She was repaired by Messrs. Forrestt, and on July 6 the defendant took her back to Harwich. On July 18 the defendant wrote as follows: "Dear Sir—I capsized the Wivern to-day, and owing to the capsize I had a good look at her bottom. I am sorry to say I must decline to take her, and request you to return me the Doushka, and let me know where I shall deliver the Wivern to you. The planks on each side of her keel are no good at all, they split while you were building her, and were patched up, etc. * * *" The defendant had refused to pay anything for the Wivern on the ground that she was unseaworthy and improperly constructed; the plaintiffs were therefore obliged to bring this action.

Mr. Dixon Kemp, secretary of the Y. R. A., gave evidence for the plaintiffs. He said he went down to Shingle street in October last, and saw the Wivern lying on the beach. She was an extreme example of the type of boat produced by the old Y. R. A. rule of measurement. He thought the type was extinct now, owing to the alteration of the rule. The shape of the boat was governed by the rule of measurement in force. It was very important, for racing purposes, to have the construction as light as possible, and designers ran a good many risks for that reason. He found both garboards were split, and the keelson timbers were burst away. He concluded that this was done by some violent shock. She looked as if she had been chucked on the beach by the sea, and lay broadside on, with no supports, resting on the shingle. She was sufficiently strongly constructed for racing in calm weather in sheltered waters; the construction was clever for this purpose; but a fin-bub-keel would not have stopped on her five minutes—the strain would have been quite different. The mere fact of capsizing could not have caused the injury sustained. All the heels of the timbers were wrenched quite away; that extent of damage could not possibly have been done when she was afloat.

In cross-examination by Mr. Joseph Walton, witness said he never saw such a boat before. At the time the Wivern was ordered an alteration in the rule was contemplated. The planking was unusually wide—a little light; it had bulged inward and come away from the timbers and driven the frames up from the keel. He would probably have designed a stronger frame-construction himself.

Mr. H. W. Ridsdale, the designer of the Wivern, bore out counsel's opening statement. He said that Mr. Colley wished everything to be sacrificed to speed, and said he did not care whether she was seaworthy or not. He was certain that Mr. Colley was inexperienced in sailing such a boat.

Cross-examined by Mr. Walton, witness said he should not be surprised at anything Mr. Colley did with a boat. The damage might have been caused by Mr. and Mrs. Colley sitting on the keel when the Wivern capsized, or in other ways. The boat was to be of the best construction, and there was no haggling as to price.

Mr. Johnson, one of the directors of Forrestt & Co., was examined as to a conversation with Mr. Colley before the race, in which he expressed his satisfaction with the boat. Cross-examined: Mr. Colley said that the centerplate had got bent when they went aground.

Harry Wood, shipwright in the employ of Messrs. Forrestt, said that the boat was only intended for smooth water sailing. The planks were 8½in. wide, and she was strongly constructed with longitudinal bulkheads, and timbers spaced 6in.

Mr. Ridsdale (re-called) spoke as to seeing the bent centerplate at Harwich regatta. It came up with difficulty. John Simons (from Messrs. Forrestt's) said he repaired the damage to the starboard strake after Harwich regatta. He thought the boat had been bumped. Mr. H. G. Rouse said he had recently examined the Wivern as she lay at Shingle street, and thought she was very well constructed. The timbers originally crossed the keel on the top and were nailed down. Cross-examined by Mr. Poyser: The timbers had lifted about 4in. when he saw them.

Mr. Joseph Walton, Q. C., opened the case for the defendant. He repudiated the suggestion of Mr. Ridsdale that his client, Mr. Colley, was inexperienced in handling small yachts. He admitted that the Wivern was built for racing simply, but contended that she should be fit for something more than sailing in perfectly calm weather. The centerplate got bent first when sailing round from Brightlingsea, and again when racing at Harwich, so that it could not be housed; afterward it touched the ground. When the Wivern capsized she was taken charge of by experienced sailors, laid ashore, covered up with a sail, and it was found that nothing but weakness of construction had caused the timbers to come up as they did.

Mr. Philip Colley, the defendant, denied that the Wivern had ever touched the ground till the end of the race at Harwich; the centerplate was bent in sailing. He was quite satisfied with the boat then. He described the circumstances of the capsizing of the Wivern in the middle of the River Alde, owing to a foul puff of wind. Witness and his wife and man were thrown into the water; they climbed on to the keel and paddled her to the shore. Afterward, when she was hauled ashore in a suitable place, he saw that the garboard strakes were split. Cross-examined by Mr. Channell, he did not notice anything wrong when they were sitting on the keel. When they got ashore the defects were pointed out to him.

Reginald Colley, son of the defendant, confirmed his father's account. The boat made a good deal of water on the Sunday at Harwich. Charles Barwood, sailor in defendant's employment, gave similar evidence. After the capsize he noticed the garboards were split on each side and the timbers displaced. Cross-examined: She leaked badly. James Barwood, skipper to Mr. Colley, said no damage was done in the course of righting and hauling her up. Mr. Alfred Burgoyne, yacht builder at Kingston-on-Thames, said he examined the Wivern in August. She lay securely on the beach. All the timbers were sprung and the bottom of the boat corrugated. There was no proper fastening of the timbers to the keel; the planking—which was about 12in. wide—was sprung; the decks were also corrugated. Cross-examined: She was well designed, and otherwise in good order. Mr. W. H. Orvis, yacht and ship builder, of Ipswich, confirmed the evidence of the last witness. He attributed the damage entirely to weakness of construction. Mr. Justice Grantham, in giving judgment, said the defendant had failed to satisfy him that the timbers and garboards had started owing to faulty construction. The learned Judge dealt at some length with the correspondence, from which, he said, it was clear that the defendant's one idea was to get the fastest boat possible under the then existing rule, irrespective of seaworthiness or any other qualities. Such a boat must of necessity be lightly constructed, and would require careful handling and looking after. A man who bought a delicate machine like that, 26ft. long and 5½in. thick, must not be surprised if something went wrong. He thought it highly probable that the damage to the boat's bottom was caused by the three people sitting on the keel when she capsized. She might also have been strained in righting her again, as the side must have rested on the shingle. The plaintiffs' case was further strengthened by the defendant agreeing to take over the boat then building for Mr. Burton instead of having a new one. In the end he gave judgment for the plaintiffs for the full amount claimed, namely, £91 and costs, and held that they were entitled to retain the Doushka as well.

Sapphire, steam yacht, A. L. Barber, arrived at New York on Dec. 27 from Brunswick, Ga., after a cruise in the West Indies.

Amateur and Professional.

IN connection with the adoption of permanent racing rules by the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, two important questions have been raised which should be settled as effectually as possible, but which are likely to prove very difficult. One of these is the difference between an amateur or "Corinthian" and a professional, as applied to yacht sailing—an old question which has frequently come before us for decision. It is by no means an easy matter to decide a specific case in which the facts are admitted, and it is very much more difficult to frame a satisfactory definition of an amateur or a professional which will be generally applicable. It is probable that the Council of the Y. R. U. will be called on to do this, and any suggestions or discussion of the subject will be of interest not only to the Y. R. U., but to the clubs, and particularly to the various associations of yacht clubs. We know of nothing in yachting or allied sports which will serve as a guide.

The aim of such a definition is, as we take it, to protect the *bona fide* yachting amateur, whose time is not given exclusively to the sport, from the competition of those who, by training or occupation, are possessed of strength and skill which he does not possess.

It may be assumed, so far as Corinthian sailing is concerned, that the one most to be encouraged by the rules is not the man of means and leisure who lives constantly aboard his yacht; nor on the other hand the man who follows the water closely as an occupation; but the man of average means and limited time who devotes most of this time to yachting. There is nothing invidious in discriminating against the first two classes, as their conditions are such that to leave both unrestricted would virtually exclude the third class.

As concerns the first class, the men of leisure, by the common usage of all sports they are recognised as fully qualified amateurs, and we shall not quarrel with this decision. At the same time a serious amount of harm has been done at times, as in rowing, by a class of amateurs who devote themselves exclusively to training and racing, often for prizes of great intrinsic value if not cash, and who are in every way more talented with professionalism than mechanics who are barred as professionals under certain rules and yet follow rowing or sailing for pure love of the sport. In yachting, however, there is little harm from this class, as the majority care little for the really hard work and discomfort which lead to Corinthian honors. A man who is lucky enough to have his time entirely to himself in summer and can spend six days in the week in sailing and working on his yacht is at a very great advantage as compared with the young business man who finds time only for an occasional sail of an evening, some hard work beaching and scrubbing off early of a morning, and a race of a Saturday afternoon; and yet both may be amateurs in a true sense. This particular phase of the question cannot be covered by any rule.

With the second class, of professional sailors or waterman, the case is different. They may be good sportsmen, owning yachts of their own and racing them for pure sport without regard to valuable prizes; but it must be evident that from their constant familiarity with boats and the water, and from the nature of their work, they have attained special strength and skill, with which the average amateur cannot and should not be called upon to compete. What adds to the difficulty in yachting is that, while in most sports a hard and fast line is drawn between the man who races for cash prizes and the one who does not, the awarding of cash prizes is a universal custom in yacht racing.

The difficulty in the way of one general definition is evident when it is considered that a rule so worded as to exclude all who race for money would shut out the whole body of racing men; a rule directed against those who earn their living by work afloat or about vessels would exclude naval officers, who are always recognised as amateurs in yachting; and a rule worded so as to bar all who worked for pay on a vessel would also bar many excellent amateurs who have been to sea before the mast or in the engine room.

There are several classes, however, which may be positively set down as professionals, the first being composed of all who accept any compensation for their services aboard a yacht in a race. Of course this should not be construed to apply to helmsmen's prizes, or to the designer, for instance, who sails aboard a yacht in a race with a view to making alterations; but it would cover all who are paid a direct fee for handling stick or sheets or who are indirectly compensated in any way for such services. No doubt some hard cases would arise under a definition embodying this idea; a man might be hired by the day to saw wood and then given a half holiday provided he would sail a yacht in a race; but evasions of this class can generally be reached by a regatta committee provided that it has a rule of some sort to fall back on.

Apart from this class—which, it may be assumed, cares nothing for sport, but sails for pay just as it would saw wood—is another class of professionals, men who work about the water all the time, who perhaps are good sportsmen and sail for sport, but who in many cases are not amateurs. In covering this class in any definition it is most necessary to recognise a distinction between those who, like the officers and many of the hands on a large vessel, have no hard labor or work which gives them special skill in steering a yacht or trimming sheets, and the large body of men who are employed as seamen, fishermen, boatmen and pilots at manual labor on vessels.

Just where to draw the line is a difficult matter. The builder, as a rule, is a professional, many devoting much of their time to boat sailing, fishing and racing; at the same time it is quite possible that a builder with any considerable amount of business to which he devoted himself steadily might be to all intents and purposes an amateur sailor. The designer is always considered an amateur when not a builder, and sometimes even though he be.

One very difficult point is to draw the line between a man's past and present occupation; a boy follows the sea for some years before the mast, finally gives it up and goes ashore to study law or sail ribbons, and in time becomes a yachtsman; he certainly cannot be barred as being a professional sailor.

It has frequently happened that a young man has gone to sea before the mast for a time and immediately on leaving the forecastle—his means permitting—has gone into yachting, being recognised as an amateur; on the other hand, men who have been unquestionably professionals all their lives have sought to pass as amateurs after a few months of some other occupation ashore. We shall be glad to hear further from all who are interested, and to lend our aid to a thorough discussion of the question.

Lawley's Yard.

LAWLEY has about finished the 35ft. cruising cutter for Charles A. Welch, and she will be launched and fitted out as early as possible in the spring. The boat is a clean-lined and powerful one, with a moderate sail plan and fine cabin accommodations. She is 35ft. over all, 12ft. beam and 7ft. 6in. draft, with a centerboard under the cabin floor. She is painted white above the waterline and bronze below.

Nina, the 32ft. launch for B. F. Dutton, for use in Florida waters, is ready for shipment and is a fine-looking craft and splendidly built. She is 8ft. beam and 18in. draft, and is driven by a 7 horse-power Daimler motor, placed in the after standing room. The forward standing room is 4ft. 6in. long, and the after standing room 7ft. Both may be closed by curtains. The cabin is 7ft. 6in. long, with 4ft. 3in. headroom, and has a toilet room aft. The finish is in mahogany. The naphtha for operating the motor is carried in an 80-gallon tank forward. The launch can be steered from either standing room, and is expected to make six or seven miles an hour.

The ½-rater for H. M. Crane, from his own designs, is practically completed and is a speedy looking racer. She is about 14ft. waterline, 5ft. 6in. beam and 6in. draft, with very short overhangs. She will have a metal board and balanced rudder. Her sail plan calls for a short bowsprit. She is double planked, the outside skin being of mahogany, and is also decked with the same wood. The cockpit is watertight and without a combing, protection from water coming aft being given by an athwartships combing further forward.

The Williams cruiser, of Chesebrough design, is beginning to show her shape. She is double planked and copper fastened, and is being built all through without regard to cost. A 24ft. naphtha launch and a handsome rowing gig for Eugene Tompkins's new steam yacht building at Bath are in hand in the boat shop. A 21ft. cabin knockabout, built to Association rules, is completed for the market. A 24ft. cabin knockabout for New York will soon be started.

Work will soon be begun on the 28ft. centerboard cruiser of Arthur Binney's design for Charles D. Owen, Jr. The boat will be cutter rigged and have a roomy cabin, with toilet, etc.

Open and Cabin Boats.

THERE is nothing new in the question as to the dividing line between open and cabin racing boats in the smaller classes of yachts, and after long discussion it is still unsettled; but there is a serious need for some definition by the Yacht Racing Union. Where any distinction has been made, as has at times been done, the main point has been the minimum height of side of cabin house above the deck, the limit being 10 or 12in. This of itself is not enough, and it may be necessary to supplement it by a requirement that the minimum length of house shall bear some ratio to the waterline length, and that the cabin yacht shall have some permanent fittings other than a seat in the cockpit and a locker on each side in the cabin. It has been possible in the past to make a very successful racing yacht in the cabin classes by converting one of the extreme type of old-fashioned open jib-and-mainsail sandbaggers, putting on a low and very light cabin house, shipping some fixed ballast and somewhat reducing the rig. So far as a legitimate and comfortable cabin yacht is concerned, the combination was a failure; but it could enter in the cabin classes against good boats and almost always outsail them.

Another detail of the same question is the classing of the "summer cabin" boats, with light wooden roofs and canvas sides; a matter that has long given considerable trouble.

In the interest of the rapidly growing classes of good cabin boats about New York, some definition should be fixed on this winter and enforced next season. It may be necessary at first to deal leniently with existing boats which have thus far raced in certain classes; but the rule should be framed for the future and not for the past, if necessary some exception being made in the case of existing boats.

The Yacht Racing Union.

THE annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound was held on Dec. 30 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, with President Oliver E. Cromwell in the chair, the following delegates being present: Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., Oliver E. Cromwell, C. W. Wetmore, Charles A. Sherman; Corinthian Fleet, J. D. Sparkman; Harlem Y. C., F. Wimmer and J. D. Creegan; American Y. C., M. C. Parsons; Indian Harbor Y. C., F. B. Jones; Knickerbocker Y. C., O. H. Chellborg and F. B. Myrick; Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., F. E. Towle, Jr., George Gardner Fry and E. P. Cronkhite; Hempstead Harbor Y. C., Ward Dixon; Sea Cliff Y. C., Le Grand L. Clark; Huntington Y. C., David A. Story; Huguenot Y. C., E. Burton Hart, Jr.; Douglaston Y. C., F. E. Barnes; New Rochelle Y. C., Charles P. Tower; Atlantic Y. C., H. J. Gielow.

The nominating committee presented the names of the present council, who were re-elected, as follows: Oliver E. Cromwell, chairman; Frederick E. Barnes, Stuyvesant Wainwright, Oscar H. Chellborg, Le Grand L. Clark, E. Burton Hart, Jr., and F. Bowne Jones, secretary.

The special committee on racing rules presented a set of proposed rules, which will be acted on at the next meeting. Several proposals were laid before the meeting—for a definition of an amateur, and also of a cabin boat, and for some general system of members which should indicate the class of each yacht.

Yacht Racing Calendar and Review.

THE Yacht Racing Calendar and Review, published by the *Field* (Horace Cox) and edited by Dixon Kemp, is growing into a larger volume each year, having now reached 800 pages. The book contains the full record of British yachting and racing for the year 1895, and in convenient and readily accessible form, the matter being reprinted from the *Field*. In the preface Mr. Kemp notes the interesting fact that while only about 70 matches were sailed in British waters in 1856 and something over 400 in 1876, the number has grown to 1,700 in 1895. To those who do not see the *Field* week by week and who wish to follow the records of Niagara and other American yachts abroad, the book will prove very interesting, as the *Field* is noted for the excellence of its race reports.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Sodus Bay Y. C. was incorporated under the laws of New York in August, 1895, with a membership of 70, that has since been increased to 100. A lot was purchased on which there will be erected as soon as the weather permits a commodious club house. During the last season some very interesting races were sailed over the club course on Great Sodus Bay. Several new yachts have been constructed, and the season of 1896 promises to be even more interesting than that of '95. At the second annual meeting the following officers were elected: Com., Spencer Meade, Elmira, N. Y.; Vice-Com., T. E. Elliott, Newark, N. Y.; Fleet Capt., W. H. Cook, Sodus Point, N. Y.; Sec'y-Treas., Dr. F. L. Wilson, Sodus Point, N. Y.; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. F. Nutten, Newark, N. Y.; Meas., F. J. B. Le Febre, Sodus Point, N. Y.; Trustees: C. H. Perkins, chairman; A. C. Barth, J. M. Pitkin, Jr., C. P. H. Vary, P. R. Sleight, all of Newark, N. Y.

On Thursday, Dec. 12, Capt. J. H. Anderson's new steam yacht Perlona, built by Messrs. W. White & Sons, of West Cowes, to the designs of Messrs. Cox & King, ran a trial trip of four hours' continuous steaming. The distance by log was exactly 41 knots, which was covered in 4h. 4m. 15s., thus giving a mean speed for the four hours' run of 10.07 knots. At the start, which was made about three hours after high water, the weather was fine, with a fresh breeze from S.W., but the barometer fell very rapidly, and at noon it was blowing half a gale. By the time the yacht rounded the Warner Lightship it had increased to nearly a whole gale, so that the last 8¾ knots were run at a mean speed of 8.974 knots per hour. Thus, under the weather conditions that prevailed, the contract speed of 10 knots per hour was obtained with ease. The Perlona, without stopping, then proceeded to run a progressive trial, consisting of three double runs on the measured mile, with the following results:

Mean No. of Revs.	Mean I.H.P.	Mean Speed.
173	114.75	10.069
140	92.38	9.111
120	77.96	8.092

—*The Field.*

The December number of the magazine *Men and Matters*, published in New Orleans, is devoted entirely to the Southern Y. C. of that city. The history of the club, with many half-tone portraits and notices of the members and yachts, fills the entire number in a most interesting manner. The new magazine deserves much credit for the thorough and artistic manner in which it thus recognized one of the leading institutions in Southern sport.

Talisman, steam yacht, H. M. Ballantyne, was at Wilmington, N. C., on Jan. 4, from New York, with all well aboard. A report was circulated about New York on the same day to the effect that the yacht had been lost.

The Carthage Ice Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Benjamin Merritt; Vice-Com., Stephen Glass; Sec., Robert Dunwoody; Treas., Wm. Merritt; Meas., Charles Merritt.

The catboat Herald, which left New York for Florida on Oct. 21 manned by two women—Mrs. Minnie Matthews and her daughter, Mrs. Ella Haller—and a dog, has reached Norfolk in a damaged condition after encountering very heavy weather. The crew suffered considerably from cold and exposure, but they propose to refit at Norfolk and continue the voyage.

The Massachusetts Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Edwin P. Boggs, stmr. Nashawena; Vice-Com., Oliver Hazard Perry, slp. Fanita; Rear-Com., Louis M. Clark, knockabout Spinster; Sec'y, John S. Clark, Jr.; Treas., Robert C. McQuillen. Directors, Henry W. Savage, Erastus Willard, L. S. Jordan, William O. Gay; Meas., William E. Waterhouse; Ass't Meas., Charles H. Dodd; Race Committee, William S. Crosby, C. Edwin Bockus, William E. Robinson, Jacob A. Barbey, Jr., Albert E. Schaaf; Committee on Admissions, E. M. Dennie, Francis Gray, Walter A. Underwood, Harry H. Gay, E. T. Bigelow, George Burroughs, E. H. R. Revere; House Committee, Charles G. Cutter, George M. Whitcomb, A. M. Blinn, Charles L. D. Parkhill, A. W. Randall.

For a close season the Montreal yachtsmen have been more than busy since early in December. The entertainment committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has on hand a couple of smokers at their "winter moorings," besides the annual ball, which takes place on Jan. 20. This is usually the event of the season, and promises this year to rank as high as ever. The enthusiasm instilled into the local "salt," no doubt on account of the Seawanhaka cup challenge, promises to bring out a great fleet of 15-footers. Some fourteen gentlemen are expecting to build, of which five have started. Mr. James Ross, schr. Alcesa, has offered three substantial cash prizes, and the steam yacht owners promise the same, this being of course over and above the usual club prizes. There will be no lack of encouragement to owners of these boats.

The 15-footers are likely to figure conspicuously about Boston next season, the Massachusetts Y. R. A. will probably make formal recognition of the class. The Adams brothers boat is a certainty. Another 15-footer has been designed by James Nicol, of Quincy, who has started to build her himself. Another designed by her owner, H. M. Crane, is building at Lawley's.

The *Yachting World* of Dec. 27 is a Christmas number of extra size with a new and attractive cover. The supplemental plates show the auxiliary steam yacht Valhalla, the 5-rater Norman and the 40-raters Isolde and Carina in a race. Two designs are given for a cruiser of 18ft. measurement, Y. R. A., and a 16ft. centerboard sailing boat.

Arthur Binney has designed and the Fore River Engine Company will build for John A. Burnham, Jr., a 35ft. auxiliary cruising cutter, which will have a Daimler motor underneath the cockpit and a screw which can be hoisted to a well in the counter when sail is used. The yacht will be 52ft. over all, 12ft. 6in. beam and 8ft. 6in. draft, with moderate sail plan. The cabin will be a roomy one, with 6ft. 2in. head room, under a low house. The construction of the boat will be of the best, and the cabin finish in white enamel, with mahogany trimmings. —*Boston Globe.*

The cutter designed by Arthur E. Payne and building by Summers & Payne for Lord Dunraven, will be named Cariad. She will be finished in season for the Mediterranean races, where she will meet Britannia, Allsa and Satanita. Her measurement will be 130ft. under the new Y. R. A. rule.

The steam yacht building at Roach's yard, Chester, for Richard Stevens, and which, according to report, was to be named Rancocas, has been christened Aileen on the occasion of her lauch on Dec. 31. She is 140ft. over all, 115ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam, 13ft. depth and 7ft. draft, with triple expansion engines of 400 H. P. She carries two masts, schooner rigged. As soon as she is completed she will sail for the West Indies.

Arthur Iselin, son of Adrian Iselin, Jr., has ordered a racing 15-footer to be designed and built by L. D. Huntington, Jr., of New Rochelle, designer of Question. Mr. Huntington has also in hand a 15-footer for his own use.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE annual meeting and dinner of the Red Dragon C. C. took place on Friday, Jan. 3, in Bohemia, Eighth and Sansom streets, Philadelphia.

There was a very large attendance, more than three-fourths of the entire active and associate membership being present. Most of the old officers were re-elected, the result being as follows: Com., A. S. Fenimore; Vice-Com., Wm. J. Scott; Purser, Omar Shallcross; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. F. O. Gross; Correspondent, M. D. Wilt; Quartermaster, E. W. Crittenden.

The club has just been incorporated, and the charter and seal were formally presented by the committee.

The trustees for the ensuing year are Messrs. Fenimore, Shallcross and H. W. Fleischmann.

The purser's report showed the club clear of floating debt, with a good balance in the treasury, a constantly increasing membership and prospect for another very successful season.

The club will continue this year the very successful record sailing races for canoes and canoe yawls inaugurated last season, with the addition of a new racing class of boats of 15ft. sailing length. Several new boats will be built for this class and two or three of the yawls will be altered in rig to enter it.

The club sat down to dinner at 7:30 P. M., the guests of honor being Mr. J. K. Hand, of the New York and Knickerbocker Canoe Clubs, Vice-Com. of the Atlantic Divison, A. C. A., and Mr. C. B. Haag, an old commodore of the Red Dragons, who has been absent from the city for several years. After the inner man had been duly attended to, and in several instances he seemed to need a great deal of attention, toasts were responded to by Vice-Com. Hand, Messrs. Fenimore, Murray and others.

A letter of regret at his inability to be present was received from Com. Huntingdon, of the A. C. A. Afterward the Red Dragon quartet and the banjo and mandolin clubs and several individual members entertained the club and the meeting broke up in the wee sma' hours.

M. D. WILT.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

On the strength of news from America, the English papers have published semi-obituaries of Wm. Willard Howard. It would appear that Mr. Howard, who went to Armenia last September as the agent of the *Christian Herald*, of New York, is alive and safe, though he has been laid up by a fall in some Russian town. A very good portrait of Mr. Howard appears in the *Yachting World* of Dec. 27.

The eighth annual meeting of the Puritan C. C. was held at Young's Hotel on Jan. 4, the following officers being elected: Com., James W. Cartwright, Jr.; Vice-Com., Frank R. Kimball; Rear-Com., Howard L. Rogers; Treas., Lothrop Hedge; Sec'y, Charles F. Dodge. Directors: the foregoing and James Bragdon and Ed. S. Gilmore; Meas., John R. Robertson. House Committee: Commodore, treasurer and L. J. Webster. Membership Committee; Raymond Apollonio, Frank R. Kimball and Sam'l Johnson 2d.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

POLICE REVOLVER SCHOOL.

THE need of the school for the training of New York's police in the art of pistol shooting is more and more in evidence as the lessons proceed. Their shooting is bad—very bad indeed—but to say that it is bad without further explanation is not justice to the men, for, first of all, skill in the use of the pistol is not a matter of inspiration, nor is skill acquired by mystic methods. It requires assiduous practice combined with a fair theoretical knowledge of ballistics. This the men heretofore could not get. Without the proper opportunities to practice it was an impossibility for the force to attain the necessary proficiency with the revolver.

The men have been often held up to ridicule for their unskillful shooting, but not having the opportunities for the needed schooling they could not be skillful. Thus there was much to say in extenuation.

The policemen are now confessedly students in the art, and as such their attempts should not be subjected to ridicule. There is a most admirable enthusiasm in the force toward improving their shooting, and the competition, or rather the spirit of emulation, will be a potent factor in keeping up permanent interest. Unfeeling ridicule might dampen their ardor.

As for the usefulness of the school, no words are necessary to prove it. Nothing is more absurd than to put pistols in the hands of men who neither know how to use them nor know the powers of their weapons.

The men, with no opportunities for practice and instruction, could not in reason be expected to be skillful. Not instructing the force was an injustice to the public and an injustice to the officers of all cities in the land, for an unskillful policeman shooting at a malefactor in a densely populated city was more likely to hit innocent persons, and thus be a danger instead of a protector; and the officers themselves were in greater danger from not being properly trained to meet skillful criminals when pistols were a last resort. It is well known that many noted criminals are trained to a skillful degree in the use of their weapons, and for efficiency on the part of the police in protecting the community and protecting themselves the highest skill in the use of the pistol is necessary.

Were it known, moreover, that the force was skillful in the use of firearms, the moral effect on the criminal classes would go far toward maintaining good order and suppressing crime.

Thus the unskillfulness of the force in the use of their pistols more properly lies at the doors of those in authority, who have not provided the necessary schooling and who have not made practice and improvement arbitrary.

So far as New York's police force is concerned, in its skill with firearms it probably is no better and no worse than the forces of other great cities, all of which goes to show that they need a similar school of instruction to improve the usefulness of their protectors.

All men cannot become good shots with a pistol any more than all men can be equally good at any other accomplishment. But all can attain a reasonable degree of skill, and all can learn their own powers and the powers of their weapons, so that the most unskillful at the worst can learn how *not* to kill an innocent citizen if he cannot learn how to shoot the desperate malefactor.

Practice brings steadiness and reliability. However excellent may be the man's natural capabilities, his shooting will be inferior without practice. Without practice the wild shot comes in every once in a while, even though most of the shots are bullseyes, while the man who has not the eminent natural ability, but who practices regularly, never makes a rank bad shot, though he may never shoot with expert precision.

The force is fortunate in having Sergt. W. E. Petty for an instructor. Sergt. Petty is an expert. It will be remembered that he won the Winans trophy in competition against all comers in America, and he has a profound knowledge of the theory of shooting as well. After the men come to know their pistols better the scores will improve. Many of the pistols used are too light and there is much that is experimental in the way of sighting, holding in the hand, etc. Rapid improvement undoubtedly will soon be made.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of last week are given the particulars of targets, scores, etc., the possible being 75. Following are the scores: Barrett 26, Maxwell 47, Judge 21, Murphy 17, Daly 24, Lyons 3, Tobin 13, Wucher 29, McQuade 59, Kennedy 15, Wettlaufer 42, Schwarz 33, McTaggert 5, Cunningham 5, Raphael 12, Clare 10, Sergt. P. McNally 27, Sergt. J. J. McNally 40, Dowling 7, Heffron 16, Murphy 17, Loures 3, though Mr. Loures shot out the gas lights while making his score; Zettner 29, Logan 15, Healy 13, McCabe 32, Finlay 54, Gullity 29, Driscoe 35, Wilbur 30, Cronin 20, Coombs 16, Brummiger 8, Young 38, Slattery 28, Sullivan 13, Murphy 0, Byrnes 21, Akerly 34, Westphal 39, Malarky 29, Rickman 7, Lynch 29, Benson 29, Wagner 14, Townsend 34.

Records of San Francisco Riflemen for 1895.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 28.—To-day was the last shoot of the 1895 season for the members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club of this city. As a natural result the members were out in good force at the Shell Mound range; the final contests for the medals were extremely interesting. Following are the scores made:

Kuhnle medal, target rifles: F. O. Young 91, D. W. McLaughlin 91, A. H. Pape 78.

Glindermann medal, military rifles: Ed. Hovey 47, F. O. Young 47, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 46, E. Poulter 46, J. B. McCutcheon 42.

Blanding medal, pistol: F. O. Young 90, Smith Carr 89, W. H. Lowry 74, J. B. McCutcheon 69.

Carr medal, revolver: Howard Carr 32, 93, 94, 92; J. E. Gorman 93, 94, 19, 17; A. H. Pape 18, 17, 17, 18; F. O. Young 15, 16, 10, 8.

In regard to the shooting for the Carr medal, the San Francisco *Call* says: "In shooting for the Carr medal, rapid firing, the practical use of the pocket revolver was demonstrated, and those who saw the performances of Carr and Gorman yesterday were astonished at what can be done in the way of rapid firing with accuracy. Carr shot with an ordinary self-cocking revolver, and his first, third and fourth scores, with five shots each, were made in eight seconds to the score, every bullet hitting the bullseye, 50yds. away. His second score was made in seven seconds. Carr's total was 106, while Gorman's was 109 in about the same space of time."

The last event of the season was a team race between teams of eleven men chosen by Dr. Rodgers and D. W. McLaughlin; the conditions of the shoot were: Ring target, 200yds. range, three shots each, highest possible 30 points. The result of the match was a victory for McLaughlin's team by the exceedingly narrow margin of 1 point—345 to 344. These totals show a general average for both teams, that is, for the twenty-two men, of 80 per cent. The scores were as follows:

McLaughlin 28, Poulter 19, Pape 26, Cran 94, Bohr 28, Barley 28, Daiss 18, Kennedy 30, Glindermann 26, Hess 29, Lowry 28. Total 345.

Rodgers 24, Young 25, Hovey 21, Dorrell 24, Gorman 30, Shults 28, Klein 22, Helburg 16, Unfred 28, H. Carr 23, McCutcheon 23. Total 344.

The annual dinner and distribution of prizes brought the day's proceedings to a close. Dr. Lee O. Rodgers, president of the club, presided at one of the tables, Howard Carr presiding at the other. After an address by the president, in which he reviewed the past history of the Association, the secretary, F. O. Young, outlined the probable plan of action for 1896. Other short speeches followed and then came the distribution of prizes. Below is a full list of the prize winners for 1895:

Rifle, champion class—Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 91, 90, 89, 84—354. First class—P. Bohr 87, 86, 83, 81—336. Second class—A. Fets 73, 74, 74, 71—291.

Pistol, champion class—A. H. Pape 94, 94, 92, 90—370. First class—J. E. Gorman 93, 91, 90, 86—369. Dr. Rodgers made a tie with Gorman on the score of 369, but the latter was the winner according to the Creedmoor rules. Second class—F. Dennis 84, 83, 75, 53—323.

Kuhnle medal, rifle, all comers, won by Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 94, 91, 92, 92—369. F. O. Young and D. W. McLaughlin came near reaching this score on scores of 361.

Glindermann medal, military rifle, won by F. Poulter—48, 48, 48, 46—190. He was closely followed by Hovey with 189, Young with 186, Rodgers with 180 and Pape with 184.

Siebe medal, rifle, pistol and musket, won by F. O. Young. Scores: Rifle—90, 90, 90, 91—361; pistol—93, 93, 94, 94—376; musket—47, 48, 46, 47—186. Total, 923.

Young was closely followed by Rodgers, who lost by only one point, as here shown: Rifle—92, 92, 94, 91—369; pistol—91, 94, 94, 93—375; musket—44, 46, 46, 44—180. Total, 924.

Ladies' medal, .22cal. rifle, at 50yds., off-hand, won by Mrs. L. J. Crane—92, 96, 97, 96—380. Mrs. J. Nicholl was not far behind with a score of 386, and Mrs. O. M. Peck scored 377.

Blanding medal, pistol, won by C. M. Daiss, closely followed by Smith Carr. Young and Rodgers have held this medal in the past.

The Young medal, rifle on muzzle rest, was won by Glindermann—99, 98, 90, 84—371.

Foster medal, for most 10s with a rifle, won by Dr. Rodgers, 148 10s.

Kellogg medal, Springfield rifle, 500yds, won by F. O. Young on the four best scores.

In reviewing the work of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Association, the San Francisco *Call* of Dec. 28 says:

"Three years ago a dozen of marksmen who were fairly proficient in the use of pistols and revolvers organized a pistol club which became known as the Columbia Pistol Club. Nearly every member was also a good rifle shot and belonged to one or more rifle clubs; but they decided to widen the scope of the Pistol Club by including rifle practice, and the 'and rifle' was inserted in the name.

"Now the club's roll shows over sixty members, all of whom are so expert in the use of the rifle and pistol that they stand ready to issue or accept a challenge from any club for a contest with their favorite firearms.

"The Columbias are not selfish in their favorite sport, for they included the ladies in their membership, and offered medals and valuable prizes to the fair sharpshooters, who of course use light rifles.

"During the past year 16 prizes have been contested for and several thousand scores have been shot for each medal. The riflemen have not confined themselves to the use of one or two firearms, but their records have been made with military rifles, fancy sporting rifles, pocket revolvers, large revolvers, sporting pistols and .22-cal. rifles, at all distances, from 50 to 500yds., and with hair triggers to triggers with 6 and 8lbs. pulls.

"This practice has brought out two young men whose records stand the highest in the world with the military rifle. Ed Hovey uses a Sharp's and Frank Poulter a United States Springfield. Their

records on the 8in. military bullseyes show an average of 46 points on 22 scores. None of the authorities upon military rifle matters name any rifleman in the United States—or in the world, for that matter—who has anywhere near reached the records of Hovey and Poulter."

Rozel.

The Last Shoot of 1895 at Walnut Hill.

Walnut Hill, Mass., Dec. 28.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its last shoot for the season of 1895 at its range to-day. The attendance of shooters, all bent on improving their scores, was very good. The winners of the various prizes will be announced on Jan. 4.

To-day Humphrey won the gold medal in the directors' match. Busfield, Tuck and Foster won association medals in the matches that closed with to-day's shoot. Below will be found the scores in detail:

Conditions: 200yds. range, standard American target:

Name	Scores
Directors' Gold Medal Match.	
J Humphrey	8 9 10 7 8 7 9 9 7 9—83
S Gleason	10 9 6 6 8 6 9 6 8 8—76
W M Foster	8 9 10 6 8 5 8 6 5 8—73
Gold Seal Medal.	
Won on 10 scores of 85 or better by	
James Busfield	88 86 88 89 86 86 86 86 86 86
Gold Eagle Badge.	
Won on 10 scores of 82 or better by	
J Busfield	84 84 83 84 83 85 86 85 83 83
Gold Seal Medal.	
Won on 10 scores of 85 or better by	
H E Tuck	86 88 85 86 89 89 85 86 86 87
Bronze Victory Medal.	
Won on 10 scores of 85 or better by	
W M Foster	76 85 77 87 75 76 78 76 81 77
Bronze Seal Medal.	
Won on 10 scores of 75 or better by	
W M Foster	83 81 79 83 82 82 78 76 76 79
Off-hand Prize Match.	
S C Sydney	10 8 9 9 10 6 9 10 10 5—86
J H Dalton	8 9 10 8 10 8 9 10 6 7—85
S T Parks	10 8 10 9 6 8 8 7 9 6—81
B E Hunter	74
M T Day	71
All Comers Off-Hand Match.	
S O Merville	7 7 6 7 7 9 9 10 10 9—81
B J Charles	8 9 5 10 7 7 8 10 7 6—77
M T Day	75
S D Martin	72
Best Prize Match.	
*H L Willard	11 12 12 12 12 12 12 11 12 12—118
	11 11 12 12 10 11 12 12 12 12—115
*F Daniels	12 12 12 9 12 11 12 11 12 12—115
	10 12 12 10 12 11 12 10 12 12—113
*W M Ford	108
J F Hench	98
C A Coombs	105
Medal Rest Match.	
*T E Russell	11 10 9 11 10 12 12 11 12 12—110
	11 10 12 12 11 12 12 10 9 10—109
Military Prize Match.	
A R Schulze	5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 4—47
G W Reid	5 5 4 4 5 5 4 5 5 4—46
A E Harlow	4 5 4 4 5 4 5 4 5 5—45
C P Natter	5 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 5—45
G R Russell	4 5 5 5 4 5 5 3 4 5—45
C H Brigham	5 4 4 4 5 5 4 5 4 4—44
I B James	4 3 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 5—44
W Claupein	42
H S Robbins	41
A Cummings	42
J B Hobbs	40
W L Puffer	41
M S Dudley	39
Pistol Prize Match, 50yds.	
T Anderton	10 10 10 8 8 9 10 9 8 10—92
	9 8 10 10 10 9 8 9 10 8—91
W A Stevens	88
S D Martin	88
M T Day	87
J F Hench	81

*Telescope sight.

Cincinnati Rifle Scores.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 29.—Messrs. Payne and Hasenzahl shot their second 50-shot to-day, Payne winning by 2 points—406 to 404; the winner distinguished himself by making a score of 90.

The following scores were also made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association; conditions: 200yds., strictly off-hand, 3lbs. trigger pull, Standard American target, 7-ring black:

Name	Scores
Gindele	9 8 9 7 10 10 7 8 7 10—85
	9 9 7 9 7 8 9 8 9 10—85
	8 9 9 8 9 9 8 6 8 8—82
	10 7 8 9 7 9 7 9 10 10—86
Louis	8 7 8 7 8 9 6 8 9 10—80
	8 10 8 8 5 7 9 6 7 6—74
	5 8 8 7 10 7 9 7 5 8—74
	8 9 6 9 7 6 7 8 5 6—71
Weinheimer	9 5 6 9 7 10 8 8 8 10—80
	8 8 6 9 4 7 8 7 6 8—71
	9 8 6 6 4 6 8 7 9 6—69
	5 6 7 6 9 7 7 6 7 8—68
Wellinger	9 10 8 7 10 7 8 4 8 6—79
	1 10 9 8 9 9 8 7 6 8—80
	9 6 10 8 7 8 6 10 8 7—78
	8 7 9 5 9 9 6 7 7 7—74
Hasenzahl	10 5 8 9 9 7 8 8 9 10—83
	7 8 9 8 9 8 6 9 10 9—83
	9 7 10 10 7 10 9 9 7 8—86
	10 8 7 9 6 6 9 7 9 10—81
Frank	4 4 2 5 7 4 9 6 4 9—54
	3 5 6 4 3 7 6 3 8 5—50
	5 5 5 2 6 4 7 4 6 6—50
	5 3 5 8 2 9 7 3 3 6—50
Payne	9 10 9 10 9 9 10 7 10 7—90
	7 10 10 8 8 8 9 10 9 9—88
	8 9 9 10 9 9 6 8 9 9—86
	9 9 9 7 8 9 9 8 7 8—83
Randall	9 5 7 9 8 9 7 4 7 5—70
	10 4 7 7 6 10 6 8 5 10—73
	9 6 8 7 8 7 10 9 8 7—77
	7 7 7 9 5 7 10 7 6 6—71
Topf	7 5 9 10 7 8 10 5 8 6—75
	7 4 5 8 5 7 8 5 5 10—64
	5 8 6 5 5 3 8 7 9 6—62
	5 9 5 9 7 6 8 5 6 4—64
Strickmeier	10 10 5 8 9 4 10 7 5 7—75
	9 10 5 10 7 6 10 8 8 6—79
	5 8 7 8 9 10 7 7 6 6—73
	8 5 6 7 10 6 10 5 9 7—73
Drube	6 8 8 7 9 6 8 8 7 9—76
	9 9 6 5 8 6 7 9 8 7—74
	7 6 7 4 9 7 8 10 10 5—73
	8 5 5 8 7 8 6 10 7 6—70
Ehlerding	4 5 5 8 4 7 7 7 7 9—63
	8 6 7 6 9 9 8 9 7 4—70
	4 10 5 4 8 3 7 7 5 6—59

Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association.

Parry Sound, Ont., Can., Dec. 26.—Below are the scores made by the clubs that form the Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association at their December shoot:

Name	100yds.	200yds.
King City Club.		
J W Crossley	10 10 10 9 9—48	10 9 10 10 9—48—96
W J Ross	10 10 10 10 8—48	7 10 10 9 10—46—94
G W Carley	10 9 8 10 10—47	10 9 10 5 9—43—90
A Carley	10 8 8 8 10—44	10 8 7 10 8—43—87
Dr Norman	9 8 8 10 8—43	10 7 1 1 7—26—69—436
Toronto Club.		
W J Graham	9 9 10 10 9—47	6 6 10 9 4—35—82
T Allen	10 10 4 7 4—35	10 8 9 9 10—46—81
H M Cusack	5 5 10 10 8—38	10 7 5 6 10—38—76
J L Scholes	9 10 7 5 9—40	9 10 7 5 9—32—72
J Thompson	10 10 5 3 9—37	9 6 2 8 8—33—70—381
Bradford Club.		
Dan Neilley	10 10 10 10 10—50	10 7 6 10 10—43—93
A McWilliams	10 9 7 6 9—41	7 9 6 10 7—39—80
John Neilley	10 8 6 10 7—42	9 10 9 6 6—40—82
H Parker	8 7 7 7 4—33	7 8 10 3 10—38—71
J G Neilley	6 9 4 7 7—33	8 10 6 10 9—38—71—397
Parry Sound Club.		
Rodeny O Stokes	10 10 10 9 10—49	10 7 10 10 7—44—93
Wm Stafford	9 10 9 8 8—44	10 8 8 7 10—43—87
F Laurie	10 8 9 10 10—47	2 4 10 10 5—31—78
D F MacDonald	10 7 7 8 9—41	10 5 5 10 8—38—79
Geo White	10 5 3 10 1—29	9 9 9 9 6—42—61—398
Wanaakasene Club.		
T Newburn	10 10 6 10 6—42	10 3 10 0 5—28—70
T White	9 6 7 10 9—41	4 4 4 6 10—28—69
D Henman	10 6 10 10 7—43	1 10 5 6 2—24—66
I R Leggett	10 10 7 7 8—42	1 0 6 5 10—22—64
R W George	6 7 6 8 8—35	5 2 1 8 3—19—54—325

D. F. MacDonald, Secretary.

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 1.—The Pittsburg Rifle Club had a capital shoot to-day at Wilkinsburg, the following scores being made:

Standard American target, 200yds.:

Hodgdon	36	40	32	38	36	37	Brehm	32	37	34	36	36 ..
Ittel	34	41	36	48	39	29	Stoehr	26	30	..	22	28 33
Stoner	28	39	36	33	29	36	Jones	37	40	..	41	32 39
Huggins	37	35	31	29	43	46	Newell	..	..	..	24	34 28
Schmidt	23	26	28	32	26	..	A Frazer	..	..	..	29	36 30
Hofmeister	24	23	30	21	23	37	C Frazer	..	..	..	25	34 32

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Jan. 7-11.—San Antonio, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the auspices of Texas State Sportsmen's Association and management of J. M George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field), $2,000 added.

Jan. 22-24.—Utica, N. Y.—Mid-winter tournament on the grounds of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association; live birds and targets. J. W. Fulford, Manager.

Feb. 1.— ————.—Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 26 men to a team. (Place of shoot not fixed.)

Feb 25-26.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Sixth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

March 25-27.—New York.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

April 14-17.—Atchison, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—Wellington, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. P. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 30-May 2.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-8.—New York.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 13-15 — Memphis, Tenn. — Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 12-14.—Dayton, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—Cincinnati, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—Kansas City, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—Frankfort, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1 —Milwaukee, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 1-6.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 8-13.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Davenport, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—Cleveland, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

July 30, 31.—Goshen, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

At the Carteret Club on Jan. 4 the main event was the contest for the Knapp cup, one of three presented to the club by J. P. Knapp. Among those who took part was Peter H. Morris, who came determined to win if he possibly could. Mr. Morris brought with him a sure mascot; this was his hat, a Tyrolean green felt hat, at the back of which he wore a cockade of feathers from the tail of the European black cock; at the root of this cockade peeped out the upper jaw of a groundhog with all the teeth in it. Mr. Morris stated that he bought the hat in Marienbad when he was last in Europe, and added that the peasants wore the groundhog amulet for luck. All we can say, judging from results as we saw them, is that a groundhog's jaw is not in it with a certain rabbit's foot we wot of.

R. S. Waddell, representative of the Hazard Powder Co. in the Southern States, has issued a card calling attention to the Hazard tournament at Cincinnati next May. The card runs as follows: "The Hazard Smokeless Powder tournament for amateurs and experts, at Cincinnati, O., May 19-22, 1896. Two thousand dollars in cash and prizes, donated by the Hazard Powder Co. A magnificent meeting. Centrally located on the tournament circuit. You are invited. A welcome to every sportsman." Mr. Waddell tells us that he has not as yet decided on the form of the programme, but promises something new and attractive.

Montreal, Can., has a new gun club. The new organization is called the Montreal Gun Club; its officers for the year are: President, George Boulter; Vice-President, C. Percy Taylor; Secretary-Treasurer, R. B. Hutcheson; Executive committee: George Cleghorn, Edward Eaton and Norman Nash. The club will hold monthly shoots on grounds that have been secured at the Atlantic Club house, *Cote des Neiges*.

The reporter of sporting events who is paid by "space" is naturally tempted to magnify some small shoots, making them attain proportions out of all keeping with their real value to the shooting public. Still that is not quite so bad as the work of a reporter in this city who less than three weeks ago turned a 5-bird match, in which the two contestants missed 3 out of the 5 birds, into a 25-bird race, in which the last 20 birds were killed straight by each man, the totals showing 22 each.

Jordan L. Mott, Jr., the patentee and inventor of the Mott disappearing live-bird trap, told us while at the Westminster Kennel Club's shoot on New Year's Day that he has made several new improvements in their workings; among the improvements are a greater noise when the trap opens, thus scaring the bird more effectively, and the addition of a new "flipper" calculated to make a sitter hustle itself to get away.

The high wind and the great class of birds provided at the Westminster Kennel Club's shoot on New Year's Day played havoc with the scratch men. Out of 212 birds trapped in the main event, only 37 showed any signs of incoming tendencies. The trap score type copyrighted by Forest and Stream helps wonderfully to tell the story of a match, showing as it does the flight of each individual bird in such a way that anybody can understand it.

Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, has something to say in our columns that should prove of interest to gun clubs in the New England States of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. The Association proposes to hold a tournament in each one of those States, and asks gun clubs that would like to have such a tournament given under their auspices to correspond upon the subject.

The Interstate Association announces formally the selection of Elkwood Park as the place where the Grand American Handicap of 1896 will be held. The announcement is couched in the following terms: "March 25-27.—New York.—The Interstate Association's fourth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds at Elkwood Park; $1,000 guaranteed in the main event; all surplus added."

Royal Robinson, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes us as follows: "The Limited Gun Club will hold a three-days' target shoot on May 26-28; no one barred. This meeting will fill the gap between the Hazard Powder Company's tournament at Cincinnati and the Illinois State shoot at Chicago, and will be a good stopping place for experts who follow the circuit."

The change of dates for the Grand American Handicap from April 1-3 to March 25-27 is a wise move, as it will enable many intending contestants to take in both the Sportsmen's Exposition at Madison Square Garden, New York, March 16-21, and also the Grand American week at Elkwood Park.

H. S. Lippack, proprietor of Dexter Park, L. I., intends holding a live-bird shoot during the first week of February. The main event will be a 25 live-bird handicap, $10 entrance, birds extra. This style of sweepstake is getting very popular around New York, and Dexter Park should be able to get at least fifteen or sixteen entries.

The programme for the E. C. Powder Company's tournament is being gotten under way. It will be out in plenty of time for every one to see just what Capt. Money and his son Noel have prepared for their amusement during the first week of May.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., had a capital live-bird shoot on New Year's Day. An entry list of 16 in a 25-bird race, $15 entrance, makes a very nice shoot. The high wind made the birds hard to locate, the result being that 23 was high.

An extremely cold and high wind spoiled the target shooting at the fifteenth annual New Year's tournament of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J. The boys were there, but the stove and the lunch were far pleasanter companions than guns and empires on Jan. 1, 1896.

Secretaries of gun clubs and the managers of tournaments should not fail to remember Forest and Stream's tournament squad pads when they are making preparations for holding a tournament. Send for a sample.

Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., winner of the Du Pont trophy at the Baltimore shoot, has been adding largely to his laurels by his work at the holiday shoots in his native State; at the Davenport, Ia., shoot on Dec. 30 he shot like a crackerjack.

A team of shooters from Omaha, Neb., journeyed to Council Bluffs, Ia., on Jan. 1 and shot a race with a team representing the local club. As a result the Omaha men took supper with the Council Bluffs boys, the latter losing the price of the banquet by one bird.

The Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club announces that it will hold its sixth bi-monthly tournament on Feb. 25, 26. As usual, the tournament is open to all. First day's events are at targets, second at live birds.

The Iowa State tournament for 1896 will be held at Davenport, Ia., June 9-11. R. B. Cook, of Davenport, is secretary of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association.

Edward Banks.

Protect the Amateurs.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following item, published in one of our local papers, would, I think, be good reading for the manufacturers of shotguns and ammunition as well as for several of the leading firms that retail the same and who have representatives at nearly all the large tournaments:

"Philadelphia, Dec. 10.—It is rumored that the racing board of the League of American Wheelmen will recommend the abandonment of the semi-professional form of bicycle racing as exemplified by Class B riders. The class was created to relieve the amateur ranks from competition with men who were employed by makers of wheels, and who, while carried on their pay rolls as salesmen, clerks, etc., were in reality doing nothing but going around the country and racing to advertise the wheels of their employers. The recent exposure of Titus, Cabanne and Murphy was the culmination of the charges which have been made against Class B, in which the public has lost confidence, and last week the manufacturers decided, by a mail vote, to abandon racing as a form of advertising."

At the present time it is almost impossible to attend a shooting tournament without running up against a land shark of some description; either the private shooter who has a pull with some firm for ammunition, shells, powder or gun, or else we meet the full-fledged traveling representative of some large firm, who has two or more regulars and a number of special shooters who scour the country and take most of the money. There are at least two firms who have a trio of shooters who shoot for them at the large tournaments, and they also have a large number of crack shots on the free list who get their shells for shouting the merits of their goods.

I trust the manufacturers will pardon me for expressing myself so freely with regard to the manner in which they advertise their goods, at the expense of amateur shooters who enjoy attending a large tournament. I have thus far mentioned but two firms, but there are others too numerous to mention who are represented by the professional tournament chasers.

If the manufacturers and dealers must continue to have a brigade of experts, I would suggest that the leading gun clubs adopt a programme as follows: Make all the events 10 targets, with a uniform entrance fee of $1.25, targets included at 2½ cents each, and use Paul North's sliding handicap, that is, make all high guns in first event shoot expert rules in the next event, and so on. By so doing, the brown-stone-front professionals could not pay expenses, and in that case the firms represented by them would soon have to take their "cracker jacks" off the road.

The popular programmes that are issued by nearly all the leading gun clubs have all events at 20 targets; it will be found by calculation that a shooter must average 80 per cent. to get even a fifth place. No doubt, however, these 20-bird events have become popular with paid shooters from the fact that it puts the first money out of the reach of amateurs; all the good pots with the added money are then sure to be divided among manufacturers' representatives.

D. S. Wadsworth.

Bayside Gun Club.

Keyport, N. J., Jan. 1.—The Bayside Gun Club held its monthly shoot on New Year's Day, with a cutting northwest wind blowing directly from the score. It chilled the shooters to the marrow and made the flight of the targets very erratic. Wm. Watts won the badge with a score of 21. Thirty-four men faced the traps, and although some withdrew on account of the cold, it was a very interesting shoot. This club is growing fast in membership and promises to develop some very good shots.

Conditions, 25 bluerocks per man, known angles:

Name	Score
Wm Watts	1111111110101110111111110—21
M Brower	1010101111111011011011111—19
J R Walling	1111011011000111011110111—18
S Cramer	0110011111111001111101101—18
H Bennett	1111011000111100111111101—18
D W Walling	0100011101111111001111011—17
G Wainright	0101110010110111110111100—16
W H Perrine	0110111011010001110101111—16
G G Hoagland	1011101001110110101100110—15
A Thome	0111100001011011110101100—14
W B Walling	0110110011100000011110111—14
J T Walling	0110100111001101001011110—14
H E Ackerson, Jr	0001011011110110101001101—14
D A Heyer	0011101111001111000101010—14
E Seabrook, Jr	0001100001111000101110110—13
Wm Brower	1101000011100110010110101—13
Geo Pease	1101100111100100110011000—13
C Ackerson	0111001111011100000010101—13
A Carhart	0101000010100111001111110—13
J Aumack	0111001001010000100110110—11
O Covert	0100111100110001000011000—10
J Vigue	0110001001000111011101010—12
P Force	0110010100101101100001110—12
O C Bogardus	1001000100101100000001110— 9
W E Bedle	0010010100111100010000010— 9
L B Walling	0100010010100011000010000— 7
Wm Van Matar	1000000100000000000000010— 3
Thos Compton	11110010011100110111w
Wm Curtis	0100011000010100100000110— 8
Wm Maurice	000000100010011w
Winfield Maurice	01100w
Chas Loster	010001000000100w
A Morris, Jr	000000011001000w
M Gaffey	001110101001101w

After the close of the shoot for the badge one sweep was shot with 12 entries, C. Ackerson winning first money, Wm. Watts second.

Widgeon.

Zeeland Again Defeats Holland.

Holland, Mich., Dec. 26.—Once more we have had a contest with the Zeeland Gun Club for the championship of the county, and once more we did not win; we seem to be running against fate or something else. The shoot was held to-day at Zeeland. It was an elegant day to shoot, the sky being clear and bright, but we were somewhat handicapped by the targets being thrown at sharper angles than we have been accustomed to, and the spectators were so noisy that the trap puller seemed unable to hear us when we called "pull." We were beaten by 16 targets, 107—91.

In the sweeps that followed the team race Holland came out ahead. The scores in sweep No. 2 were as follows:

No. 2, 10 targets: H. Harmon and A. G. Baumgartel, 9; P. Smits, A. Smits, Ferguson, Kranz and Van Eyck, 8; Dulyea and J. Smith, 7; H. Karsten and Thomas, 6; Holley, Arieth, Dulyea and C. H. Blom, 5; De Roo, D. Blom and O. Baert, 4.

The score in the team race follows:

Name	Score	Total
Holland.		
A Smits	1111111111101111111011101—22	
H Van Eyck	1101000111111111110111101—19	
A Kamps	1111101111010101111110011—19	
J Krantz	0111011001111100110111101—17	
H Karsten	0110110000111110111010101—15	
Ed Vanderberg	1110101000111100111101010—15	—107
Zeeland.		
P Dulyea	1111111110101101110110110—19	
C Harmon	1011111110101111001001100—16	
S Arieth	1001101101111010101001111—15	
H Harmon	0101101011011101111110000—15	
C J de Roo	1000111111010100110010110—14	
A Ferguson	0111010110000100010101101—13	— 91

A. G. Baumgartel.

In New Jersey.

CLIMAX GUN CLUB'S RECORD FOR 1895.

The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., is composed of 68 members; its grounds are located midway between Fanwood and Plainfield, in a field near the Fanwood Road House. The club holds monthly prize shoots at targets, the system of handicap in force being one of allowance of extra targets; the allowances range from 1 to 10 extra targets. The club shoot is at 25 targets, unknown angles. Points are scored for any number of breaks from 20 up to 25; no shooter can score more than 25 targets at any shoot, no matter how many he breaks; for 20 breaks 1 point is scored; for 21 breaks 2 points and so on; 25 or more breaks score 6 points to the shooter. To qualify for a prize a shooter must attend a majority of the 12 monthly shoots.

The record of the club for 1895 is given below, the secretary, Dan Terry, informing us that every shooter who has taken part in the majority of the shoots this year is entitled to a prize. With that information as our basis, we figure that the prize list will be as shown in the following table:

	Allowance.	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.	Points.	Prize.
C Smith	0	250	217	86 4/5	29	4, 5 or 6
T H Keller	0	225	193	85⅓	21	8
T Brantingham	0	275	238	88	25	7
N Apgar	0	200	186	93	34	3
R H Breintnall	0	50	39	78	1	..
F Van Dyke	0	75	63	84	6	..
C Hebbard	0	75	58	77⅓	3	..
D Terry	1	286	218	76⅛	16	10
R B Manning	2	270	232	85 9/10	41	1
L Schortemeier	1	130	117	90	22	..
W Squires	2	61	48	59¼	0	..
Joe Zeglio	4	58	28	49¼	0	..
P J Zeglio	5	60	48	80	7	..
Scott Terry	3	140	86	61⅓	1	..
D L Darby	5	330	248	75 1/5	36	2
J Swody	6	279	197	70	29	4, 5 or 6
W Pierson	5	240	168	69 1/5	15	11
John Darby	7	256	169	66	17	9
E Edwards	5	180	140	77¾	24	..
J Goodman	6	279	154	55 1/5	2	12
W Terry	4	145	91	63⅓	2	..
J M Taylor	3	84	63	75⅓	10	..
A Trust	5	30	17	56⅔	0	..
T McCarthy	10	70	34	48½	0	..
J Singer	10	280	182	65	29	4, 5 or 6
A Woodruff	8	108	88	80 1/5	13	..
Capt Cramer	4	29	20	70	1	..
J Grier	8	165	148	89 3/5	30	..
W Stephenson	10	70	41	58 3/5	0	..

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Dec. 25.—The Christmas Day shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, at Rutherford, N. J., was well attended, 16 shooters putting in an appearance; 13 events were shot off in addition to an individual match between Eddie Collins and Krebs, the latter winning with the excellent score of 45 out of 50, the targets being thrown at unknown angles. Considering the difficult way the targets are thrown at Rutherford, the scores in the sweeps were very good. Results in all the events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	20	10	15	15	10	10	25	10
Huck	7	8	8	9	17	17	9	11	11	8	9	19	8
Adams	5	9	8	7	18	18	8	12	12	9	7	23	6
Krebs	9	8	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	7
Greiff	9	9	10	9	..	..	7	..	11	9	10	23	8
Marvin	..	..	7	..	14	16	7	..	7	2	8	..	7
Welles	..	..	..	..	16	17	8	..	11	10	7	17	8
Simpson	..	..	..	..	18	19	10	12	13	8	8	20	9
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	12	11	9	8	23	10
Paul	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	13	..	..	21	..
Weiss	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	4	7	6	13	5
Thornton	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	9	7	8	16	6
Coe	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	8	4	..	6
James	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	7	9	..	6
DeWolfe	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	10	..	..	14	..
Lawrence	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Frank	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..

Match—50 targets, unknown angles:

Krebs.....1111111111111101111111101—23
1111101100111111111111111—22—45
Collins.....1110101111111011100101101—18
1110111111111111101111011—22—40

SINGAC GUN CLUB.

Dec. 25.—Several members of the Singac, N. J., Gun Club spent this afternoon at the traps on the club's grounds at Bunn's Hotel. The birds provided by Arthur Bunn were of the very best quality; their capabilities for flying and quickness are well shown by the scores made; so strong on the wing were they that during the afternoon 24 of them were scored dead out of bounds. In event No. 3 each man lost a bird that way in the same round, or rather five successive birds dropped dead out of bounds. The main event of the day was a four-handed match between Wright and Henry as one team and Morgan and Smith as the other team. The conditions of the match were: 25 live birds per man, $25 a corner, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. The result was a victory for Morgan and Smith by two birds, the scores standing 37 to 35 in their favor. Scores in all the events were as follows:

Wright (30).....1221202●222022●0●12●220●2—16
Henry (30).....2221222●2122222202●20●—19—35
Morgan (30).....120●0●2122222110●1121●—18
Smith (30).....10●●22●1022122222●2222222—19—37

	No. 2.	No. 3.		No. 2.	No. 3.
Wright (30)	02222—4	2●222—4	Smith (28)	2●02●—2	2●20●—2
Morgan (29)	11200—3	0●212—3	A Bunn (28)	22222—5	●0222—3
Conners (28)	21202—4	2●222—3			

Nos. 2 and 3 were 5-bird sweeps, $3 entrance.

Conners and A Bunn shot a match at 15 live birds, the conditions being $25 a side, Bunn to use only one barrel. The result was a victory for Conners by one bird, the score standing 11—10 in his favor.

DUTCHER.

AT WILLARD PARK.

Dec. 27.—Pier, of Boonton, N. J., and Nesbitt, of Newark, N. J., met to-day at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., in a match at 25 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, fence boundary (about 65yds.), Hurlingham rules, $25 a side, loser to pay for the birds. There was a strong wind blowing across the traps from left to right, making right-quartering birds the hardest to catch. It will be noticed that the majority of the lost birds were of that flight. The birds supplied by Boyle Bros. were an excellent lot; many of them as good as ever were trapped. Pier's 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 14th, 20th and 24th, and Nesbitt's 5th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 15th and 18th were all exceedingly fast. Pier's 11th dropped just out of bounds, while his next bird dropped 3ft. inside the boundary, but got out before the dog could retrieve it. The dogs that did the retrieving were Morfey's Eagle and Boyle's Nancy; both dogs did well. This match created quite a lot of interest and a good crowd was present to witness it. Betting was brisk, with Pier as favorite. As will be seen from the score, the non-favorite won by two birds. T. W. Morfey acted as referee; official scorer, Dutcher. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Pier.....0 0 1 1 2 2 2 0 0 2 ● ● 1 2 2 0 0 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 1—16
Nesbitt.....2 0 2 2 0 2 2 0 1 0 2 0 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 2—18

DUTCHER.

BRUNSWICK GUN CLUB.

Dec. 28.—The monthly shoot of the Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., was held this afternoon, the following being the scores made in the club shoot, which is at 25 targets, unknown angles:

W E Sperling.....1111111111111010111111111—23
V S Voorhees.....1111111001111111011111111—22
H H Stevens.....1111111110111110111101110—21
J A Blish.....1111101111100101111101110—19
S Randall.....1111110111001001111110111—19
E Reynolds.....1111111011011011010111011—19
I Hoagland.....1101111101110101011111010—18
H B Smith.....0111101101011100111111011—18
B McDowell.....0011001111100111111101101—17
M Allen.....1000011011011101111111100—16
P W Fick.....0011101110110111001101101—16
R C Nicholas.....1100100000111110011111110—15
I W Howell.....1000011100111101001000100—11
H Iredell.....0011100010110011100001000—10
A Reamer.....1001010001000011111000001—10
R Booth, Jr.....0011000001100000000001011— 7

H. H. STEVENS.

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

Dec. 28.—The regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the South Side Gun Club was fairly well attended to-day, those who were present having all the shooting they wanted. The team race was a very close contest, Thomas's team defeating Breintnall's team by two breaks. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Breintnall	8	6	7	9	..	..	..	10	8
Hassinger	5	7	9	8	..	..	7	10	..
W M Smith	5	5	6	4	..	..	..	9	5
Orton	7	4	..	5	..	..	..	..	6
Dawson	4	3	..	..	5	3	..	..	4
Young	8	7	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Whitehead	..	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	7	6	7	6	9	5	7
Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Team race:

Thomas's Team.

Thomas.....1011111111101111101111011—21
Folsom.....1000111111010111111011101—18
J H Terrill.....1111111111111111111110011—23
W M Smith.....1111111110011111111011110—21
Orton.....0011110100101111111101011—17—100

Breintnall's Team.

Breintnall.....1111011111011101111111010—20
Hassinger.....1111101111011110111100111—20
Young.....1111111110111011111111101—23
Green.....1111111111111111111000101—21
Dawson.....1100101011110101011101001—15— 98

THE NEW YEAR'S TOURNAMENT.

Jan. 1.—The fifteenth annual New Year's tournament of the South Side Club, of Newark, N. J., was held to-day. The attendance was good, but the extremely cold and high wind kept the boys around the stove instead of at the score. There were 25 shooters present, but the average entry list was very small for the reasons above stated. All events in the table given below were at unknown angles with the exception of No. 3, which was shot under the expert rule, and No. 6, which was shot from traps pulled in reverse order. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	20	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Hassinger	7	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Van Dyke	7	12	7	13	12	7	19	14	10	8	6	6	9	9	10	..	..
E A Geoffroy	5	13	6	12	14	6	16	10	8	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..
J M Taylor	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
R H Breintnall	8	14	8	8	8	9	..	..	6	5	7	..	6	..	..	..	..
Warren Smith	7	12	6	..	7	5	17	..	8	..	..	9	4	5	..	..	..
E Sickley	9	14	..	12	12	7	13	15	6	..	..	7	9	9	9	..	..
L Thomas	4	..	8	..	..	8	..	..	8	..	..	5	7	5	..	8	5
N Astfalk	7	10	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Parker	4	9	..	9	..	8	..	..	6	..	..	9	4	7	..	..	..
W Dawson	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Will Smith	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Haskard	..	7	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Adams	..	..	4	13	13	8	14	14	7	..	..	9	8	7	..	..	..
H Folsom	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Young	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Heddon	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Walters	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	9	..	..	9	7	8	9	..	..
A Whitehead	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	7	..	1	..	..	8	..
A Sickley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	9	7	8	..	..	6
W Hollis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	8	5	7	6	6	7
J Richmond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wheaton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Sprague	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	6
P M Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..

Team race:

Whitehead's Team.

A Sickley.....1110111101111011111111110—21
I H Terrill.....1111001011111111100111101—19
A Whitehead.....0001011010100100001001100— 9—49

Thomas's Team.

L Thomas.....0101111101011101101101111—18
W Hollis.....1011111111111000010001011—16
Sprague.....0111001011110101110100000—13—47

The tie between J. Richmond and Major J. M. Taylor for the Winchester gun was shot off to-day, Richmond winning by three breaks. Conditions: 25 known, 25 unknown, and allowance at unknown angles. Score:

J H Richmond (58).....0110111111110111111001101—20
1111011111111011101111101—21
11111111 — 8—49
J M Taylor (59).....1111111101011111101000011—18
1110101111111111110101111—21
011111101 — 7—46

W. R. HOBART, Sec'y.

TEAM SHOOT AT LONG BRANCH.

Jan. 1.—A team race was shot to-day at Cedar Hill, Long Branch, between 7-men teams, captained respectively by Judge Charles Morris and Collector W. R. Joline; Judge Morris's team won by 11 breaks. Conditions: 7-men teams, 12 targets each:

Morris's team: Morris 11, E. E. Tabor 9, G. W. Bennett 9, J. C. Flinn 7, Dan Slocum 6, C. W. Wooley 3, Geo. Edwards 1; total 46.

Joline's team: W. H. Van Hise 10, W. R. Joline 9, H. G. Wooley 7, J. Van Hise 4, D. G. Edwards 4, J. Milmore 1, H. P. Bennett 0; total 35.

CENTRAL GUN CLUB.

Jan. 1.—The Central Gun Club, of Long Branch, held a shoot to-day at Branchport. The birds were a capital lot, while the northwest wind made them hard to stop. Leander Campbell, of Little Silver, won the club shoot after a good fight on the part of Elisha Price, of Pleasant Bay. The scores made this afternoon were:

No. 1, 10 live birds: E. W. Price 9, T. Howland 8, J. Van Dyke 7, Jos. Corbett 3.

No. 2, club shoot, miss-and-out: L. Campbell 8, E. W. Price 7, H. White 2, J. Van Dyke and W. Price 1, T. Howland 0.

No. 3, miss-and-out: Campbell 4, E. W. Price 3, H. White 2, H. Maps 2.

No. 4, same: H. White 3, Campbell and Price 2.

No. 5, same: Campbell 3, White 2.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Jan. 1.—The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., held a most successful live-bird shoot to-day, 16 shooters putting up their $15 to take part in a 25 live-bird race. The day was bright and clear, with a strong wind blowing that made the birds hard to score. Christy, one of the scratch men, took first alone ($60) with 23 out of 25; Hall and Hollister scored 22 each, Hall missing his 24th bird and Hollister losing his 25th; they divided $36. Third money, $24, went to Gladwin, who killed his last 12 birds straight. Gus Greiff (30) and W. J. Simpson (29) tied for fourth place on 20, Welles (29) losing his last bird, thus ending with 19. Full detailed scores are as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J Christy (30).....2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 ● 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—23
H Hall (29).....2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—23
E Hollister (27).....1 1 2 1 0 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0—22
Gladwin (27).....2 1 0 2 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 0 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—21
G E Greiff (30).....2 0 2 ● 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1—20
W J Simpson (29).....2 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 1—20
H S Welles (29).....0 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—19
W Cannon (28).....2 0 1 2 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 2 2 2 0 1 1 0—17
M Murray (26).....0 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 2 0 1 1 ● 2 2 1 0 —16
H A Edwards (26).....1 1 0 0 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 1 1 2 ● 1 0 0 2 0 1 1 2 0 —15
J von Lengerke (30).....2 1 0 ● 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 0 0 ● 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 —17
S J Held (25).....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 0 0 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 2 —15
A Bunn (27).....2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 0 0 —16
Sykes (26).....0 1 2 0 2 0 1 0 0 1 2 0 0 1 0 0 2 1 2 2 0 —11
J H Outwater (30).....2 1 1 2 0 ● 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 0 2 2 0 —15
T S Drake (27).....2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 ● 2 2 —14

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

ROTHACKER WON EASILY.

Jan. 3.—John Rothacker and F. Leonard shot a match to-day at 100 live birds on Charlie Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J. Both parties hail from Philadelphia, and about thirty friends of both men arrived at Yardville at 11 A. M. to witness the match. The birds were extra good and were aided by a high wind. The scores were:

John Rothacker.....2210222202222000101222212—19
0112020222111220220022022—18
2021101112002100022221222—18
2022022002222221222222220—20—75
F Leonard.....2220200200022202222222220—17
2002202221212212222222022—21
2022022200210220112002222—17
2022202220000222000222220—14—69

CARTERET CLUB MEMBERS SHOOT IN A GALE.

Jan. 4.—The contest of to-day for the Knapp cup on the Carteret Club grounds will live long in the memory of those who took part in it and of those who witnessed it. Good birds and a 45-miles-an-hour gale were the main features of a memorable contest. As we have often stated before, the Carteret Club's grounds face the wrong way—nearly due north; to-day's gale being from the northwest, there was bound to be a lot of incomers, and as a matter of fact there were a great many such birds, 181 out of the 501 birds trapped in the main event showing incoming tendencies of one sort or another. Ordinarily that class of birds is easy; but if anybody thinks they were easy to-day, he should go out under precisely similar circumstances and try his hand at them.

In the first place, the thermometer registered somewhere around the 16° above 0 mark, and the gale came raging across the Jersey flats and Newark Bay, tossing the waters of the bay into whitecapped waves that were worthy of the vicinity of Sandy Hook Lightship; it was no easy matter to stand steadily at the score and call "Pull," but that was a simple matter compared with the next problem the shooter had to solve: Open went the trap and out came something that shot up into the air and came back over the deadline with the speed of a baseball from the hands of big Amos Rusie. Talk about rocketing English pheasants! The Carteret birds could have given them pointers to-day. Many of them killed stone dead in the air were whirled over the boundary, when under ordinary circumstances they would have been scored dead birds. Under the circumstances, then, the scores put up by the leaders were the result of good, quick and accurate work with both barrels. The conditions of the shoot were 50 live birds per man, club handicap rise, $50 entrance, 28yds. men and forward being given the option of entering for $25; 20 per cent. of the purse to go to the benefit of the club; winner to take the cup and 35 per cent. of the purse, second high gun taking 25 per cent., third high gun 15 per cent., and fourth high gun 5 per cent.; no contest unless 5 or more entries.

There were 11 entries in to-day's race, the contest starting shortly after the arrival of the 10 A. M. train from Liberty street Ferry at West Eighth street, Bayonne. After a few byes had been shot at while the preliminaries of the cup shoot were being gone over, George Work started the event with a kill of a left-quartering driver that did its best to make headway against the gale; Butler, who followed him, also killed his bird in good style. Then Chapin drew a fast bird from No. 5 that went off with the wind on its port bow; it was hit hard and fell right against the boundary, just managing to get across when the dog went for it, being retrieved a moment later. Lent, an assumed name that is a perfect disguise for one who has been described by the daily papers as "a comparative novice," killed his bird, a fast incomer, and then Duryea lost his first bird dead out of bounds; this pigeon was an outgoer, that was struck hard with both barrels, turning right around on the second shot and coming back over the deadline before falling, the wind fairly drifting it over the wire. The rest of the 10 shooters killed their birds, Brokaw not arriving until the 4th round was under way.

On account of the wind blowing the residue of the powder back into the eyes of the shooters, it was a matter of great importance to plant the first barrel correctly. Work thought he would protect his eyes from any such infliction, so wore a great pair of plain glass spectacles; he took them off at the end of the third round, attributing the loss of his 2d and 3d birds to them; he claimed that he could not locate the birds accurately with them in time for his first barrel; his work after removing them seems to justify his claim. The second round commenced in a startling manner, the first four men on the list, Work, Butler, Chapin and Lent, all losing their birds; then Duryea made a capital second barrel kill of a very fast circling right-quarterer. Of the next five men to the score, Hoey, Stafford and Morris lost their birds, Hoey's and Morris's falling dead out of bounds. Thomas killed his bird and Knapp did the same thing to a pigeon that would have been a driver if the wind hadn't been blowing quite so hard. The close of the second round saw only two men out of the ten then shooting without a miss to their credit. Round No. 3 saw Work, Duryea, Thomas, Stafford and Knapp each lose their birds; thus there was not a single straight at that early period of the game. The score board showed a total of 16 killed to 14 lost, a most unusual score for any club to put up.

Another extraordinary feature of the shoot was the way in which the scores showed up at the close of the 10th round, everybody having missed their share of birds: Work, Thomas, Morris and Brokaw were high with 7 out of 10; Butler, Lent, Chapin, Duryea, Hoey and Knapp had 6 out of 10, Stafford having lost 5 of his 10 birds; this gave a total of 69 killed out of 110 shot at, an average of a little better than 62⅔! From that time out the better shots did stronger work; they seemed to have caught on to the birds, bringing down some wonderfully hard shots. After losing his 3d, 5th, 6th and 7th, the two latter being appropriately termed "ghosts," Knapp did some excellent work, killing hard and easy birds with equal ease; out of his next 66 birds, all in the cup race and ties, he scored 58, 3 of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds. Work's loss of his 7th bird, a very hard twister, marked a great change in his style of shooting; after that loss he used good judgment, killing his incoming birds very quickly and planting his second barrel effectively when it was needed; on driving birds, he did not use any extra haste, as they were unable to make much headway against the wind. Out of his last 63 pigeons he scored 59; the bird scored lost in the ties will be the subject of some little comment later on.

The close of the 25th round, half way through the sweep, found the shooters in the following position: Work and Hoey 21, Chapin and Knapp 20, Duryea and Thomas 18, Butler 17, Morris and Brokaw 16, Stafford 15. Lent withdrew on the 19th round, with a total of 10 kills out of 18 shot at. The high wind so far had been by no means unfavorable for the chances of the scratch men; they had an advantage over the short-distance shooters on incoming birds, while drivers and outgoers in general could not get away from them with anything like ordinary speed. In the second half of the sweep the wind went down very materially, the white caps disappearing from the waters of the bay almost entirely, only coming up now and then when the wind made its expiring efforts at disturbing things.

The 26th round saw Work lose a bird from No. 4 trap that seemed to dodge both loads of shot; this brought him even with Knapp and Chapin, leaving Hoey 1 in the lead. The latter had been shooting in good form ever since the 10th round, making a run of 15 straight out of the last 15 birds in his first 25; his run was 16 straight when he killed his 26th bird. Before he knew it, however, he was 1 behind, with Work, Chapin and Knapp tied for first place; the 2 birds he drew in the 27th and 28th rounds were terrors; each jumped from the trap fully 20ft. into the air, coming back over the dead line with the pace of a duckhawk going down wind; they were not the class of birds on which runs of 100 straight in private are made. Work again went ahead in the 30th round when Chapin and Knapp lost their birds, both men going back to join Hoey in a tie for second place. Chapin broke this tie by losing his 33d bird, a very tricky bird indeed; his 38th fell dead out of bounds and, as Hoey also lost his 38th bird, Knapp was alone in second place and but 1 bird behind Work. When the latter missed his 40th bird matters became very interesting indeed; Knapp and he were tied for first place, with Fred Hoey 1 behind them; Chapin came next, 1 behind Hoey; while 1 bird behind Chapin was Louis Duryea, who had struck his gait and was taking hard and easy birds alike. Chapin lost his 43d and 44th birds, dropping behind Duryea, but the latter evened matters by losing his 46th bird dead out of bounds. The three leaders did not alter their positions, killing out straight to the end, Knapp finishing his second string of 25 with a run of 20 straight and a total of 24 out of the 25, 1 dead out of bounds.

The tie for the cup was then shot off at 5 birds. The first 5 were accounted for by each man, and another 5 was ordered. The 3d bird in this set seemed likely to cause the loss of the cup so far as Work was concerned; No. 1 trap was pulled and a dark blue bird flipped up and lit again about a yard or so on the far side of the trap; as it had been on the wing Work preferred to make it a "no bird," shooting at it on the ground; his shot seemed to go all around the bird without doing it much harm, as it instantly jumped into the air and came back over the score, a towering left-quartering incomer, and was missed by the contents of the second shell. Work explained the apparent miss of the bird on the ground by saying that his pattern seemed to open, leaving the bird unscathed in the middle of it. Knapp killed his bird, and had only two more to kill to win his own cup. For his 4th bird in this series of 5 Work drew an easy one, which he killed; Knapp's 4th was a fast one from No. 3 that carried both charges of shot out of bounds. Both men killed their 5th birds and honors were easy once more. The 3d series of 5 saw no change, as each man killed his birds, Work perhaps having a little the best of it just now in the matter of luck of the birds. The 4th series of 5 settled the possession of the cup. Work killed his 5 birds, but Knapp lost his 4th bird, the pigeon falling dead against the fence; his kill of his 3d bird in this series was a great piece of shooting. Work thus won the cup with the great score for this weather of 63 killed out of 70 shot at, and that too after losing his 2d, 3d and 7th birds in the sweep.

Knapp took second money, third money going to Fred Hoey, who scored 43 out of 50. Duryea and Chapin, who each scored 40, divided

fourth money without shooting off the tie. The high runs made were: Knapp, 28 and 14; Work, 17, 13, 12 and 11; Hoey, 16 and 12; Duryea, 16 and 10; Chapin, 13. The score shows that a total of 31 birds were scored dead out of bounds; an unusually large number, but fully accounted for by the high wind that carried the birds over the boundary as long as there was any kick left in them.

Nos. 4 and 5 traps were the hardest ones to draw while the wind was at its height, the gale making the boundary very short from those traps. The way in which the traps fell to the shooters is told in the following table:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Work	14	17	16	16	7	70
Knapp	17	10	16	15	11	69
Hoey	16	8	8	9	9	50
Duryea	16	10	6	8	10	50
Chapin	16	11	4	7	12	50
Thomas	11	7	9	9	13	49
Brokaw	11	8	11	9	14	48
Stafford	7	4	6	7	9	33
Morris	8	6	4	6	9	33
Butler	9	7	5	6	4	31
Lent	5	3	3	4	3	18
	130	86	88	96	101	501

It will be noted that No. 1 was pulled just thirty times more than the average—100; at one time, from the 20th to the 25th rounds, it began to look as if the apparatus had got frozen on to No. 1. The full score in detail, showing the flight of each bird, is given below:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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               3 4 3 4 2 3 5 5 5 3 4 2 4 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 4 1 4 1 5
               ↙ ↑ ↲ ↙ ↙ ↙ ↙ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↩ ↙ ↩ ↙ ← ↗ → ↗ ↗ → ↙ ↑ → ↓
G Work (31)... 2 0 ● 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21
               4 2 3 3 2 1 4 4 5 3 3 2 3 1 3 3 4 1 3 2 2 2 3 3 4
               ↑ ↱ → ↑ ↙ ↙ → ↱ ↗ ↗ ↗ H ↗ ← ↑ ↖ ↱ ↙ → ↗ ↑ ↖ ↗ ↙ →
               0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 4 1—23—44

               3 3 4 5 1 3 5 3 1 4 4 5 2 1 5 3 2 2 3 3 4 1 1 2 4
               ↑ H ↑ H ↑ ↘ ↘ H ↙ → ← ↑ ↗ → ↗ ↗ ↑ ↘ ← ↑ ↙ ↗ → ← ↙
J P Knapp (31).2 2 0 2 ● 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—20
               4 3 2 4 3 2 2 4 1 1 3 3 3 1 5 1 5 2 5 3 2 5 1 1 4
               ↴ ↑ ↑ → ↑ ↲ ↑ ↗ ↙ ↙ ↙ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↘ ↙ → ↗ ↓ ↙ → ↑ ⇸ ← ↙
               2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—24—44

               3 1 2 1 2 5 5 5 3 3 1 1 1 3 4 4 1 1 2 4 4 3 3 1 1
               ↖ ↩ H ↙ ← ↖ → ↘ ↑ ↖ ↗ ← ↙ ↙ ↖ ↴ ↗ ↘ ← ↙ ↘ → ↘ ↙ ←
Fred Hoey (31).2 ● 2 2 2 2 ● 0 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2—21
               2 5 1 4 4 4 5 2 1 2 4 5 3 2 1 1 5 1 1 5 3 5 1 4 2
               ← ↘ ↙ ↗ → ↓ ↘ ↗ → ↗ ↙ ↖ → ↗ ↙ ↑ ↑ ↙ ⇸ ↙ → ↖ ↲ ↱
               2 0 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22—43

               2 3 5 1 2 2 4 2 5 5 1 1 1 2 3 1 4 1 4 4 2 2 3 1 5
               ↖ ↱ H ↲ ↴ ↑ → ↘ → ↲ ↘ ↙ ↗ ↲ ↘ ↙ → ↘ ↗ ← ↙ ↗ ↳ ↙ ↱
L T Duryea (30).● 2 ● 2 2 2 ● 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 ● 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—18
               1 4 1 5 5 1 2 2 1 4 5 3 1 1 5 1 3 5 3 5 4 1 2 4 1
               → ↗ ↲ → → → ↖ ↑ → ↙ ↲ ↖ ← ↑ → ↓ ↖ ⇸ → ↴ ← ↙ ↔
               2 2 ● 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 ● 1 2 1 2—22—40

               5 5 1 2 2 4 2 1 5 2 2 2 3 1 4 1 2 5 2 5 1 1 1 1 1
               ↑ ↳ ↙ ↗ ↖ ↑ → ↙ ↑ ↙ ↘ ↖ ↙ ← ↗ ↳ → ← ↙ ↘ → ↲ ↲ ↲ ↙
C Chapin (30)..● 0 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 2—20
               4 5 4 1 2 1 2 5 1 1 5 2 5 5 1 4 1 1 4 3 5 2 5 3 4
               ← ↗ ↳ → ← ↗ ↱ → → ↗ ↳ ↙ ↙ ↘ → → ← ↲ → → ↙ ↙ → ↗ ↗
               1 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 ● 1 2 2 2 0 ● 2 1 2 1 1 2—20—40

               1 5 5 3 4 4 5 2 1 2 3 1 1 4 1 5 5 1 5 5 2 4 5 5 1
               ↲ ↗ ↗ ↰ ↘ → ↘ ↘ → ↙ ↙ ↲ ↴ ↘ ← ↙ ↗ ↗ ↳ ↖ → ↗ ↲ ↘ ↙
E Thomas (28)..2 2 0 0 ● 2 2 2 2 1 2 ● 0 1 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—18
               5 3 3 2 1 4 4 4 1 5 3 3 2 4 3 3 5 2 1 5 4 2 1 3
               ↘ ↙ ← ← ↗ → → ↘ ↲ ↑ ↗ ↖ ↗ → ↙ ↘ → ↴ ↓ ↱ ↑ ↑ ↙ ↙
               1 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 ● 0 2 ● 2 2 2 1 w—17—35

               4 3 1 2 5 4 4 5 3 1 4 3 5 5 5 1 1 3 2 1 1 1 4 5 2
               ← ↘ ↙ → ↴ ↖ ↲ ↲ ↙ ↴ ← ↘ ↗ ↴ ↙ ↙ ↘ ↘ ↑ → ↲ ↘ → ↗
W Brokaw (30)..2 ● 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 1 0 2—16
               5 5 4 3 5 3 4 3 5 1 5 3 3 3 5 5 5 1 4 4 1 1 3
               ↱ ↘ ↴ T ⟷ → ↘ ↙ → ↓ ↗ ↙ ← ↘ ↘ ↙ ↘ → ↘ ↙ ↗ ↙ ↑
               0 2 0 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 w—17—33

               4 4 1 2 1 5 5 5 5 1 4 5 2 2 4 3 4 1 4 2 5 1 1 5 3
               ↰ ↗ ↘ ← ↑ ↘ ↓ T ↙ ↗ ⟷ ↱ T → → ↗ ↙ → ↙ ↑ ↗ ↑ ↙ ↖
W Stafford (28).2 0 0 2 1 1 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—15
               3 3 3 5 3 4 1 5
               ↑ ↑ ↑ → ↰ ↙ ↙ ⇸
               2 2 2 2 0 2 1 ● w                                    —6—21

               5 1 5 3 2 4 5 1 3 3 4 2 5 2 5 4 1 4 5 1 1 1 5 2 5
               ⇸ ↰ ↲ ⟷ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↰ ⇕ → ↖ ↗ ↗ ↴ ← ↖ ↖ ↙ ← ← ← ↗ ←
P H Morris (24).2 ● 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 2 2 ● 2 1 1 2 1—16
               1 5 2 4 3 1 4 2
               ↱ → ↙ ↱ → → → ↖
               0 1 ● 2 0 ● 2 2 w                                    —4—20

               1 4 2 4 1 2 5   2 3 3 3 4 4 4 2 3 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 5
               ↗ ↖ ← ↴ ↴ ↲ ↗ ↑ ↖ ↗ ↗ ← ↙ ← ↘ T ↲ → → ↙ ↴ ↙ ⇸ ↘
H A Butler (29).1 0 1 0 2 2 0 ● 1 1 2 2 0 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 0—17
               4 3 1 1 5 1
               T ↗ ← ↴ → ↘
               0 1 0 2 ● 2 w                                        —3—20

               5 1 1 4 5 5 4 1 1 2 3 3 2 1 4 4 2 3
               ↙ ↑ ← ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↗ ↴ ↖ ↙ ↱ → ↲ ↙ ↑ ↴ ↑
W W Lent......2 ● 2 2 2 0 0 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 0 w                   —10
```

Ties for cup and first and second money shot off at 5 birds:

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           5 2 4 3 5    2 2 1 4 4    4 4 1 3 5    1 3 2 2 3
           → ↗ ↲ ↙ ↓    ↑ ↲ ↙ ↲ ←    ↱ ↘ ← ↗ ↲    ← ← ↱ ← →
Work.......2 2 2 2 2    2 2 0 2 2    2 2 2 2 2    2 2 2 2 2—19
           4 5 4 3 5    5 1 1 3 1    4 4 1 3 4    1 4 1 2
           ↗ ↗ ↑ ← ←    ↖ ↙ ↘ ↗ ←    → → ↱ ↷ ↑    ↙ ↙ ↲ ↱
Knapp......2 2 2 2 2    2 2 2 ● 2    2 2 2 2 2    2 2 2 ●  —17
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Edward Banks.

Interstate Circuit in New England.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 2.—At a meeting of the classification and tournament committee of the Interstate Association, it was decided to devote part of the season of 1896 to the giving of tournaments in the State of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, providing applications were received from gun clubs in those States warranting the holding of such tournaments. With a view to giving a series of tournaments during the months of July, August and September, we invite applications from gun clubs in Portland, Lewiston, Bangor, Biddeford, Auburn, Augusta, Bath, Calais, Waterville, Saco, Brunswick and other cities in Maine; Manchester, Nashua, Concord, Dover, Portsmouth, Keene, Rochester, Claremont, Exeter and other cities in New Hampshire; Burlington, Rutland, St. Albans, Brattleboro, Barre, Bennington, Colchester, Montpelier and other cities in Vermont.

Everything necessary to conduct a first-class modern shooting tournament, such as programmes, traps, electric pulls and apparatus, blackboards, tents, gun racks, distance marks, score sheets, pay envelopes, etc., is furnished by the Association.

Address communications to J. A. H. Dressel, Secretary-Treasurer, 318 Broadway, New York, or to the undersigned, at 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager Interstate Association.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 6.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The first annual meeting of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' Association was held here to-night. The following is a list of the officers elected for 1896: President, T. P. Hicks; Vice-President, W. S. Cutler; Secretary, E. B. Nott; Treasurer, C B. Richards; Board of Directors, A. C. Patterson, O. von Lengerke and W. R. Morgan.

The programme for 1896 is to hold monthly shoots from April to December. Each club is to divide its shooters into three classes—A, B and C—a team being selected from each class to compete at the monthly shoots. The teams for the intended competitions at such shoots to consist of six men. W. P. Mussey offers a diamond emblem as the prize for the club making the highest average during the season. Montgomery Ward & Co. offer an emblem as prize for the second highest club average.

At to-night's meeting only three clubs were represented—the Eureka, Garfield and Cicero Gun Clubs. The new members admitted were: Calumet Heights, La Vergne and Garden City clubs.

R. Hough.

Christmas Week at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 23.—Dr. Frothingham, of this city, and J. J. Smith, of Evanston, Ill., shot a race to-day at Watson's Park, Dr. Frothingham winning by the score of 83 to 80. The conditions of the race were 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, winner to pay for the birds out of the pot. Score:

```
J J Smith.......................2102112121222112121122101—23
                                0110211211101110101101122—19
                                2100100200222101121220122—18
                                2012101112122220222122002—20—80
Dr H H Frothingham..............2120100121112011212212
2—21
                                2122111220022221021122222—22
                                2202212221000211222121212—21
                                2222221021101222012202010—19—83
```

Sweep, 10 live birds, $5 entrance:

```
J J Smith..........2012102010—6    G Franklin..........1120201122—8
Geo Kleinman.......2200112021—7    Jones...............1002212112—8
Dr Frothingham.....1212011121—9    Brace...............1011112212—9
J Huxtable.........2002200202—5    Levi................2210012012—7
B White............1122220121—9
```

Dec. 25.—To-day the following match was shot for the price of the birds:

```
J Hibbards......................0021212012011112111111210—20
                                1012211121110202202002121—19—39
Dr Frothingham..................1220102101111120110101202—18
                                1001100201201112212111112—19—37
```

The following 25-bird sweep was also shot to-day:

```
Shaw.........................1111111111111110110101110—21
Bauman.......................0222120111120111201112200—19
R Russ.......................1211121210101200101221120—19
Goodrich.....................0222010021220022122202212—18
Kruger.......................0110112000121111101110301—17
Huck.........................2022121200112122122w      —16
```

Seven events at targets were also shot with the following results:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*25*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*25*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
B White	23	18	9	8	10	8	5	G Parker	..	13	6	8	..	..	..
Shaw	22	13	7	9	8	..	..	Goodrich	..	10	..	7	..	7	6
Hibbard	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	Huck	..	16	..	9	8	9	9
Frothingham	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	Magruder	..	15	..	9	8	9	8
Russ	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	J Parker	..	..	5	6	..	6	..
G Kleinman	..	15	..	10	7	8	9								

Dec. 27.—The following scores were made to-day on live birds and targets:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Abe Kleinman	11121—5	11012—4	1111111110—9
George Kleinman	20111—4	11111—5	....
B White	21221—5	11122—5	....
Kent	20210—3	01100—2	1201012111—8
Foss	22221—5	12122—5	....

The following scores were also made to-day in four 10-target events, $1 entrance:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Kent	7	8	8	5	G Kleinman	8	9	9	9
A Kleinman	7	9	7	8	Foss	..	9	6	9
B White	8	9	6	7	Baker	..	8	5	5

Dec. 28.—The Garfield Gun Club held its medal shoot to-day, W. Palmer scoring a win with 18 out of 20. Scores in all the events shot to-day are given below:

Garfield Gun Club, medal shoot:

```
W Palmer..12121222202222022—18    Dr Shaw..12100120112011021210—14
S Palmer..02222011122212212012—17 O Von Len-
F P Hicks.21210102111102120120—15    gerke....22022012222220200001—13
R Kuss....10112201210121120022—15 Richards..02212220200012212002—13
R S Mott..21122010122100211120—15 Dr Liddy..21200001200012020021—10
Paterson..11102210012110011121—15
```

Sweep, 7 live birds, $3:

```
G Kleinman..............1212112—7    Huck....................2222020—5
W Palmer................2222222—7    Abe Kleinman............2021102—5
C P Richards............1121222—7    Goodrich................2102220—5
R S Mott................2111022—6    Dr Liddy................1202010—4
F P Hicks...............1211021—6    Latshaw.................0102230—4
Ed Bingham..............2222202—6    S Young.................1012010—4
H Foss..................2212202—6    Levi....................0201220—4
Kent....................1111011—6    S Palmer................1000111—4
B White.................2220212—6    R Kuss..................10w    —1
```

The 5 events that followed were also shot off to-day, each event was at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
G Kleinman	8	7	..	..	..	Thompson	5	7	3	3	5
Latshaw	9	7	..	..	..	Kent	7	6	..	..	..
A Kleinman	8	8	..	..	..	Foss	9	9	8	8	7
B White	8	9	..	..	..	Shaw	..	..	5	5	7
Huck	9	8	..	..	..	Palmer	..	..	7	6	6
Parker	8	6	4	5	7	Kuss	..	..	3	7	6
Baker	5	6	6	4	5						

Jan. 1.—Live birds and empires kept the boys busy to-day, several sweeps of both sorts being decided.

No. 1, 25 live birds:

```
R Kuss.........................0121112101211110011111111—21
Shaw...........................2122112202100210101212021—19
Nash...........................0210121100002210110011021—15
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No. 2, same conditions:

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C S Dennison...................0212210022210112022010110—17
C S Clark......................0201022020201221002002210—14
L B Clark......................1200100101002021112210000—13
```

No. 3, 30 live birds per man:

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Shaw.........................011021021110100121110210221211—22
Rolla........................012222101101121011012012012012—22
Rehm.........................200002200221012012021210021122—19
Thompson.....................200022001100101100020120202200—14
Bowman.......................200021120201022110200011101010—17
Krueger......................2021002122212202222220222w     —20
Kuss.........................1001211011111110211101000w     —17
Klein........................020210020010020w               —6
Seyfarth.....................010012120200w                  —6
Wells........................0002122101w                    —6
```

A match at 100 targets was also decided, Shaw beating Kuss by 10 breaks:

```
Shaw...........................0100010001111011111111111—17
                               1111111100110001011011011—17
                               1111111101111111111111111—24
                               1111111111111111111011111—24—82
Kuss...........................0110000110111011111001101—15
                               0011111111101101110110101—18
                               1111010111011100101011111—18
                               0010111111111111111101111—21—72
```

In a sweep at 25 empires the the following scores were made: T. Hall 24, G. Parker and Sargent 19, R. Neville 16, Derby 14.

Fourteen 10-target sweeps, $1 entrance, two moneys, were also decided as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Foss	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	10	5	7	9
Shaw	7	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	9	9	..	..
B White	9	7	7	10	9	7	10	4	4	9	9	5	..	..
T Hall	6	5	8	8	9	4	8	7	8	9	8	6	5	3
R Kuss	7	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	9	6	9	..
A Kleinman	9	9	10	7	8	9	8	7	7	9	8	9	8	10
Thompson	5	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	..	..	..
Parker	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Neville	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Derby	..	2	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sargent	..	8	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Vater	..	..	6	7	9	6	7	..	..	..	7	7	..	..
G Kleinman	..	..	8	8	7	7	10	8	4	8	7	8	9	5
Jones	..	..	..	..	6	8	5	4	4	4	..	..	..	..
H Vater	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morgan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	5	5	7	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..

Ravelrigg.

Portland Gun Club.

Portland, Me., Dec. 25.—The Portland Gun Club held its annual Christmas Day shoot to-day at Woodford's. Owing to the threatening weather there was a very small attendance, but what we lacked in numbers we made up for in our enthusiasm. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*25*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*25*
Thornton	4	5	4	..	15	Darton	8	5	9	8	18
E Randall	5	4	5	8	18	Gray	5	6	5	..	..
Chisholm	6	8	7	8	20	Neal	8	9	6	9	18
Rich	6	4	6	7	15	Dennis	..	..	5	5	14
C Randall	9	6	9	..	16	Hunt	..	..	..	..	12
Adams	4	9	4	..	15						

Match, 25 targets per man:

```
Chisholm....................1111110111010111111110111—21
Rich........................1000011110011111101111111—18
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Secretary.

O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City.

The secretary of the O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo., Mr. E. A. Hickman, has prepared a very full statement of the doings of his fellow club members at the monthly club shoots. The figures show that this club turns out remarkably well at the monthly club shoots, an average of twenty members being present at each shoot. Few clubs can show a better record. The club event is shot at 15 birds, a handicap allowance of misses as kills being given to the weaker shots; but under no consideration can a man score more than a highest possible—15 birds. The eight best scores count for the yearly averages. The records in a condensed form are as follows:

	Average.	Shot at.	Killed.	Average 8 best scores with handicap allowance.
Ed Hickman	911	180	164	941
J B Porter	827	180	149	891
C S Gottlieb	822	180	148	1000
Frank Peck	816	120	98	983
J K Guinotte	812	165	134	855
G M Walden	791	120	95	966
J L Porter	786	75	59	....
D S Gorden	783	60	47	....
Fred Durrant	755	180	136	916
J H Durkee	741	135	101	908
H S Furgerson	741	135	99	908
W T Stark	733	120	88	908
Wm Everingham	733	180	132	900
H B Preston	733	120	88	933
C F Holmes	733	45	33	....
W E Wilson	725	120	87	941
H P Stewart	715	165	118	958
C L McDonald	708	120	85	925
Robt Mize	687	150	103	700
J W McCurdy	688	180	124	933
W V Rieger	666	75	50	....
Geo B Orr	650	60	39	....
Oscar Cogswell	627	150	94	816
John Thompson	600	120	72	808
Dr T D Bedford	600	30	18	....
W F Dillon	577	90	52	....
J E Guinotte	547	150	82	853
H B Green	527	180	95	861
G Garvey	500	90	45	....

The above figures show that out of a total of 3,675 birds shot at by the club members 2,655 were killed, making a club general average of 708.

The officers of the club for 1895 were: President, J. E. Guinotte; Vice-President, J. L. Porter; Secretary-Treasurer, E. A. Hickman; Executive Board, J. B. Porter, W. V. Rieger and Oscar Cogswell.

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

Newburgh, N. Y., Dec. 26.—The Laflin & Rand Powder Co. donated $25 in gold for the members of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association to shoot for to-day. The contest was at 25 targets, unknown angles, entrance free; cartridges loaded with Troisdorf, also presented free by the company, were to be used in the shoot. The affair was placed in charge of the company's superintendent, Capt. W. H. Smith, of this city, who was assisted by the following committee of members of our Association: President David Brown, Captain-Treasurer J. A. Wood and Secretary W. C. Gibb. There was a capital attendance of shooters, considering that it was the day after Christmas and a dark and threatening day into the bargain. Postmaster Jos. Sneed was referee, D. Brown acting as official scorer. First money—$12—was won by Stansbrough; second money—$8—went to Wood, who beat Higginson on the shoot-off; Donohue took third money—$5; J. Rhodes not staying to shoot off his tie.

After the above shoot had been decided the Association sat down to one of Gidney's dinners as the guests of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company. The scores at the shoot, not at the dinner, were as follows:

```
Stansbrough...................0111000111101111111011111111       —20
Higginson.....................0101001011111001111111111          —19
Wood..........................0110001111100111001111111111       —19
Donohue.......................0101111101111001101010001101       —17
J Rhodes......................1010001011001011101010111111       —17
C Getler......................01101111011001011111000011         —16
W C Gibb......................01011111000001001000011101111110   —16
Likely........................101101001110011011111100010        —16
F Bartlett....................00010100001110110010111010010011 0 —15
A Kissam......................0000110010101101110110111100       —15
F M Sneed.....................010001001110001111101000110110000000—15
Chandler......................00110001011110011100101010 01      —14
F Covert......................0001010000110000111111111101       —14
Dr Mitchell...................0011001110000100011111011100       —14
H S Ramsdell..................0100010011000001010110110101110    —14
F Taylor......................1100101111000000011100101010100 0  —14
J R Dickson...................0110000001001101011011 10011       —13
J B Halsted...................10000011101011011101010 10         —13
J Rogers......................0100000110110000001111101000 11    —13
J S Taylor....................1110100100001101011011101          —13
C A Wooley....................011001000001100111100111101        —13
J McDowell....................0001001000000101010001101000101101 0—12
A Leicht......................11111001010010010000001010000 10   —12
P E Merritt...................0000100101110100000010000010001 1  —10
L Coyle.......................0001000011000101000000011100100    — 9
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David Brown.

The Koch-Emond Match at Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The first of the series of three 100-bird races arranged between Jacob Koch and Fred Emond was shot off to-day on the Audubon Park grounds. Koch won by killing 84 out of 98, Emond scoring 81 out of the same number. As Koch has not been shooting much of late, many people expected that he had gone back in his form, but the race that he put up to-day shows that nobody in these parts has a sure thing with him. Emond shot well up to the last series of 25 birds, when the strain of a long and tedious race told on him; he lost 8 out of the 23 shot at in this series.

The weather was bitterly cold and the wind was blowing half a gale directly from the score to the traps, aiding the birds very materially, drivers being very hard to stop in bounds. The last few birds were shot at in the dark, owing to the match starting late. The lateness of the start was due to Koch's handler not putting in his appearance at the appointed hour. When he did not show up at all, Koch chose another handler and went to work.

In a miss-and-out, $1 entrance, E. C. Burkhardt and A. Heinold divided at the end of the 10th round, each having missed their 6th and 10th birds; the score was: E. C. Burkhardt and A. Heinold 8, L. W. Bennett 2, Powell 1, B. F. Smith and G. Krotz 0.

Score in the Koch-Emond match was as follows:

```
Jacob Koch (30).........................101222●1221●2111112201122—20
                                        1111010124111122122●2222—22
                                        2212220212112●2211201222 1—22
                                        11●12222111122112201210  —20—84
Fred Emond (30).........................1●11011212122222222122220—21
                                        ●11110121021222112●12121—21
                                        1121111122121111●1112222—24
                                        101●●2211111201012110000w—15—81
```

B. F. S.

Trap at Little Rock.

Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 2.—Only three of the local shooters put in an appearance on the club grounds to take part in a live pigeon shoot. Duley and Dickinson shot 50 targets each, which resulted in Duley scoring 37 and Dickinson 43. Then Duley and Dickinson shot a little race at live birds, 15 birds per man, for the price of the birds. Each scored 13, and as Dickinson was suffering from a severe headache, they decided to leave matters as they stood. Then Duley and myself shot a race, 20 birds per man, under the same conditions as the previous one. We each scored 18. As the supply of birds had now given out, no decision could be reached. Scores:

No. 1:

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Duley...........111102121011121—13    Dickinson......031212121111101—13
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No. 2:

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Duley......111111111110122●1●222—18    Litzke.....21111111110222111●112—18
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Paul R. Litzke.

The Beaumont Gun Club, of Beaumont, Tex., a recent organization, held its initial tournament on Jan. 3 and 4; the tournament was managed by F. E. McKay, of Beaumont, and J. E. Haney, of Houston. The programme presented by the club was a very extensive one, both live birds and targets being used. The president of the club is Fred E. McKay; its secretary-treasurer, Percy H. Weiss.

We have received the following communication, which we gladly publish, hoping that some of Forest and Stream's readers may be able to help our correspondent: "I am very fond of shooting, but have had the misfortune to lose my right arm at the shoulder very recently. Would you be kind enough to inform me what sort of a gun I should use, and also tell me whether you have heard of any cases of men similarly unfortunate who use a gun? Both my eyes are good, and I was a fairly good shot before I lost my arm."

On Long Island.

CRESCENT A. C. OF BROOKLYN.

Dec. 28.—G. C. White and G. Notman shot off to-day the tie for the Christmas Day prize of the Crescent Athletic Club; the shoot-off was at 25 targets, White winning easily by scoring 17 to 12.

A 25-target sweep was also shot with the following result: Geddes 18, White and Notman 16, E. Lott 15, J. V. Fisk 14, G. W. Smith 12, F. Brose 11.

In a match at 15 targets, unknown angles, G. Notman and E. H. Lott scored 11 to White's 5. Lott and Notman also shot a match at 5 pairs, Lott winning by 5 to 4.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 28.—The last club shoot of the year for the members of the New Utrecht Gun Club took place at Woodlawn this afternoon. So good were the birds that not a straight score of 10 was made, Capt. Cranmer and E. B. Knowlton tieing for first place on 9 out of 10. The following are the scores made in this shoot:

Capt Cranmer (A)...1221111210—9	C Furgueson, Jr. (AA).0002222222—7
E B Knowlton (C)....1211102112—9	J Lott (C)........... 1011021020—6
C Furgueson, 3d (B)..2220222102—8	F W Duryea (B)......22•0011w0—4

AT DEXTER PARK.

Dec. 30.—The following sweeps were shot here to-day, the weather being favorable for live-bird shooting:

Match, 25 birds per man:

Adolph Busch (25)	0110100012211111•11110101—17
J F Elfers (23)	1111000111101102111010100—16
Geo Kinkel (23)	1001000111010101200001011—12

	No. 1.	No. 2.	Tie for 2d money.
A Busch (25)	01112—4	0•112—3	2•
H Altenbrant, Sr (25)	•1111—4	1•212—3	12•
H Altenbrant, Jr (25)	00020—1	.....	...
G Kinkel (25)	10200—2	02101—3	111
J F Elfers (23)	11111—5	10121—4	...

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Jan. 1.—The new year was ushered in at Dexter Park by an invitation shoot, targets being shot at in the morning, live birds in the afternoon. The high wind favored the birds in the sweeps at pigeons, but it made the targets very hard to locate. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
G Osterhout	5	4	2	6	5	Hegeman	8	4	7	7	9
F A Thompson	8	7	5	7	9	Block	6	1	3	7	6
W H Thompson	7	5	5	7	6	O Mulcahey	..	7	6	7	7
Lyon	5	2	3	..	..	F W Place	..	..	6	8	8
C F Wash	9	5	9	..	..						

Live-bird sweeps:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No 4.
L H Schortemeier	•2222—4	1221222012—9	12222—5	1022112201—8
F A Thompson	02110—3	1221112200—8	21122—5	1201202122—8
O Mulcahey	11122—5	210001211•—6	12100—3	....
F W Place	02210—3	2121210202—8	.....	....
Christian	11200—3	2211021120—8	11111—5	2101111102—8
G Loeble	•2002—2	2021001022—6	22202—4	2220222102—8
Van Zile	....	....	20121—4	2000002202—4
Hy Bramwell	....	....	22111—5	1201022011—7
Hood	....	....	.....	0022102210—6
Schieman	....	....	22111—5	021100•010—4
Dr Dunning	....	....	.....	000w —0
F Pfaender	....	....	01001—2	....

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

Jan. 1.—New Year's Day has generally been a big day at the shooting grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., but Jan. 1, 1896, was a record-breaker in that respect. A live-bird event with forty-one entries is no small affair anywhere, particularly when it is practically a miss-and-out, $10 entrance; everybody had looked for a large entry list, but very few, if any, had figured on over twenty-five entries. The result, therefore, must be very gratifying to the chief promoters—Mr. J. G. K. Duer, president of the club, and Mr. G. De Forest Grant, chairman of the shooting committee.

To-day's event marks a new departure in sweepstake events at the crack amateur shooting clubs in the vicinity of New York city; the programme called for a handicap sweepstake, unlimited number of birds, $10 entrance, the club adding $400 in gold, and also giving a silver cup of the value of $250. Added money at shoots of such clubs as the Carteret, Westminster Kennel Club, Westchester Country Club, Larchmont Yacht Club, Tuxedo, New Utrecht, etc., has been, so far as we know, an unknown quantity, but there can now be no question as to the drawing capabilities of $400 in gold added to one purse.

There was another feature of the programme that had a good deal to do with the large number of entries—it was a handicap, not of yards only, but of misses as kills. Our experience of such sweeps is that a scratch man rarely comes out on top. It is either the faithful contributor in the miss-and-outs or an occasional shooter that generally steps in and walks off with the purse, or the majority of it. For that reason these events are not popular among the best shots, but of course they won't stay out; the weaker shots come in readily, knowing that it is their best chance of getting even with the experts. This was actually the cause for the large number of shooters that faced the traps at Babylon to-day. It is just as well to state again at this point the conditions of the shoot: Unlimited number of birds, handicap rise, $10 entrance; 29yds. men and back, miss-and-out; 28yds. and 27yds. men, one miss as a kill, then miss-and-out; 26yds. men and under, two misses as kills, then miss-and-out; silver cup, valued at $250, and $400 added by the club; cup and 60 per cent. of the purse to the winner, 30 per cent. to the second, 10 per cent. to the third. From the above it will be seen that the scratch men had a hard row to hoe.

The winner, Walter W. Watrous, of Tuxedo, is hardly a novice, as some of the daily papers have described him; he has shot several thousands of pigeons during the past ten years and is a rattling good shot on fast birds, but he needs to draw fast ones all the time; it's the slow ones that beat him, and the conditions to-day were all in his favor. The birds were a splendid lot, while a twenty-five-miles-an-hour breeze, west by north, swept over the grounds and got under the tails of the birds as they left the traps, making "drivers and twisters" enough to fill two columns of nonpareil. It was a Watrous day and a Watrous lot of birds; with a miss up his sleeve, and with 2 to 3yds. the best of Work, Murphy, MacAlester, Knapp and F. G. Moore, he was bound to have a good look in—and he did. When he went home he carried off the cup and $486 of the purse, just about enough, in fact, to help the Government by purchasing some of the new bonds. His victory was a very popular one and was well earned, as he ran 10 straight before missing, W. S Edey, of the Westchester Country Club, being the only other shooter to perform a similar feat; Edey, however, was one of the scratch men and reaped no benefit from his really excellent work; had he won the cup his victory would have been fully as popular as that of Watrous.

In order that the story of to-day's doings may be told in something like a consecutive manner, it is the best to commence again right at the beginning and keep the ball rolling until the paper gives out.

The seventy-miles-an-hour gale of Dec. 31 had blown itself out, leaving behind it a good healthy infant of about one-third its strength; the sky was clear and bright, while there was enough frost in the air to make the heaviest underwear and fur-lined overcoats none too warm. A brighter, pleasanter New Year's Day could not have been made to order; from a pigeon-shooter's point of view it was a perfect day.

A special train, leaving Thirty-fourth street ferry at 10 A. M., was placed at the disposal of the members of the club and their guests, the shoot being fixed to commence on the arrival of this train at Babylon The two cars composing the special were well filled, about eighty all told being on board. Among the number were: J. G. K. Duer, G. de F. Grant, F. O. Deluze, Fred Gebhard, August Belmont, Craig Colt, Thomas H. Terry, Jordan L. Mott, Jr., Newberry D. Thorne, Justice William Travers Jerome, George Floyd Jones, Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, David Crocker, Judge Gildersleeve, H. B. Livingston, F. Edey, H. B. Wright, F. G. Moore, J. D. Steers, R. D. Foote, Austen Clarkson, Frank I. Lawrence, A. R. Hopkins, W. S. Edey, Daniel Bacon, B. R. Kittredge, Edgar G. Murphy, Walter W. Watrous, C. M. Chapin, J. M. Garnett, R. B. Lawrence, G. Montant, P. H. Morris, Arthur Deane, A. T. Sullivan, A. C. Clarkson, H. D. Steers, Charles Coster, E. F. Thomas, J. P. Knapp, W. H. Stafford, G. Langen, Winthrop Rutherfurd, H. Edey, Samuel Prior, and John S. Hoey.

The handicapping was in the hands of Mr. Hoey, no one knowing the capabilities of the amateurs of the East better than he does; he also, of course, acted as referee during the entire shoot, being relieved at lunch time by Charles MacAlester. The latter, along with George Work, drove over from the South Side Club in the morning, a thirteen-mile drive in a brisk, cold wind; hardly a good training for a sweepstake although the roads were in capital shape. The vast majority of the entries having been made, and the handicaps awarded on the way down to Babylon, no time was lost in getting the shooters to the score when once the long string of hacks had landed their fares at the Kennel Club. Superintendent Mott, of course, pulled the traps John Mott and Abe Southard did the trapping, while Fred Hoey's setter Dandy tried to keep himself warm by retrieving the dead birds; he had a hard time doing it too, misses being so numerous that at times he got chilled through sitting on the cold ground waiting for a bird to drop out of the gale. A report of this shoot from Dandy's pen would make good copy for any paper, and would be great reading.

The first round was fatal to the chances of five shooters—George Work (31), Chapin (30), H. B. Wright (30), Holcombe (30) and Butler (29). There were 14 other ciphers scored in this round, making a total of 19 misses out of 41 shots; peculiar features of this round were runs of 4 and 6 consecutive misses, the 6 last men to shoot in the round all missing their birds. The second round commenced with 36 shooters; this number was reduced to 29 when the last man on the list had shot his bird. Those to drop out were: Hopkins (27), Bacon (27), Sullivan (28), Stafford (28) and Ewing (27), these five having missed their first and second birds; Thomas and Ellison, both 29yds. men, were the other two who fell in this round. Montant, Morris, Brewster and Terry also added a second cipher to their scores, but being placed at the 26yds. mark, they were able to enter upon another round; besides the 11 above named, 7 others scored lost birds in the second round, making a total of 18 lost out of 36 shot at in the second round of the sweepstake! So far anybody backing the gun would have had a bad time of it, 37 out of 77 shot at having been scored lost!

In the third round 6 more dropped out; these were: Brewster (26), who had missed three straight; Livingston (27) and Eldridge (27), who had lost their last two; Mott (27), who had lost his first and third birds, and MacAlester (31) and Langen (29), who retired after losing their birds in this round; three others, Clarkson, Coster (his second miss) and R. Lawrence, also scored ciphers in the third round. The number of shooters left in at the end of the third round was only 23, 18 having dropped out. In the fourth round 4 lost birds were recorded; Grant (28), F. Lawrence (27) and Montant (26) retired for good, while Garnett added a second cipher to his score of two kills and one miss. In this round it began to look as if the shooters had struck their gait, 19 out of the 23 birds trapped being scored.

Round No. 5 saw Coster score his third miss and retire, while F. Edey was unlucky enough to lose a bird through his hammers not being at full cock; 18 out of 20 birds shot at in this round were scored to the shooters, the percentage of kills to misses being greatly increased since the end of the first two rounds. There were 19 shooters out of the 41 starters left in at the close of this round. Of that number no less than 6 fell out in the 6th round: Terry and Garnett, both 26yds. men, scored their third misses and retired; R. Lawrence (28), Clarkson (27) and F. Edey (27) were credited with their second misses and, of course, also retired, F. Edey being again unlucky enough to make an error in regard to raising the hammers of his gun; the curious part of the affair was that he remarked to the referee as he stepped to the score that he (Edey) would take care not to make the mistake he had made in the previous round. Knapp (31), who had made a most brilliant kill—perhaps the finest work of the day—on his 5th bird, missed his 6th bird and retired. E Wright, the only left-handed man in the 41, and Steers scored their second misses, while Hoyt spoiled the looks of his string of 5 straight with a miss of a very hard bird. Edgar Murphy had a narrow escape, a great second-barrel kill alone saving him from joining what was now "the great majority."

There were only thirteen left in the race at the commencement of the seventh round. That number proved an unlucky one to five out of the thirteen before the round was completed. Those who retired were: Edgar Murphy (31), F. G. Moore (30), and Peter Morris, H. D. Steers and E. Wright, all 26yds. men who scored their third ciphers in this round. Harry Edey, also a 26yds. man, scored his second miss, while Winthrop Rutherfurd (27), who was shooting very well up to this point, scored his first loss on a very difficult right-quartering twister. In this round seven out of the thirteen birds trapped were scored lost! Round No. 8 found only eight survivors out of the forty-one that started in to win the cup. Of that number (eight), Hoyt (27) and Rutherfurd scored their second misses and retired, leaving only six to fight it out. Both Hoyt and Rutherfurd drew precisely the same kind of bird, circling right-quartering incomers, easy birds that certainly ought to have been killed. At the commencement of the eighth round an admirer of Foote was so sweet on his chances of landing the cup that he offered to bet 20 to 30 that he would win outright; he made one bet of that amount, but could have had any amount at such absurd figures.

In round No. 9, Dean (27), who had killed 6 straight in capital style since his miss of his 2d bird, drew a driver that carried his shot out of bounds, causing his retirement. In this round, also, Foote scored his first miss. Round No. 10 saw the condition of affairs unchanged, the five left in killing their birds. W. S. Edey (29) and W. W. Watrous (28) had both killed 10 straight and were both doing very good work; the other three were Foote, H. Edey and B. R. Kittredge, the latter shooting well and cantering his birds. He had lost his 2d bird, a hard one for anybody to kill. As matters stood at the commencement of the 11th round all but Watrous (28) were on even terms, the shoot, so far as they were concerned, being a miss-and-out; Watrous had a miss up his sleeve and was in a very comfortable position. This round saw W. S. Edey miss an easy bird and retire. His brother, H. Edey, was far too slow on another easy bird, the counterpart of the one drawn by W. S.; he also dropped out. As Foote had lost his 11th bird dead out of bounds, there were thus three ties for third money. Watrous in this round drew a hard driver that fairly beat him out, and Kittredge, who had been the only one of the five to kill his bird, was therefore tied for first and second money and the cup with Watrous.

The tie did not last long, as in the very next round Kittredge had hard luck with a fast outgoing bird from No. 2, the pigeon carrying a portion of both loads out of bounds. Watrous had only to kill to win; he drew an easy one from No. 1 that was clean missed with first barrel; the second was planted with sufficient accuracy to land him a winner of the cup and first money. Second money went to Kittredge. The tie for third money was shot off, H. Edey winning on the second round. W. S. Edey had very hard luck with his first bird in the ties; it was hit hard and towered; then it almost reached the ground; next it towered again and then seemed to be coming down in bounds; finally it went away up, the wind landing it, when it came down ultimately, a couple of hundred yards from the traps—dead out of bounds.

Thus was brought to a close as pleasant a contest as one could wish to see. The quality of the birds can plainly be seen from the scores made: out of the 212 trapped in the above event, seventy-nine escaped or were scored lost. This may sound like very poor shooting, and as a matter of course there was some poor shooting or the scores would have been higher; still there was also some magnificent work shown by several of the shooters, and the blame for the low average of kills must really be laid at the door of the hard birds and the strong cold wind that drove the pigeons from the traps in a manner seldom equaled and never surpassed. People may sit around a stove and talk about killing anywhere from 90 out of 100 up to 100 straight; it's easy work to do it that way, but when one gets birds as good as those trapped at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds to-day, and trapped too under similar weather conditions, 9 to 1 on the gun all through (the equivalent to backing yourself to kill 90 or better) would find lots of takers.

In to-day's shoot Watrous used his new Purdey gun and 51grs. of E. C. loaded in a Trap shell by the U. M. C. Co.; he also used No 8 in his right barrel, No. 7 in his left. Kittredge shot a very pretty Francotte; his shells, loaded by V. L. & D., only contained 42grs. of Schultze, a very small load for such birds in such a gale of wind; he must have pointed his gun about right.

Four miss-and-outs were shot, as well as a few small sweeps, before the day's sport was brought to a close, 455 birds in all being trapped during the day. The lunch prepared by Steward Wells was fully up to the standard and formed an important feature in the day's enjoyment. The scores in full are given below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Shooter	Traps	Directions	Score	Total
Walter W Watrous (28)	5 1 5 3 1 5 5 1 1 5 2 1	↖→↙↙↶←↑H↘↶↑↶	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2	—11
B R Kittredge (28)	1 1 3 1 2 2 2 4 1 2 2 2	↖↔↖↑↑↖←↑↑↑↖↗	2 0 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 •	—10
H Edey (26)	3 3 1 1 2 1 5 4 5 4 5	↖↓↗←↖↑↑⤵↓→⤵	0 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 0	— 8
R D Foote (27)	2 3 5 1 4 2 1 1 1 3 4	←↓→↑↑↗←H↗↖↖	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 •	— 9
W S Edey (29)	4 2 3 4 3 4 1 5 3 2 3	↓↖↖↓←↖↑↑↑↖⤵	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0	—10
Arthur Deane (27)	5 5 5 1 4 3 3 3 4	↖↗←↖↘↑↑↖↑	2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 •	— 7
Gould Hoyt (27)	1 2 1 3 3 4 5 2	↑H↙↑←↕↑⤵	2 1 2 1 2 0 2 0	— 6
W Rutherford (27)	5 3 4 4 5 3 1 1	→↑↖↑↖↑→⤵	2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0	—
Edgar G Murphy (31)	4 5 5 1 5 5 4	↖←←←↑↑↖	2 2 2 2 1 2 0	— 6
F G Moore (30)	4 5 1 3 5 4 1	→↑←↑↖↖↑	2 1 2 2 2 2 •	— 6
H D Steers (26)	5 3 1 4 1 4 5	↑↖↑↘←⤵↕	2 0 1 1 1 0 0	— 4
Eben Wright (26)	4 3 2 3 5 5 1	↖↗→←↖←↩	0 1 2 1 1 0 0	— 4
Peter H Morris (26)	3 3 5 5 3 2 4	↑↖↖←↑↗↑	0 0 2 2 2 1 0	— 4
J P Knapp (31)	4 5 4 5 4 2	↑↑↓↑↑↑	2 2 1 2 2 0	— 5
A C Clarkson (27)	5 5 1 5 1 3	↑↖↘↩↙↑	2 1 0 2 2 0	— 4
F Edey (27)	3 2 3 5 4 1	↶↗↖↑↑↓	2 2 1 1 0 0	— 4
R B Lawrence (28)	3 3 1 4 2 5	↖↑↖↖↩↶	1 2 0 1 1 0	— 4
J M Garnett (26)	3 4 5 2 5 3	↗↩→↖←↩	2 0 1 • 2 0	— 3
T H Terry (26)	3 4 2 5 5 3	↘↶←↓↓↑	0 0 2 2 2 0	— 3
Charles Coster (26)	2 1 1 5 5	↑↑↕→↖	0 0 0 2 0	— 2
G De Forest Grant (28)	3 1 5 4	↖↑←↕	0 2 2 0	— 2
F Lawrence (27)	1 4 1 1	↕↓↖↑	0 2 1 0	— 2
G Montant (27)	4 4 2 4	↗↑↙↑	0 0 1 0	— 1
C MacAlester (31)	1 2 2	↑↑←	2 2 •	— 2
G Langen (29)	1 1 1	↩↖↖	2 2 0	— 2
James Eldridge (27)	4 2 2	←↗←	2 • 0	— 1
H B Livingston (27)	1 1 5	←↕↖	2 • 0	— 1
Jordan L Mott, Jr (27)	5 2 3	↖↱↑	0 2 0	— 1
J B Ellison (29)	5 4	↑↗	2 0	— 1
E F Thomas (29)	5 3	↕↕	2 0	— 1
George Work (31)	4	↑	0	— 0
Edward Holcombe (30)	3	↕	0	— 0
C M Chapin (30)	4	↓	0	— 0
H B Wright (30)	5	→	0	— 0
H A Butler (29)	1	↱	0	— 0
Daniel Bacon (27)	2 1	↑↕	0 0	— 0
G Ewing (27)	1 4	⤵↑	0 0	— 0
A R Hopkins (27)	4 3	↑↑	0 0	— 0
W H Stafford (28)	4 3	↓↑	0 0	— 0
A T Sullivan (28)	4 2	↕↑	0 0	— 0
C E Brewster (26)	1 1 3	↕↑↶	0 • 0	— 0

Tie for third money:

Shooter	Traps	Directions	Score
H Edey	3 5	↖←	2 2
R D Foote	5 5	↘↗	2 0
W S Edey	3	↑	•

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
J P Knapp	0 —0	22222—5	20 —1
H B Wright	22222—5	230 —2	....
W H Stafford	0 —0	2220 —3	....
G Langen	220 —2	10 —1	2211—4
J B Ellison	22222—5	0 —0	0 —0
D Bacon	0 —0	21222—5	220 —2
E F Thomas	0 —0	2220 —3	....
P H Morris	0 —0	.....	....
H A Butler	21220—4	12211—5	....
A Pickard	0 —0	10 —1	....
G Hoyt	10 —1	2220 —3	....
F G Moore	10 —1	12222—5	2220—3
H B Livingston	0 —0	.....	
George Work	0 —0	20 —1	....
C MacAlester	12122—5	2220 —3	0 —0
C M Chapin	120 —2	2110 —3	....
R D Foote	2110 —3	22220—4	1221—4
R B Lawrence	10 —1	0 —0	2211—4
A Deane	21212—5	0 —0	2220—3
W S Edey	....	0 —0	2220—3
J Eldridge	....	0 —0	
G Ewing	....	230 —2	2220—3
E Holcombe	....	0 —0	....
B R Kittredge	....	210 —2	....
H Edey	....	10 —1	....
W Rutherfurd	....	22222—5	0 —0
F Edey	....	110 —2	0 —0
E G Murphy	....	2220 —3	0 —0
A Belmont	....	120 —2	0 —0
S D Ripley	....	120 —2	2110—3

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Geo Work	1212—4	022—2	220—2	221—3	120—2
G Ewing	200 —1	222—3	020—1	122—3	00 —0
W Rutherfurd	220 —2	222—3	200—1	02 —1	222—3
A Belmont	1211—4	...	...	...	...
H B Livingston	210 —2	10 —1	022—2	01 —1	022—2
S D Ripley	021 —2	...	...	...	...
A C Kirkland	102 —2	...	...	...	...

Nos 1, 2 and 3 were $5 miss-and-outs, same handicaps as in main event; non-winners in main event and in No. 1 moved up 1yd. in Nos. 2 and 3; Nos. 4-8 were 3-bird sweeps, $5 entrance.

WORK DEFEATS WRIGHT BY THREE BIRDS.

Jan. 2.—To-day's match at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I., was one of the most interesting of its kind that we have seen for a long time past; it was a pity that more people were not present to witness it. There were several features about the match that made it specially attractive to us. In the first place the two shooters, George Work and H. B. Wright (the latter, by the way, is an assumed name), are somewhat similar in their style of shooting; not so much in their attitude while at the score as in the manner in

which they plant their second barrels with lightning rapidity in what is technically known as "the right spot." Again, both men are good on the fastest kind of birds, and from what we had seen yesterday of the birds especially selected from a very large number for this match by Superintendent Mott we knew that there was going to be no doubt about the quality of the birds. Lastly, while Work has not lately been in his usual trim—that is, has not been shooting as consistently well as he has done for some years—yet his claim to being as good an amateur on fast birds as any one in this or any other country cannot be gainsaid; we were, therefore, decidedly keen to see just how close one of the coming shooters, H. B. Wright, could keep to him.

Besides the two principals and the assistants there were only six people present during the greater part of the match: Walter W. Watrous, of Tuxedo, the winner of yesterday's cup; Fred G. Moore, who looked after Wright's interests; Harry Edey, who had ridden over on his bicycle from his home at Amityville for the purpose of witnessing the match; superintendent Foulk, of the South Side Club, where Work had been stopping for a few days; a representative of one of the New York dailies, and the representative of Forest and Stream. George Mott, the club's superintendent, acted in the dual capacity of referee and trap-puller, the official score being kept by us; John and Abe of course trapped the birds, Dandy as usual performing the important duties of retriever. As for the birds they were a remarkable lot, leaving the traps as fast as any we have ever had the pleasure of watching. The wind was strong, but was several points to the south of west, nothing like as favorable as yesterday's gale; from the way the traps are placed on these grounds, such a wind as we had to-day made left-quartering incomers quite numerous. There were many such birds to-day, as the trap score type given below will show, but they were by no means easy, going down wind with the speed of a canvasback; it required quick and accurate holding to stop them, let alone a lightning mental calculation as to where to hold. All the birds were as blue as a bluerock can be; exceptions were a few blackblue birds that were as trimly built as the wild bluerock of the east coast cliffs of England.

The match was booked to commence on the arrival at Babylon of the 10:50 train from Long Island City. As a matter of fact it did not commence until 1:15, Wright and Moore shooting 20 birds apiece as practice for the former. In his practice work Wright showed that he was not in his best form, as he lost four birds, three of them being left-quartering incomers; ordinarily he is sure on incoming birds—he showed that in his 400-bird match with W. G. Brokaw, reported in Forest and Stream of Jan. 4. Work, on the other hand, who had been at the club for a half hour previous to our arrival, had tried his hand at 15 specially selected birds, and had scored 14 of them after missing his first one. On immediately previous form it looked good odds on Work.

At 1:15 Wright, who had won the toss, stepped to the score and let a circling outgoer to the left from No. 3 trap beat him; Work followed with a kill. Both men killed their next birds, Work's being an extremely brilliant piece of shooting on a very hard bird. Wright lost his next bird, which was really not a particularly hard one, the pigeon falling dead outside the boundary. Work's bird was also lost outside the boundary; the pigeon on being picked showed that about 14 or 15 pellets of shot had struck it without getting a wing. Work then evened matters up by shooting under a rapidly rising bird in the fourth round. Out of his next 21 birds Wright lost 4, his 8th, 9th, 12th and 19th, the last 2 dead out of bounds. Out of the same number Work lost 2, his 14th and 17th, the last dead out of bounds also. The quarter pole thus found the score 21 to 19 in Work's favor. As a matter of interest it may be stated that in this series of 25 birds each Work drew 13 extra hard birds to Wright's 9.

The second 25 saw Work draw still further ahead of his opponent, the end of the 50th round showing 41 to 37 in Work's favor. In this series Work drew 11 extra hard birds to Wright's 10. The 48th round saw Wright have a hard piece of luck; he called "no bird" on a sitter and then drew a perfect screamer from No. 5 that carried his load out of bounds. Misses came very frequently; Wright lost his 28th, 30th, 33d, 38th, 46th, 48th and 49th, 4 of them falling dead outside the boundary. Work lost his 28th, 32d, 38th, 44th and 49th, the last-named dead out of bounds. A curious feature in this series was the way in which Work, who followed Wright at the score, dropped 4 of his 5 birds in the same rounds that Wright did.

It took precisely half an hour to shoot the 1st 50, and the 2d 50 were disposed of in just about the same time, making the rate of shooting 100 per hour. In the 3d series of 25 Wright decidedly outlucked Work; he drew only 6 extra hard birds to Work's 12, 3 of the 12 being extraordinarily hard birds. Partly on account of his better luck with the birds, and also because he was now shooting more strongly, Wright drew up on his antagonist, killing 22 to his 21, the score at the end of the 75th round showing 62 to 59 in Work's favor. In this series Wright's lost birds were his 52d, 65th and 66th; Work lost his 53d, 62d, 66th and 67th, the 53d and 66th birds being the result of some rather poor shooting on his part. This 50 birds occupied a few seconds over the half hour, the rates for each series of 25 birds per man being very equal.

The last series started off in a sensational manner, Work losing his two first birds, thus having a lead of only 1 at the end of the 77th round. His 76th bird was an extremely fast one, while his 77th was as full of tricks as a pointer pup; it didn't seem to feel a single pellet of either charge of shot sent after it. His next bird was a fast one from No. 4 that was killed in good time, but his 79th was another screamer that required both barrels before it came down. Wright's first 6 birds in this series were comparatively easy ones, but he drew a twisting left-quarterer from No. 2 in the 82d round that wasn't phased by his efforts to stop it. As Work killed in this round his lead was back to 3 birds. The 86th and 87th rounds saw two consecutive misses scored to each man, the result not altering the positions on the score. Wright then lost an easy bird that towered slightly in the wind; he appeared to undershoot it. As Work killed his last 13 straight he won as above stated by 3 birds, the time for the 200 birds being exactly two hours to a dot. In the last 25 birds each, Wright again outlucked Work, drawing only 5 extra hard birds to Work's 10. The latter shooter made a splendid grand stand kill of his last bird, a fast-rising circling outgoer from No. 1 trap, the wind getting under its tail and twirling it off to the left like a skyrocket; the first barrel "never touched" it, but it shut up like a crush hat when the second charge of shot caught it.

From the above figures it will be seen that although Work only beat Wright by three birds, he had by far the worst of the birds, drawing 46 extra hard birds to Wright's 30, a majority of 16. By extra hard birds we mean birds that were above the average of those trapped in the match, and in this match that average was exceedingly high. The scores, therefore, although decidedly low, cannot be taken as any criterion of the quality of shooting done by the two men by any one who did not see those Westminster Kennel Club birds leave the traps.

Eight times during the match did Work miss when Wright lost his bird. The latter had nine birds drop dead out of bounds to four of Work's that did the same. The way the traps fell to each man was as follows, the draw in this respect being very even:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Work	17	19	18	22	24	100
Wright	24	11	20	25	20	100
	41	30	38	47	44	200

The above figures show that Work drew Nos. 1 and 2 traps, the hardest traps on this day, a total of 36 times to 35 for Wright. He drew Nos. 4 and 5 a total of 46 times to Wright's 45; a very even draw altogether.

There were no long runs made. Work's high runs were 13, 10 and 9; Wright's 15, 12 and 9. Work shot a Purdey gun and 50grs. of E. C. in a U. M. C. factory-loaded Trap shell; Wright shot a Purdey and 48grs. of Schultze in V. L. & D. special shell, loaded by Von Lengerke & Detmold. The scores in detail follow:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

G Work (30):

4 2 5 3 4 5 2 3 2 3 4 4 1 4 5 3 3 5 2 2 3 5 4 1
2 2 • 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 • 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2—21

5 3 4 4 1 2 1 1 1 3 4 4 2 5 5 3 2 3 5 2 4 3 2 2 3
2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 • 2—20

5 2 5 4 5 1 1 5 4 5 4 4 4 2 1 1 5 5 3 2 1 4 5 2 2
2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21

3 1 4 5 5 2 3 4 2 5 3 1 5 4 1 5 2 1 5 4 3 1 4 5 1
0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 • 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—21—83

H B Wright (30):

3 5 4 3 4 1 4 3 3 2 5 3 1 4 5 4 2 1 2 2 1 3 3 3 1
0 2 • 2 2 1 1 0 0 2 1 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2—19

2 5 1 4 4 5 4 4 3 5 3 4 5 4 1 3 5 3 1 1 3 1 5 1 4
1 2 • 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 • 0 2—18

4 1 3 5 4 2 2 3 5 4 1 5 4 1 4 5 1 5 5 2 4 1 5 3 1
2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

1 5 5 4 2 1 2 5 2 3 4 1 1 1 4 4 1 3 4 5 4 3 4 3 1
2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 • 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1—21—80

The following sweeps were shot after the above match had been decided:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
H B Wright	2201 —3	12122112—8	222222—6	21220—4
F G Moore	21112—5	22111220—7	210 —2	220 —2
G Work	120 —2	11122110—7	122210—5	12112—5
W W Watrous	....		2220 —3	220 —2

No. 1 was 5 birds, $5; Nos. 2, 3 and 4, $5 miss-and-outs.

EWING DEFEATS EDEY.

Jan. 3.—W. S. Edey and George Ewing shot a 100 live-bird race to-day on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Ewing winning by 2 birds after an exciting race all through the match, the finish being little short of sensational. During the first part of the match the wind came from the west-southwest, veering later on to northwest. The birds were of the best, leaving the traps very quickly. The 200 were shot at in 2h. 4m., Dandy retrieving the birds; George S. Mott was referee, scorer and trap-puller.

Edey started off in the lead, having 3 birds the best of Ewing at the end of the 7th round. At the end of the 25th round he was still 3 ahead; score 21—18. In the second 25 Ewing picked up one on his opponent, the score at the half-way mark showing 39—37 in Edey's favor. The loss of his 53d and 54th birds, both dead out of bounds, brought Edey back to Ewing, the scores being even up. Edey then lost his 60th, also dead out of bounds; this put him one behind. Out of the next 15 birds each man lost 2, the score at the end of the 75th round showing Ewing one in the lead—60—59. The last 25 brought some curious changes in the score: Edey fell 2 behind when he lost his 77th bird, but Ewing promptly gave him a lead of 1 by losing in quick succession his 81st, 83d and 84th birds; the score was a tie when Edey's 85th fell dead out of bounds. Out of his next 5 birds Ewing lost 3 more—his 87th, 88th and 89th. This put Edey 3 ahead with only 11 more to shoot at. It looked like his match to a certainty, but one can never tell anything about a pigeon match. Edey's 90th, 92d and 96th were all scored lost, while Ewing killed his 7 birds straight; this made them even again. Both lost their 97th birds; no change; still even up. Then Edey's 98th and 100th birds went out of bounds, and Ewing won the match by killing his last 3 birds. During the match Edey had the large number of 13 lost birds scored dead out of bounds; Ewing lost 5 birds that way. Score:

W S Edey........1•12221222022022222222•—21
2•22222122•212202•2022002—18
22••22222•2112202202222—20
2•222222•222202•22200•2•—17—76

George Ewing........20200•1222201222011201—18
022220•2221222•22•02111—19
1222222212202212122222220—23
221210200110•022222220222—18—78

After the above match the two shot a 25-bird race, with the following result:

Edey........1221121211211120011102222—22
Ewing........0120222222021222120200210—19

Edward Banks.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Jan. 1.—The members of the New Utrecht Gun Club showed up in good force at the club's grounds, Woodlawn, L. I., to-day; 16 members shot for the Holiday cup, G. Nostrand and Charlie Floyd tieing for the cup with 10 straight. The tie was shot of miss-and-out; in the the 1st round both men lost their first birds; Nostrand eventually won in the 4th round, Floyd losing his bird. In the morning Louis Duryea tried to beat G. W. Coulston in a 50-bird match under very hard conditions: Both men stood at 30-yds., Duryea using but one hand, his opponent being allowed the use of both hands. Duryea retired at the end of the 32d round, being hopelessly in the rear. The high wind and very fast birds beat the one-handed man who has made some big records at this branch of pigeon-shooting. In a 5-bird sweep shot this afternoon with 13 entries, D. Deacon won first money on 5 straight; there were 6 in for second money with 4 kills each. The scores in the events were as follows:

G W Coulston (30)........22•2022222220202221221121—21
020022........— 4—25
L T Duryea (30)........••12020100020100••2021220—11
201022........— 4—15

	Holiday Cup.	Tie.	No. 1.
G Nostrand (B)	2222122122—10	0122—3	.....
C W Floyd (B)	2222222222—10	0220—2	.....
Kattenstroth (B)	1112211210— 9	....	10221—4
L T Duryea (AA)	2220222201— 8	....	202•0—2
W H Lair (B)	2122222001— 8	....	01121—4
D Deacon (A)	2222•20222— 8	....	22222—5
C Furgueson, Jr. (AA)	2222022220— 8	....	10222—4
R E Gray (B)	2281200112— 8	....	22000—2
Dr Parker (C)	212222•202— 8	....	22220—4
D Bennett (B)	2222201022— 8	....	.....
E B Knowlton (C)	21221•2012— 8	....	.....
G W Coulston (A)	2001022212— 7	....	22•20—3
C Furgueson, 2d (B)	0022022222— 7	....	10222—4
Van Cleaf (B)	0022201220— 6	....	02202—3
Dr Little (A)	00202202•1— 5	....	.....
F W Duryea (B)	0•11012000— 4	....	01•20—2
Dr Barber (29)	....	....	11200—3
J E Lake (27)	....	....	22110—4

At the annual meeting of the club held on Monday evening last, Dec. 30, the following officers of the club were unanimously re-elected: President, W. F. Sykes; Vice-President, Jeremiah Lott; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. George W. Pool. The board of directors was not appointed, but a board of six members will be appointed shortly, the board to consist of three men who will represent the live-bird shooters of the club, and three men who will look after the interests of the target shooters.

The medals for 1895 were won by: Live bird medals: first, Cornelius Furgueson, Jr.; second, C. N. Meyer. Target medals: Dr. G. W. Pool, first; Dr. Shepard and D. C. Bennett tied for second. The tie for the second target medal will be shot off shortly.

AT NORTH BEACH.

Jan. 1.—The holiday sweepstake at the North Beach grounds to-day was won by Philip H. Myles, a member of the Eureka Gun Club. The shoot was open only to members of the clubs that shoot regularly at these grounds. The conditions of the shoot were: 10 live birds per man, $5 entrance. Scores:

P H Myles	2220212112—9	R V Williams	0102220210—6
D G Jenkins	1120220122—8	F S England	1110202001—6
T H Cameron	2221002111—8	A T Murdock	2120210020—6
B H Kennedy	1102122120—8	D W Ryan	0212000210—5
B G Davidson	2001222012—7	S W Young	1020021010—5
H P Loomis	1201100212—7		

CRESCENT GUN CLUB.

Jan. 2.—The monthly meeting of the Crescent Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., at Dexter Park to-day, was poorly attended, only four members being present. G. W. Coulston won the club shoot with a total of 6 out of 7. He also tried his hand at 50 live birds, scoring 15 out of his first 25, 21 out of his second 25, a total of 36 out of 50. In the sweeps after the club shoot he took the greater part of the money. No. 1 was the club shoot. Scores:

G W Coulston........••2120120211002000122102l—15
2112111 2•0212110122201121—21—36

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Coulston	1111011—6	12121—5	10111—4	11111—5	11011—4
Passmore	202•200—3	00011—2	01110—3	00011—2	11000—2
Hopkins	1210020—4	11100—3	11010—3	01110—3	01001—2
Sweeney	0111102—5	01222—4	11001—3	10110—3	01100—2
G Harned	....	.....	.....	.....	11101—4
P Harned	....	.....	.....	.....	11111—5

In two $1 miss-and-outs between Coulston, Passmore and Hopkins, Coulston came out ahead in both, killing 3 straight in each event.

Tackawanna Sporting Club.

Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 1.—The members of the Tackawanna Sporting Club celebrated the opening of the new year by holding a shoot at 25 bluerocks per man, unknown traps and angles. The weather was blustery with snow squalls at intervals; the scores, though not high, were really good when the conditions of the weather and of the event are taken into consideration. The main interest in the shoot centered in the contest between T. J. Francis and Ed. Vanartsdalen, two of our most enthusiastic members, Francis winning, as the score given below shows, by 2 breaks. We are a live organization; our strict rules must be observed, and our expenses are nominal, as we pay market price for all our birds; we have been shooting under the above conditions for some years. Scores of to-day's event:

A L Whitaker	1101011011111111110111110—20
W L Whitaker	1111111110110111111001110—20
W E Whitaker	1111011101010101011010001—16
T J Francis	1100111010000111001001111—14
Jos Fields	0101011110000110111100010—13
J C Ladders	1110010011101011110000000—12
E Vanartsdalen	0001010111100101100110100—12

W. L. Whitaker.

Ferd. Van Dyke went to San Antonio after all, his determination to do so being arrived at on a very late date. How he got on we will be able to tell you in our issue of the 18th inst. Reports from San Antonio, although very meager, tell of a good shoot and a large crowd.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB AT BAYWOOD.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 1.—Several members of the Herron Hill Gun Club enjoyed a live-bird shoot to-day at Baywood, the residence of the King boys. The shoot was under the management of Louis Lautenslager, secretary of the Herron Hill Club. The birds were good ones, being all that the shooters could ask for. Armstrong—a gentleman whose fancy it is to shoot under that assumed name—killed 33 out of 34 birds shot at. Scores in the sweeps are as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
A H King	1021—3	2012211001— 7	1211222212—10
W S King	1102—3	1101011002— 6	101112021— 7
Armstrong	2210—3	1112111111—10	2122212212—10
Hamilton	2101—3	2220121122— 9	2222121220— 9
Bell	1221—4	0111110111— 8	1111002211— 8
Nelson	1001—2	....	1200121222— 8
Rickey	0122—3	....	2120212100— 7
C A May	1111—4	....	1211101110— 8
Fargo	2210—3	....	2220111020— 7

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
A H King	2222222102— 9	121111212—9	12011—4
W S King	0220110222— 7	122111221—9	10220—3
Armstrong	1222212222—10	....	.....
Rickey	1122220101— 8	222221222—9	22222—5
May	1101101021— 7	2210 —3	22211—5
Hamilton	1120222112— 9	....	.....
Fargo	2002122111— 8	20 —1	10110—3
Nelson	1211212110— 9	....	.....
Bell	0111202202— 7	....	.....

No. 1 was a practice sweep at 4 birds; Nos. 2, 3 and 4 were regular events at 10 birds; No. 5 was a miss-and-out, No. 6, a 5-bird sweep.

AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

Jan. 1.—A series of live-bird races was shot to-day on the grounds of the Country Club, the shoot being managed by W. J. McCrickart. The arrangements were all that could be desired. Bessemer shot very well, losing only 2 birds out of 52 shot at; McKee killed 47 out of 52. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
J G Messner (30)	0121212—6	2210110211—8	......	.....
W H Myers (28)	2201012—5	2020210212—7	......	.....
McKee (29)	2211222—7	1002122202—7	121210 —6	21210—4
Fleming (28)	1200200—3	1221120010—7	210 —2	210 —2
O Gregg (26)	2122121—7	2011211212—9	......	.....
Bessemer (29)	2220111—6	1012222222—9	1222212—7	12122—5
Martin (26)	....	2012 02201—7	10 —1	.....
Carrick (28)	....	2212222210—9	......	.....
Smith (26)	....	1100112222—8	2212112—7	12120—4

No. 1 was 7 birds, $5; No. 2, 10 birds, $7; No. 3, $2 miss-and-out; Nos. 4, 5 and 6, $1 miss-and-out. The scores in Nos. 5 and 6 were:

No. 5: McKee and Bessemer, 10; Smith 8, Fleming 5, Martin 0.
No. 6: Bessemer 13, McKee 12, Fleming 5.

Altoona Gun Club.

Altoona, Pa., Dec. 25.—Several members of the Altoona Gun Club had arranged to have a series of live-bird races to-day, and finer weather could not have been chosen had it been the month of June instead of the 25th of December. Handler Bastian had secured as fine a lot of birds as I have ever seen trapped; there was not a real duffer among them. Shooting commenced at 9:30 A. M., and all was over in plenty of time for the boys to return to the city and enjoy the Christmas turkey. The scores were:

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No. 1. / No. 2.

E Kottman: No. 1: 2 1 4 3 2 / 0 1 1 1 1—4; No. 2: 2 2 2 5 3 5 1 3 4 3 3 3 4 3 5 / 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2—14

J F Killits: No. 1: 2 1 4 3 1 / 2 0 0 0 0—1; No. 2: 5 3 2 1 4 3 3 5 4 2 1 5 4 2 1 / 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2—11

W B Sands: No. 1: 1 4 3 2 1 / 2 1 0 1 0—3; No. 2: 1 3 4 3 2 1 3 3 1 1 5 5 5 1 4 / 2 1 2 1 1 2 0 0 0 0 1 2 2 1 2—11

H F Forney: No. 1: 2 1 3 4 1 / 1 1 0 2 0—3; No. 2: 4 5 2 2 1 5 5 4 2 2 4 1 4 5 4 / 0 2 2 1 2 1 0 0 0 2 1 0 1 1 1—10

G Bender: No. 1: 4 3 2 1 5 / 2 1 1 2 1—5; No. 2: 1 5 4 1 2 5 2 5 4 2 4 4 5 5 2 / 1 1 2 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 0—13

W S Bookwalter: No. 2: 3 3 5 2 5 1 1 5 1 3 2 1 1 1 4 / 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1—12

W E Bell: No. 2: 3 1 1 5 3 1 5 5 4 1 5 4 5 4 5 / 1 1 2 0 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 1—12

E Murray: No. 2: 2 4 5 5 4 3 1 2 1 3 2 4 2 1 1 / 0 0 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 0 1—10

	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
W E Bell	1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2—10	1 2 1 1—4	2 2 1 1 2—5
E Kottman	0 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2— 9	2 2 1 1—4	1 1 1 2 0—4
W B Sands	1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2—10	1 1 2 0—3	1 1 1 1 2—5
J F Killits	1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 0 1— 9	....	....
G Bender	1 1 1 2 2 0 0 2 1 1— 8	....	....

No. 6, miss-and-out, $2: Kottman 3, Bell and Sands 2.

Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 were miss-and-out matches between Kottman and Bell, each event being $2 entrance. No. 7 was won by Bell with 3 to 2; No. 8 evened things up, Kotty winning by 2 to 1; No. 9 saw Bell go one ahead, as he won by 3 to 2; No. 10 again evened matters up, Kotty winning by 2 to 1; No. 11, and last event for the day, was a victory for Bell, who again beat Kotty by the score of 3 to 2. This left Bell with three wins to Kottman's two.

In all the events birds were extra. No. 1 was at 5 birds, $3, two moneys; No. 2, 15 birds, handicap rise, $5, three moneys; No. 3, 10 birds, $5, two high guns; Nos. 4 and 5 were $3 entrance, two high guns.

Grant.

The "amateur championship" at the Larchmont Yacht Club's shooting grounds will be brought to a conclusion to-day, Jan. 11. At $100 a man the purse will be well worth winning, but the man who wins the cup will have to shoot away up to get it.

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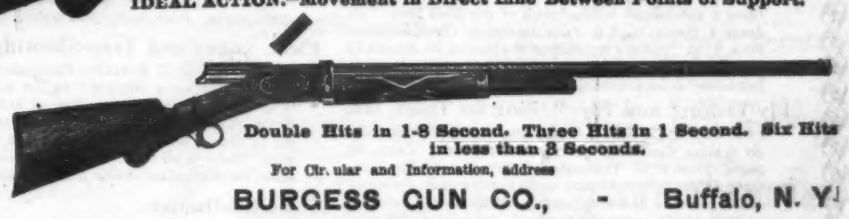

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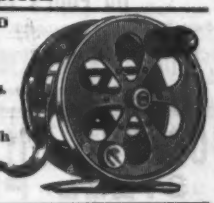

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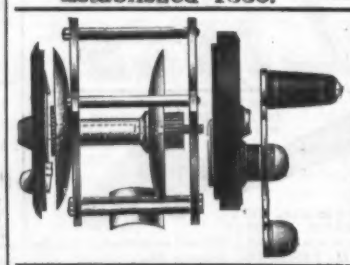

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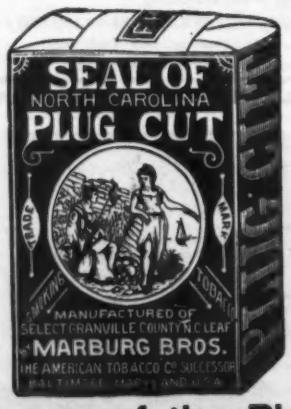

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